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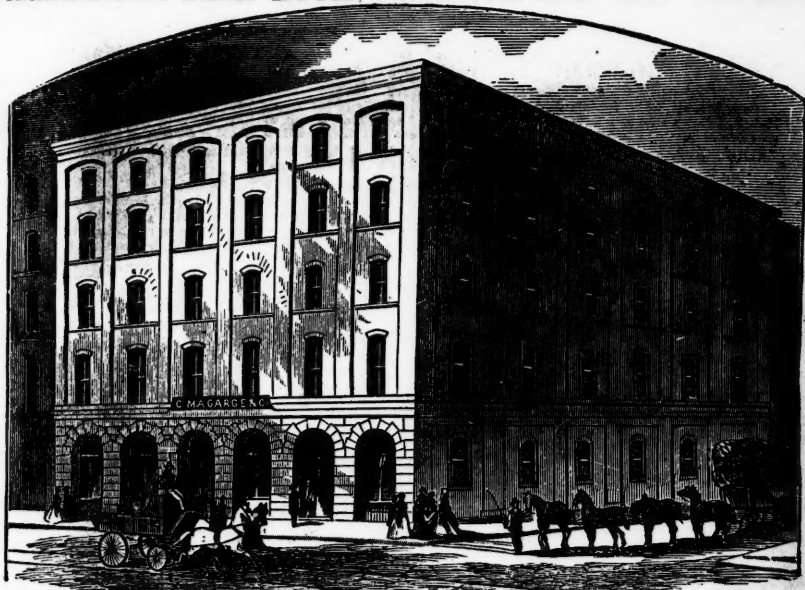
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LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

OCTOBER, 1875.

WANDERINGS WITH VIRGIL.



PLAIN OF TROY, FROM TENEDOS.

FROM this our modern upstart land of Atlantis there pass every year to the circling shores of the great Central Sea, in search of knowledge, health or pleasure, more voyagers by far than embarked with Æneas in his twenty ships built from the woods of Phrygian Idä, and saw the last peak of fatherland sink into the eastern shadows of twilight behind Tenedos. They would outnumber, a score or two to one, the little remnant that disembarked with him from one ship

at Latium, and gave to the world the Latin race and the Alban fathers and the walls of lofty Romè. Add to them the reinforcements from the ancient edge of the globe, Britain and North-western Europe, and the host of sight-seers will exceed the army that Agamemnon, king of men, marshaled under the walls of Ilium for the long fight that will rage for ever.

Among all these there exists, doubtless, a full share of latent heroism, dor-

mant devotion and capacity for manifestation of the highest qualities of mortals. The "pink parasol by the Pyramids" probably shades as fair a face and as much of "true womanly" in form and heart as did the golden coif of Priests; and its escort would promptly and gracefully pick up the glaive of Achilles or go with Jason wool-gathering to the Crimea—an exploit the latter, in fact, which Mr. Kinglake and his British readers think a mere bagatelle to the victory of Inkermann. But, for all that, none of them will personify beauty and valor in the eyes of the poet and the painter of thirty centuries hence. They will sink, life and memory, into the mass of what the dyspeptic Carlyle calls seventeen millions of bores, and might as justly, had he chosen to extend the characterization to his own bailiwick, have called seventy millions. Is it that the disproportion between actualities and probabilities is so immense; that gifts and opportunities so seldom come together; that the conditions of the required result are so numerous and involved; that Nature, prodigal and wasteful in the moral and intellectual as in the physical *semina rerum*, refuses to innumerable individuals and long cycles of time their just and normal development, like the immeasurable majority of codfish eggs that never hatch? Or is it that a long list of special elements combines to give to this amphitheatre of the world an attracting and inspiring charm no other region will ever possess?

Volumes have been, and volumes more might be, written on the features which make the Mediterranean a unique field for all human activities. Its axis running with latitude and not with longitude, its climate has still the entire range of the temperate zone. Alpine glaciers overhang its northern rim, while its southern waves lap the tawny sands of the Libyan desert. Its waters reflect the fir and the palm, the ibex and the camel. Tideless and landlocked; with a coastline, counting the islands, equal to that of the Atlantic; its sinuosities presenting harbors to every wind, often but a few hours', and rarely more than two days', sail apart; endowed with a won-

derful variety of commodities of its own, besides those which 't it to by the Don from the Arctic plains, by the Nile from Capricorn, and by the Straits of Hercules from the Main,—it has from all time enjoyed the civilizing influence of commerce. To vessels which seldom lost sight of the stars by night, and could not be driven more than two or three days from land, the compass was not an essential. The three great voyages which have left us their logs—those of Ulysses, Æneas and Paul—were indeed circuitous enough, but from design mainly in the first two cases, while the apostle seems to have been unfortunate in his selection of skip-pers; and it is clear, from his own account, that they ascribed their extraordinarily bad luck to an equally unfortunate choice of a passenger.

From a period undreamed of by Niebuhr or Deucalion—the close of the Glacial period, when the Lapp slid northward with the seal, leaving the hairy elephant to die in Italy, and determine, perhaps, the site of Rome by bequeathing his caput to the Capitol—this vestibule of three continents must have been the life-seat of the nations, the lungs of the globe. From north, east and south, peoples and languages struggled thither. They groped instinctively toward the daylight, as Russia yearns for Constantinople and Prussia for the Scheldt. They found, among the ever-blooming islands and peninsulas of that sunny sea, the seeds of the highest style of man. The insular spirit of mingled enterprise and independence fostered political liberty and free thought. A swarm of little empires sprang up, alike in blood, habits and traditions. Near enough to communicate, but not to be absorbed, their relations ran through an intricate dance of alliance and war, the two conditions equally tending to make common property of the advances in culture of each state. Merchant-ship and war-galley bore fructification from island to island like so many bees, stinging and stingless, transporting pollen from flower to flower. There arose a singular balance of unity in diversity in mental character, art, religion and social and political institutions. We read

of a multitude of lawgivers—Solon, Draco, Lycurgus, Minos, etc., each imposing his rigidly-drawn system for an unchanged duration of centuries on his particular people. Codifiers they should more properly be called, like Justinian and Alfonso; not creating wholly new

and arbitrary schemes of jurisprudence, but collating, pruning and defining for better practical service the customs which had grown up in the ages before them. Some of these men were deified, simply because they seemed to embody the national genius or were convenient



DELOS.

historical starting-points. In those pantheistic days air, land and sea were supersaturated with divinity. It floated on the winds, spoke in the thunder, lurked in the shadows of the woods, sank into the centre of the earth and pervaded the deep. Its manifestations were everywhere, and rested on the humblest objects. Worshipers who ascribed divine attributes to their chimney-pieces and boundary-stones might not unnaturally detect them in their attorneys.

Ancient history, so called, is modern. What are the nine hundred years during which the Spartans boasted of having adhered to the injunctions of their first lawgiver, or the three or four centuries to the back of that since the immortals saw fit to upset the Asian realm and the derelict race of Priam, and Neptune's Troy lay smoking on the ground, to the succession of fossil dominions, here two or three, there five, six, seven deep, revealed to us on these shores by those unpretending and uncritical investigators,

the shovel and the pick? Herculaneum, partly disinterred last century, and mostly re-abandoned to the mould in this, is known to have been one of the most ancient Greek cities in Italy. The tufa that enshrouds it is a duplicate of the tufa on which it stands, and beneath that is a soil full of the clearest traces of tillage which must have been bestowed upon it before the beginning of tradition, since the eruption of A. D. 79 was the first recorded of Vesuvius. Behind the Etruscans, who antedate Rome, and whose language, as inscribed upon their lately-opened tombs, remains uninterpreted, was at least one civilization of as high an order as theirs, represented by numerous remains. And still beyond that, we shall doubtless be soon perusing, or attempting to peruse, new leaves of the buried volume, older and more valuable than the lost books of the Sibyl. Troy herself speaks in this way literally from her ashes, and tells a tale we should not have gathered from all that has been

written of her. In the débris of her citadel, sixty feet deep, not less than six successive and distinct series of occupants are traced, each raised, by the ruin of its predecessor, to a loftier stronghold and a broader view over the rich historic plains.

These strata of pre-historic history carry us to a region through which we have no other guide. As we emerge from it into the mist of myths, the half-light of tradition, or the light, often equally uncertain, of the earlier historians, we get at least names, events, and some dates, more or less confused and contradictory. Hardly so far back as this does Virgil pretend to carry his readers. The poet romances less than the historian, and contents himself with ground where a firmer footing may be had. There he grows quite circumstantial, and throws together statements, obviously the result of long and close research, that have been too unsparingly pooh-poohed by critics possessed of but microscopic fragments of the authorities that guided him.

Hard fact is coming daily to the rescue of the classic annalists in verse and prose from the merciless skepticism dealt out to them in our times. The ground we tread upon is made to testify in their behalf. Witnesses for the dead rise from beneath the feet of the living. A few strokes of the mattock, and we stand in the Scæan gate, on the stones that Hector trod. A few more, and we lift from the smoke-stained ruin of a wall hard by a clump of Priam's treasure, saved from "the red pursuing Greek" by the wreck he had wrought—double-lipped cups, images of the Penates, chains, armlets and other decorations. The débris we throw aside is filled with the bones and armor of dead warriors. If we have not here the exact studies from which Homer drew, we have at least those from which he might have drawn with strictly identical results. If his is a phantom Troy, what is the reality before us? The field of Waterloo is at this day more difficult to identify by those who may have fought there, or by others who depend on contemporary descriptions, if we shut out the Belgian monument, than this mar-

velous photograph, in palpable stone, metal and ashes, of a mythical city and conflict described with the most painstaking minuteness by a mythical poet in writings that have been public property for twenty-five centuries. It may not have been Troy, but it must have been a Troy. Homer may be but a collective term for a lot of unknown rhapsodists, who all wrote in the same dialect of the same language, in perfectly sequent style, of a single series of events participated in by the same group of men on the same ground. But the foundation of probabilities so laid is stronger than that sustaining many recognized facts of history.

It is noteworthy that, as a rule, each new achievement of the modern explorer adds to the vindication of ancient accuracy. Within the past generation merely, the Pygmies have been detected in the Nyam-Nyams; the sources of the Nile have been found to be as laid down by Ptolemy; "Memnon's statue that at sunrise played" is shown by scientific demonstration to have been actually vocal, without the aid or need of sacerdotal jugglery; that arrant empiric and contemner of induction, Aristotle, has been proved right on certain points in zoology utterly obscure to our naturalists; excavations have dispersed a cloud of Teutonic theories on the original sub-structures of Rome; the temple of Ephesian Diana has had its pavement and pillars brought to light, and found to correspond like a "working draft" to the dimensions and design handed down to us; and generally it may be said that the light thrown by Pompeii on the domestic life, is not more sharp, clear and awakening than that shed from many other fields of inquiry on the literary conscientiousness, of the Greeks and Romans.

We may, then, yield to the temptation of crediting the Mantuan with a broader and more solid foundation of facts than the critics have allowed him—such a one, perhaps, as that of Scott's historic novels and Shakespeare's historic plays. For his supernatural machinery, it was the fashionable decoration of the day. It does not exceed, in proportion to matter of fact, the same element in *Macbeth*,

nor excel, in either proportion or extravagance, the like embellishment in the *Lusiad* or the *Gerusalemme*. It is notorious that, deft at adornment and illustration, he was not strong in invention. Thoroughly master of the traditions and records bearing on his subject, supplied him by study and travel, these the character of his mind gave him small power of amplifying, even had there been more necessity for it. In fact, there was very little. They were abundant and romantic. They were accepted by everybody around him. They ran back hardly as far as the Heptarchy lies from us, and

the monuments of them were incomparably more various and complete than we have of Saxon times. The language in which they were mostly delivered had remained practically unchanged from a period long prior to the alleged date of the events, and was still vernacular. So with the terminology of men and places.

Compared with Æneas, Arthur, the one hero of pre-Saxon Britain, the central figure in the poetry of him whose place in future literary fame the England of to-day fondly dreams will be far above Virgil, and name-giver to one of Victoria's sons, sinks into the mistiest of shad-



CRETE.

ows. We cannot say that we know any more of him than of the sword where-with he wrought such miracles of homicide, the Round Table at which he entertained the lovers of his wife, the Holy Graal in the vain pursuit whereof he spent so much valuable time, or the fabulous battles in which he was so regularly beaten.

Unhappy Dido is also quite an historical personage. Her colonizing tour, starting from a point on the same coast, preceded by a few years that of her "pious" deserter. Under her true Phœnico-Hebraic name of Elisa she is handed down to us as a fourth or fifth cousin of our intimate and equally unfortunate

friend Jezebel. Josephus, a standard authority, had access to the Tyrian state-paper office, and found no difficulty in tracing her. The Ethbaal of Scripture, or Ithobalus, father-in-law of Ahab, was, we are told, great-grandfather to Elisa the "beautiful" or the "wanderer"—whichever Dido means. And sensible sister Anna—is it Bluebeard we are referring to?—how homely and familiar the name!

Dismissing the quarrelsome rabble of gods who made all the mischief—even the lovely Venus, *avertens, rosea cervice*—we find our trip with the Trojan refugees, divested of its heavenly and hellish incumbrances, a pleasant, tangible,

every-day circumnavigation of the eastern half of the Mediterranean. A yachtsman of the nineteenth century might follow the Virgilian itinerary with advantage. Thrace, his first land, would not prove particularly attractive, but he would not have to fear the ghost of Polydorus or the police of *acer Lycurgus*. A short stay on this coast served Æneas, and with even diminished drawbacks a still shorter would satisfy his successor.

Striking into the blue bosom of the Cyclades, he lands on rocky Delos, a "fast-anchored isle" now as in the days of Æneas, whatever may have been its turn for locomotion in hoar antiquity, when those foam-born beauties of islets rose from the deep, and are fabled to have floated about for a space in search of good holding-ground. The process of isle-building along those volcanic coasts is still going on in what may be termed a normal and regular, as well as in a cataclysmal, way; at least one island, comparable in size to the Lesser or sacred Delos, having been suddenly erupted not many years since. This one floated, moreover, but only in a disintegrated state, a scum of pumice having been all that remained of it after a few months' existence. Good King Anius will not meet him at the pier, if only because there is no pier. Nor will the oracle be heard from the rock-seated temple of Apollo, where the pedestal of the god's colossal statue, inscribed with the words of dedication, is said still to be visible. But he may fancy, as he recalls the still tremendous power of the Vatican, that the prophecy yet holds good, that the House of Æneas, his sons' sons and their descendants, shall rule over every land.

Among the architectural remains which cover the island, the visitor may stumble over stones laid at least five centuries before Solomon, intermingled with similar contributions from sixty subsequent generations of devotees, for the island lost its sanctity only with the decadence of the old religion. Hadrian, the most tireless of imperial builders, mated the temple of Apollo with others to Neptune and Hercules. Although the standing

prohibition against being born or dying on the island must, one would suppose, have kept its population down, the residents and visitors were numerous enough to require a spacious marble theatre. The Naumachia, two hundred and eighty-nine feet by two hundred, still admits four feet of water—deep enough to float any craft small enough to manœuvre in so confined a space. The religious trade of the island overflowed into the suburb, more capacious, of Great Delos, less noted, but a mass of ruins, among them one hundred and twenty altars, as counted by Tournefort. Numbers of tombs with Phœnician inscriptions attest its antiquity as a resort.

Submissively sharing the blunder of his guide, our supposititious voyager follows him to Crete, in search of the wrong ancestor. He will make better time thither, unable though he be to say, *modo Jupiter adsit*. Steam beats Jove, and the three days Virgil considered a fast trip would be dawdling now. Two or three years ago the voyage would have been longer, for the irrepressible Greek spirit was in one of its throes, and the barbarians held the isle of a hundred cities in military and naval quarantine. They have again beaten down the Danaïds—for the time—and will welcome you to the wilderness they call peace. But you will not wait for the plague to drive you away, tired of tracing the vast and unchronicled ruins of old among the contemporary desolation wrought by fanaticism. Taking the chances of foul weather, like that which made Palinurus, unable to discern the sky by day or night, confess himself in a double sense at sea, the tourist steers for the roost of those fouler fowls the Harpies, the buzzards of Olympus, off the west coast of the Morea.

Making the briefest possible stay amid such unsavory recollections, the traveler skirts the "currant islands," as they may most characteristically be styled for their contribution to the national dish of their late protector, John Bull. Giving the domain of "fierce Ulysses" a wide berth, he sails over the wrecks of Actium to do religious service on another sacred isle, consecrated in the old days by a temple

of Apollo and to modern minds by the despair of Sappho. It was from a great white rock that gave the island its name that the poetess tried the final cure-all for an acute case of love-sickness. Virgil reserves his pathos for the next landing. And displayed it is in one of the finest passages of the poem.

Hectoris Andromache, Pyrrhin' connubia servas?

exclaims the indignant exile to the sad captive still, though the spouse of a Trojan and the sharer of a Greek throne. She disarms him by tears for the lord of her youth and by her declared envy of her dead sister Polyxena, a sacrifice to the fury of Achilles.

The next incident of note is less diffusely and dramatically treated—the death of Anchises. One would have expected the writer or his hero to exhaust upon this scene his utmost powers in elegiac art. But they both dismiss the old gentleman somewhat abruptly. To both he was becoming a cumbrous piece of property—a clog alike on halliards and hexameters. So he is dropped at Drepanum, now Trepani, under the

western promontory of Sicily. Strabo, not hampered in his transportation facilities by verse, carries him all the way, and lands him comfortably—but, we may be allowed to surmise, a little stricken with the rheumatics—in Italy. The present inhabitants of Trepani settle the question by showing his tomb. From this, of course, there can be no appeal. Aphrodite, his widow, we dare say, still keeps the sepulchre decked with wreaths of asphodel, little comfort as she brought him during life.

It is somewhat singular that we are given so slight an explanation of what brought the wanderer to Carthage, the most important intermediate point, historically and poetically, of his voyage. He simply informs Dido that a god brought him to her shores. It was apparently but a bit of maternal design on the part of the professional matchmaker and unmaker of the skies. Venus had an eye on the Phœnician widow as a capital *parti* for her son, so often defeated in his efforts to settle himself. She renovated his storm-beaten form and features, and sent him to court with a



DREPANUM (MODERN TREPANI).

fresh outfit of good looks. She breathed upon him, and lo! his locks were of gold, his complexion the rose, and his eyes aglitter with the light of pride and

joy. Poor Elisa! In this first transaction between the representatives of the two great rival powers, Punic faith was not on the Punic side: the Latins record

their own faithlessness. It is fair to presume that the balance of right inclined the same way on many of the subsequent

occasions where the blame was all thrown on Carthaginian treachery. Two thousand inscriptions, in two forms of the



CARTHAGE.

Phœnician or Hebrew character, lately exhumed upon the spot, against less than a dozen found prior to the last half century, may assist in adjusting the long uneven scales.

Antagonism of maritime interests is not enough to account for the peculiar intensity of the hatred which existed between Carthage and Rome. Difference of race must have had much to do with it. Whatever the cause, from the day when Hannibal took his oath of lifelong warfare with the Romans to that when the Senate pronounced its decree of extermination against his city, the long conflict was marked by a bitterness we do not find in the other wars of either combatant. Carthage was destroyed—that is, the original city was overthrown—and its inhabitants slain or dispersed, but the commercial advantages of the locality were such as to ensure its revival. The attempt of Gracchus, with a colony of six thousand, to rebuild it, was defeated, according to a legend like that connected with the effort to restore the walls of Jerusalem, by supernatural interference. Augustus, however, fired perhaps by the strains of his favorite, renewed

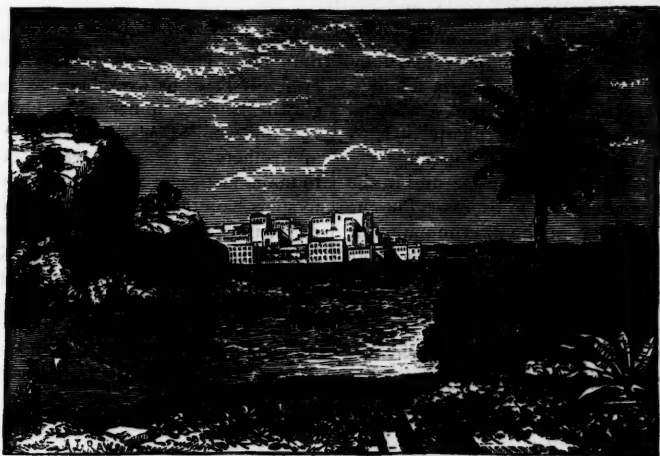
the undertaking with more success—so much, indeed, that within two centuries after its destruction it had risen to be considered the metropolis of Africa. As Africa did not include Egypt, this does not imply that it excelled Alexandria, much less that it had regained its pristine magnificence, with seven hundred thousand inhabitants and an arsenal containing two hundred ships of war. A century later the famous Tertullian ruled the city as Calvin did Geneva. To still unconverted Rome he boasted that Carthage was almost entirely Christian, only the cobwebbed temples being left to mark the decrepit survival of the old religion. But the new creed obviously missed the advantage of outside pressure. It fell into sects and feuds of the wildest description, which were finally wound up in 431 A. D. by Genseric the Wend, a countryman of Bismarck's. This inaugurator of the *blut-und-eisen* system of settling civil and religious misunderstandings left the ancient city in about its present condition.

From the summit of the Byrsa, or citadel—interpreted by Virgil to mean the space enclosed by a bull's hide slit into

shoestrings, according to the original grant to the Phœnicians, but considered by Hebraists to be identical with Bosra, "a fortified place"—the eye roams over a vast expanse flecked with ruins pretty thoroughly comminuted. Of the aqueduct, which strode fifty miles across the desert, a few arches only remain, sixty or seventy feet high, with massive piers sixteen feet square. Parts of the great cisterns remain, with broken sewers, sculptured blocks, tessellated pavements, etc. Many sculptured gems have been discovered. The explorations, owing to the arid character of the country and its remoteness from the chief highways of men and traffic, have been slight and desultory until now. The Turks and Arabs have scratched the surface, as they do for wheat, but they do not go deep enough for the harvest. Ruin has protected ruin. The inscriptions having generally been placed in the lower parts of the edifices, were preserved by the fall of the upper. The very thoroughness of Scipio's demolition may thus have been the means of handing down to us some of the most valuable, as being the most instructive, parts of the Phœnician

structures. He may thus have provided us with a new reading of the history of the Punic wars, and secured his enemies a fairer hearing by the very steps he took to prevent it. And thus doth the whirligig of time bring round its revenges.

But the gentle bard of Mantua turns from the spectacle of Rome's mightiest foe, not only in the dust, but a part of the dust, with no trace of the bitter feeling that possessed those who had seen Hannibal sweep consular armies from the soil of Italy like summer flies. The same retrospective glance took in a sadder and a newer wreck—the wreck of the republic. The Rome of his own youth, the Rome whose bright and dewy dawn he was limning with the richest tints of poesy, was free Rome. His attachment to his friend and benefactor Augustus never caused him to disown his regrets, however it may have led him to stifle their expression. Recognizing, as nine-tenths of his countrymen had recognized, the inevitableness of the great change, and luxuriating with them in the repose that followed the stormy throes of the dying commonwealth, he had no word of evil for the past. His



CUMÆ.

political sympathies were not with despotism, and he could not, with his brother Horace, have jested over campaign-

ing experiences in the army of Brutus. Had his genius been of the same cast with that of the stern and vehement, if

sometimes extravagant, Lucan, he would have been more apt to join him in exclaiming—

Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.

As it was, he sought not to fire, but to cheer his countrymen. If patriotism were capable of nothing more than euthanasia, he labored to secure it that. On its wrongs he would not dwell. "Let us not speak of them," he might have said, in the words of another Italian bard who a thousand years later invoked his shade to guide him through another limbo of horrors—

Non ragionam' di lor', ma guarda e passa.

Yet when, having finally brought his hero to the shores of Italy and unrolled before him the scroll of the future, he is compelled to note this blot upon it, his few words have no uncertain sound:

Ne, pueri, ne tanta animis assuescite bella;
Neu patrie validas in viscera vertite vires.

To present, indeed, such subjects to the contemplation of his countrymen, would, without regard to his political sentiments, have been less in harmony with the taste and temperament of Virgil than to depict for them the natural and pastoral charms characteristic of their land, which had survived all vicissitudes of human and elemental strife, and were not less fresh than when they first met the eye of the Trojan founder. In the seven-twelfths of the *Æneid* devoted to Italy we have plenty of hard fighting, though rather of the stage variety, clashing to slow music; and in the other five adventure to excess. But the artist, defective in the discrimination of character and a bad figure-drawer, is obviously a landscape painter. We have his true soul in the *Georgics* and *Bucolics*.

It is rather odd that so placid and amiable a writer should have been surrounded, during the Middle Ages, with

something of superstitious glamour. The *sortes Virgilianæ* were in almost as high repute as the *sortes Biblicæ*. His employment of the sensational device of a descent into Hades may have been a cause of it. More may have been due to his association, in life, writings and place of sepulture, with Cumæ, the retreat of the Erythræan Sibyl, the chief of all her class. To his citation, in the opening lines of the fourth Eclogue, of the Cumæan prophecy of a new era of the world, to arrive in his day, about the time of the birth of Christ, a certain theological significance was ascribed. In the first stanza of the finest of the monkish hymns, David and the Sibyl are appealed to as co-ordinate authorities. It is a curious circumstance, in this connection, that the destruction of the Cumæan grotto, maintained in full splendor for at least two centuries after Virgil's time, and long after shattered by the engineering operations of Narses against the Gothic fortress on the superjacent hill, should have been caused by an earthquake in 1539, in the heat of the Reformation. It was coincidence enough to remind contemporaries of the alliance which had so long subsisted in the popular imagination.

The poet's witchery lay in his limpid numbers. Their spell is as potent as ever. It leads us over blue waters and glowing sands; under white cliffs and volcanic smoke; past islets bathed in an atmosphere so clear and yet so deep as to make fact seem fancy and fancy fact; to spots haunted by the most entrancing or the most momentous memories, where Nature seems to have collected for supreme exertion all her mightiest forces, spiritual and material. They bring us in contact with typical men and events, and will delight as long as mankind shall appreciate classic story and classic taste.

EDWARD C. BRUCE.

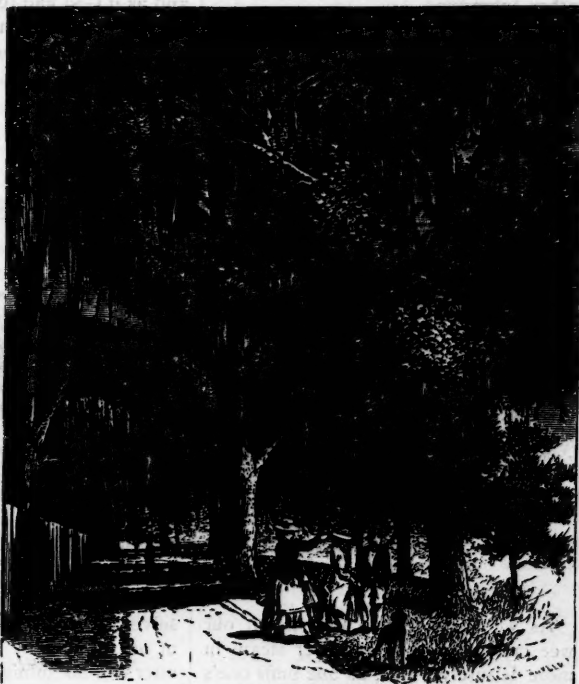
THE OCKLAWAHA IN MAY.

FOR a perfect journey God gave us a perfect day. The little Ocklawaha steamboat Marion—a steamboat which is like nothing in the world so much as a Pensacola gopher with a preposterously exaggerated back—had started from Pilatka some hours before daylight, having taken on her passengers the night previous; and by seven o'clock of such a May morning as no words could describe, unless words were themselves May mornings, we had made the twenty-five miles up the St. John's to where the Ocklawaha flows into that stream nearly opposite Welaka.

Just before entering the mouth of the river our little gopher-boat scrambled alongside a long raft of pine logs which had been brought in separate sections down the Ocklawaha, and took off the lumbermen, to carry them back up the stream for another descent, while this raft was being towed by a tug to Jacksonville.

That man who is now stepping from the wet logs to the bow-guards of the Marion, how can he ever cut down a tree? He is a slim, melancholy native, and there is not bone enough in his whole body to make the left leg of a good English coal-heaver: moreover, he does not seem to have the least suspicion that a man needs grooming. He is dishev-

eled and wry-trussed to the last degree; his poor weasel jaws nearly touch their inner sides as they suck at the acrid ashes in his dreadful pipe; and there is no single filament of either his hair or his beard that does not look sourly and at wild angles upon its neighbor filament.



STARTING-PLACE—PILATKA.

His eyes are viscidly unquiet; his nose is merely dreariness come to a point; the corners of his mouth are pendulous with that sort of suffering which involves no particular heroism, such as gnats, or waiting for the corn-bread to get done, or being out of tobacco; and his— But, poor devil! I withdraw all that has been said: he has a right to look disheveled and sorrowful; for listen: "Well, *sir*," he says, with a dilute smile as he wearily

leans his arm against the low deck and settles himself so, though there are a dozen vacant chairs in reach, "ef we didn' have ther sentermentalest rain right thar on them logs last night, I'll be dad-busted!" He had been in it all night.

I fell to speculating on his word *sentermental*, wondering by what vague associations with the idea of "centre"—*e. g.*, a centre-shot, perhaps, as a shot which beats all other shots—he had arrived at such a form of expletive, or, rather, intensive.

But not long, for presently we rounded the raft, abandoned the broad and garish highway of the St. John's, and turned

off to the right into the narrow lane of the Ocklawaha, the sweetest water-lane in the world—a lane which runs for a hundred miles of pure delight betwixt hedgerows of oaks and cypresses and palms and magnolias and mosses and manifold vine-growths; a lane clean to travel along, for there is never a speck of dust in it, save the blue dust and gold dust which the wind blows out of the flags and the lilies; a lane which is as if a typical woods-ramble had taken shape, and as if God had turned into water and trees the recollection of some meditative stroll through the lonely seclusions of His own soul.



ON THE ST. JOHN'S.

As we advanced up the stream our wee craft seemed to emit her steam in more leisurely whiffs, as one puffs one's cigar in a contemplative walk through the forest. Dick, the poleman—a man of marvelous fine function when we shall presently come to the short narrow curves—lay asleep on the guards, in great peril of rolling into the river over the three inches that intervened between his length and the edge; the people of the boat moved not, spoke not; the white crane, the curlew, the limpkin, the heron, the water-turkey were scarcely disturbed in their several avocations as we passed, and seemed quickly to persuade them-

selves after each momentary excitement of our gliding by that we were really, after all, no monster, but only a mere day-dream of a monster. The stream, which in its broader stretches reflected the sky so perfectly that it seemed a ribbon of heaven bound in lovely doublings upon the breast of the land, now began to narrow: the blue of heaven disappeared, and the green of the overleaning trees assumed its place. The lucent current lost all semblance of water. It was simply a distillation of many-shaded foliage, smoothly sweeping along beneath us. It was green trees fluent. One felt that a subtle amalgamation and mu-

tual give-and-take had been effected between the natures of water and of leaves. A certain sense of pellucidness seemed to breathe coolly out of the woods on either side of us, while the glassy dream of a forest over which we sailed appeared to send up exhalations of balms and stimulant pungencies and odors.

"Look at that snake in the water!" said a gentleman as we sat on deck with the engineer, just come up from his watch.

The engineer smiled. "Sir, it is a water-turkey," he said gently.

The water-turkey is the most preposterous bird within the range of ornithology. He is not a bird: he is a Neck, with such subordinate rights, members, appurtenances and hereditaments thereunto appertaining as seem necessary to that end. He has just enough stomach to arrange nourishment for his Neck, just enough wings to fly painfully along with his Neck, and just enough legs to keep his Neck from dragging on the ground; and as if his Neck were not already pronounced enough by reason of its size, it is further accentuated by the circumstance that it is light-colored, while the rest of him is dark.

When the water-turkey saw us he jumped up on a limb and stared. Then suddenly he dropped into the water, sank like a leaden ball out of sight, and made us think he was certainly drowned, when presently the tip of his beak appeared, then the length of his neck lay along the surface of the water, and in this position, with his body submerged, he shot out his neck, drew it back, wriggled it, twisted it, twiddled it, and spirally poked it into the east, the west, the north and the south with a violence of involution and a contortionary energy that made one think in the same breath of corkscrews and of lightning.

But what nonsense! All that labor and perilous asphyxiation for a beggarly sprat or a couple of inches of water-snake! Yet I make no doubt this same water-turkey would have thought us as absurd as we him if he could have seen us taking *our* breakfast a few minutes later. For as we sat there, some half

dozen men at table in the small cabin, all that sombre melancholy which comes over the average American citizen at his meals descended upon us. No man talked after the first two or three feeble sparks of conversation had gone out: each of us could hear the other crunching his bread *in faucibus*, and the noise thereof seemed to me in the ghastly stillness like the noise of earthquakes and of crashing worlds. Even our furtive glances toward each other's plates were presently awed down to a sullen gazing of each into his own: the silence increased, the noises became intolerable, a cold sweat broke out over me. I felt myself growing insane, and rushed out to the deck with a sigh as of one saved from a dreadful death by social suffocation.

There is a certain position a man can assume on board the Marion which constitutes an attitude of perfect rest, and leaves one's body in such blessed ease that one's soul receives the heavenly influences of the voyage absolutely without physical impediment. Know, therefore, tired friends that shall hereafter ride up the Ocklawaha—whose name I would fain call Legion—that if you will place a chair just in the narrow passage-way which runs alongside the cabin, at the point where this passage-way descends by a step to the open space in front of the pilot-house, on the left-hand side as you face the bow, you will, as you sit down in your chair, perceive a certain slope in the railing where it descends by a gentle angle of some thirty degrees to accommodate itself to the step just mentioned; and this slope should be in such a position that your left leg unconsciously stretches itself along the same by the pure insinuating solicitations of the fitness of things, and straightway dreams itself off into Elysian tranquillity. You should then tip your chair in a slightly diagonal direction back to the side of the cabin, so that your head will rest there-against, your right arm will hang over the chair-back, and your left arm will repose along the level railing. I might go further and arrange your right leg, but upon reflection I will give no specific instructions for it, because I am disposed

to be liberal in this matter, and to leave some gracious scope for personal idiosyncrasies, as well as a margin of allowance for the accidents of time and place. Dispose, therefore, your right leg as your own heart may suggest, or as all the precedent forces of time and of the universe may have combined to require you.

Having secured this attitude, open wide the eyes of your body and of your soul ;

that sink down, that waver and sway hither and thither : so shall you have revelations of rest, and so shall your heart for ever afterward interpret Ocklawaha to mean repose.

Some twenty miles from the mouth of the Ocklawaha, at the right-hand edge of the stream, is the handsomest residence in America. It belongs to a certain alligator of my acquaintance, a very

honest and worthy saurian, of good repute. A little cove of water, dark-green under the overhanging leaves, placid, pellucid, curves round at the river-edge into the flags and lilies with a curve just heartbreaking for the pure beauty of the flexure of it. This house of my saurian is divided into apartments — little subsidiary bays which are scalloped out by the lily-pads according to the sinuous fantasies of their growth. My saurian, when he desires to sleep, has but to lie down anywhere : he will find marvelous mosses for his mattress beneath him ; his sheets will be white lily-petals ; and the green disks of the lily-pads will rise above him as he sinks and embroider themselves together for his coverlet. — He never quarrels with his cook, he is not the slave of a kitchen, and his one housemaid, the stream, for ever sweeps his chambers clean. His conservatories there under the glass of that water are ever and without labor filled with the enchantments of strange under-water growths : his parks and his pleasure-grounds are bigger than any king's. Upon my saurian's house the winds have



CYPRESS SWAMP.

repulse with heavenly suavity the conversational advances of the natty drummer who fancies he might possibly sell you a bill of white goods and notions, as well as the far-off inquiries of the real-estate person, who has his little private theory that you desire to purchase a site for an orange grove ; thus sail, sail, sail, through the cypresses, through the vines, through the May day, through the floating suggestions of the unutterable that come up,

no power, the rains are only a new delight to him, and the snows he will never see : regarding fire, as he does not employ its slavery, so he does not fear its tyranny. Thus, all the elements are the friends of my saurian's house. While he sleeps he is being bathed : what glory to awake sweet and clean, sweetened and cleaned in the very act of sleep ! Lastly, my saurian has unnumbered mansions, and can change his dwelling as no hu-

man householder may. It is but a mere filip of his tail, and, lo! he is established in another palace, as good as the last, ready furnished to his liking.

For many miles together the Ocklawaha is, as to its main channel, a river without banks, though not less clearly defined as a stream for that reason. The swift deep current meanders between tall lines of forests: beyond these, on both sides, there is water also—a thousand shallow runlets lapsing past the bases of multitudes of trees. Along the immediate edges of the stream every tree-trunk, sapling, stump or other projecting coign of vantage is wrapped about with a close-growing vine. At first, like an unending procession of nuns disposed along the aisle of a church these vine-figures stand. But presently, as one journeys, this nun-imagery fades out of one's mind: a thousand other fancies float with ever-new vine-shapes into one's eyes. One sees repeated all the forms one has ever known, in grotesque juxtapositions. Look! here is a graceful troop of girls, with arms wreathed over their heads, dancing down into the water; here are high velvet arm-chairs and lovely green fauteuils of divers patterns and of softest cushionment; now the vines hang in loops, in pavilions, in columns, in arches, in caves, in pyramids, in women's tresses, in harps and lyres, in globular mountain-ranges, in pagodas, domes, minarets, machicolated towers, dogs, belfries, draperies, fish, dragons; yonder is a *bizarre* congress—Una on her lion, Angelo's Moses, two elephants with howdahs, the Laocoön group; Arthur and Lancelot with great brands extended aloft in combat; Adam, bent with love and grief, leading Eve out of Paradise; Cæsar shrouded in his mantle, receiving his stab; Greek chariots, locomotives, brzen shields and cuirasses, columbiads, the twelve apostles, the stock exchange: it is a green dance of all things and times.

The edges of the stream are further defined by flowers and water-leaves. The tall blue flags; the ineffable lilies sitting on their round lily-pads like white queens on green thrones; the tiny stars and long

ribbons of the water-grasses; the cunning phalanxes of a species of barnet which, from a long stem that swings off down stream along the surface, sends up a hundred graceful stemlets, each bearing a shield-like disk, and holding it aloft as the antique soldiers held their bucklers to form the *testudo* in attacking,—all these border the river in infinite varieties of purfling and chasement.

The river itself has an errant fantasy and takes many shapes. Presently we came to where it seemed to branch into four separate curves, like two opposed S's intersecting at their middle point. "Them's the Windin' Blades," said my raftsmen.

To look down these lovely vistas is like looking down the dreams of some young girl's soul; and the gray moss-bearded trees gravely lean over them in contemplative attitudes, as if they were studying, in the way that wise old poets study, the mysteries and sacrednesses and tender depths of some visible reverie of maidenhood.

And then after this day of glory came a night of glory. Down in these deep-shaded lanes it was dark indeed as night drew on. The stream, which had been all day a ribbon of beauty, sometimes blue and sometimes green, now became a black band of mystery. But presently a brilliant flame flares out overhead: they have lighted the pine-knots on top of the pilot-house. The fire advances up these dark sinuosities like a brilliant god that for his mere whimsical pleasure calls the black chaos into instantaneous definite forms as he floats along the river-curves. The white columns of the cypress trunks, the silver-embroidered crowns of the maples, the green and white galaxies of the lilies,—these all come in a continuous apparition out of the bosom of the darkness and retire again: it is endless creation succeeded by endless oblivion. Startled birds suddenly flutter into the light, and after an instant of illuminated flight melt into the darkness. From the perfect silence of these short flights one derives a certain sense of awe. The mystery of this enormous blackness which is on either hand appears to be

about to utter herself in these suddenly-articulate forms, and then to change her mind and die back into mystery again.

Now there is a mighty crack and crash: limbs and leaves scrape and scrub along the deck; a bell tinkles below; we stop.

In turning a short curve the boat has run her nose smack into the right bank, and a projecting stump has thrust itself sheer through the starboard side. Out, Dick! out, Henry! Dick and Henry shuffle forward to the bow, thrust forth their long



A LANDING ON THE OCKLAWAHA.

white pole against a tree-trunk, strain and push and bend to the deck as if they were salaaming the god of night and adversity. The bow slowly rounds into the stream, the wheel turns, and we puff quietly along.

Somewhere back yonder in the stern

Dick is whistling. You should hear him! With the great aperture of his mouth and the rounding vibratory surfaces of his thick lips he gets out a mellow breadth of tone that almost entitles him to rank as an orchestral instrument. Here is what he is whistling:

*Allegretto.*D. C. *ad infinitum.*

It is a genuine plagal cadence. Observe the syncopations marked in this tune: they are characteristic of negro music. I have heard negroes change a well-known air by adroitly syncopating it in this way, so as to give it a barbaric effect scarcely imaginable; and nothing illus-

trates the negro's natural gifts in the way of keeping a difficult *tempo* more clearly than his perfect execution of airs thus transformed from simple to complex times and accentuations.

Dick has changed his tune: *allegro!*



Da capo, of course, and *da capo* indefinitely; for it ends on the dominant. The dominant is a chord of progress: there is no such thing as stopping. It is like dividing ten by nine, and carrying out the decimal remainders: there is always one over.

Thus the negro shows that he does not like the ordinary accentuations nor the ordinary cadences of tunes: his ear is primitive. If you will follow the course of Dick's musical reverie—which he now thinks is solely a matter betwixt himself and the night as he sits back there in the stern alone—presently you will hear him sing a whole minor tune without once using a semitone: the semitone is weak, it is a dilution, it is not vigorous and large like the whole tone; and I have heard a whole congregation of negroes at night, as they were worshipping in their church with some wild song or other, and swaying to and fro with the ecstasy and the glory of it, abandon as by one consent the semitone that *should* come according to the civilized *modus*, and sing in its place a big lusty whole tone that would shake any man's soul. It is strange to observe that some of the most magnificent effects in advanced modern music are produced by this same method—notably in the works of Asger Hamerik of Baltimore and of Edward Grieg of Copenhagen. Any one who has heard Thomas's orchestra lately will have no difficulty in remembering his delight at the beautiful *Nordische Suite* by the former writer and the piano *concerto* by the latter.

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As I sat in the cabin to note down Dick's music by the single candle therein, through the door came a slim line of dragon-flies, of a small whitish species, out of the dark toward the candle-flame, and proceeded incontinently to fly into the same, to get singed and to fall on the table in all varieties of melancholy mayhem, crisp-winged, no-legged, blind, aimlessly-fluttering, dead. Now, it so happened that as I came down into Florida out of the North this spring, I passed just such a file of human moths flying toward their own hurt; and I could not help moralizing on it, even at the risk of voting myself a didactic prig. It was in the early April (though even in March I should have seen them all the same), and the Adam-insects were all running back northward—from the St. John's, from the Ocklawaha, from St. Augustine, from all Florida—moving back, indeed, not toward warmth, but toward a cold which equally consumes, to such a degree that its main effect is called consumption. Why should the Florida visitors run back into the catarrhal North in the early spring? What could be more unwise? In New York is not even May simultaneously warm water and iced vinegar? But in Florida May is May. Then why not stay in Florida till May?

But they would not. My route was by the "Atlantic Coast Line," which brings and carries the great mass of the Florida pilgrims. When I arrived at Baltimore there they were: you could tell them infallibly. If they did not have slat-boxes with young alligators or green

orange-sticks in their hands, you could at any rate discover them by the sea-beans rattling against the alligators' teeth in their pockets: when I got aboard the Bay Line steamer which leaves Baltimore every afternoon at four o'clock for Ports-

mouth, the very officers and waiters on the steamer were talking alligator and Florida visitors. Between Portsmouth and Weldon I passed a train-load of them: from Weldon to Wilmington, from Wilmington to Columbia, from Columbia



POOL IN THE OCKLAWAHA.

to Augusta, from Augusta to Savannah, from Savannah to Jacksonville, in passenger-cars, in parlor-cars, in sleeping-cars, they thickened as I passed. And I wondered how many of them would in a little while be crawling about, crippled in lung, in liver, in limbs, like these flies.

And then it was bed-time.

Let me tell you how to sleep on an Ocklawaha steamer in May. With a small bribe persuade Jim the steward to take the mattress out of your berth and lay it slanting just along the railing that encloses the lower part of the upper deck,

to the left of the pilot-house. Then lie flat-backed down on the same, draw your blanket over you, put your cap on your head in consideration of the night-air, fold your arms, say some little prayer or other, and fall asleep with a star looking right down your eye.

When you awake in the morning your night will not seem any longer, any blacker, any less pure, than this perfect white blank in the page, and you will feel as new as Adam.

At sunrise, when I awoke, I found that we were lying still with the boat's nose run up against a sandy bank, which quickly rose into a considerable hill. A sandy-whiskered native came down from the pine-cabin on the knoll. "How air ye?" he sang out to our skipper, with an evident expectation in his voice. "Got any freight for me?"

The skipper handed him a heavy parcel in brown wrapper. He examined it keenly with all his eyes, felt it over carefully with all his fingers: his countenance fell, and the shadow of a great despair came over it. "Look a-here!" he said, "hain't you brought me no terbacker?"

"Not unless it's in that bundle," said the skipper.

"Hell!" said the native: "hit's nuth-in' but shot;" and he turned off toward the forest, as we shoved away, with a face like the face of the apostate Julian when the devils were dragging him down the pit.

I would have let my heart go out in sympathy to this man—for the agony of his soaked soul after "terbacker" during the week that must pass ere the Marion come again is not a thing to be laughed at—had I not believed that he was one of the vanilla-gatherers. You must know that in the low grounds of the Ocklawaha grows what is called the vanilla-plant, and that its leaves are much like those of tobacco. This "vanilla" is now extensively used to adulterate cheap chewing tobacco, as I am informed, and the natives along the Ocklawaha drive a considerable trade in gathering it. The process of their commerce is exceedingly simple, and the bills drawn against the

consignments are primitive. The officer in charge of the Marion showed me several of the communications received at various landings during our journey, accompanying shipments of the spurious weed. They were generally about as follows:

"DEER SIR: i send you one bag Verneller, pleeze fetch one par of shus numb 8 and ef enny over fetch twelve yards hoamspin. Yrs trly, "_____"

The captain of the steamer takes the bags to Pilatka, barter the vanilla for the articles specified, and distributes them on the next trip up to their respective owners.

In a short time we came to the junction of Silver Spring Run with the Ocklawaha proper. This Run is a river formed by the single outflow of the waters of Silver Spring, nine miles above. Here new astonishments befell. The water of the Ocklawaha, which had before seemed clear enough, now showed but like a muddy stream as it flowed side by side, unmixing for a little distance, with this Silver Spring water.

The Marion now left the Ocklawaha and turned into the run. How shall one speak quietly of this journey over transparency? The run is in many places very deep: the white bottom is hollowed out in a continual succession of large spherical holes, whose entire contents of darting fish, of under-mosses, of flowers, of submerged trees, of lily-stems, of grass-ribbons, revealed themselves to us through the lucid fluid as we sailed along thereover. The long series of convex bodies of water filling these great concavities impressed one like a chain of globular worlds composed of a transparent lymph. Great numbers of keen-snouted, long-bodied garfish shot to and fro in unceasing motion beneath us: it seemed as if the under-worlds were filled with a multitude of crossing sword-blades wielded in tireless thrust and parry by invisible arms.

The shores, too, had changed. They now opened into clear savannas, overgrown with broad-leaved grass to a per-

fect level two or three feet above the water, stretching back to the boundaries of cypress and oak; and occasionally, as we passed one of these expanses curving into the forest with a diameter of half a mile, a single palmetto might be seen in or near the centre—perfect type of that lonesome

solitude which the German calls *Einsamkeit*—one-some-ness. Then, again, the palmettoes and cypresses would swarm toward the stream and line its banks.

Thus for nine miles, counting our gigantic rosary of water-wonders and lonelinesses, we fared on. Then we rounded



SILVER SPRING.

to in the very bosom of Silver Spring itself, and came to wharf. Here there were warehouses, a turpentine distillery, men running about with boxes of freight and crates of Florida vegetables for the Northern market, country stores with wondrous assortments of goods—physic, fiddles, groceries, school-books, what not—and, a little farther up the shore of the spring, a tavern. I learned in a hasty way that Ocala was five miles distant, that I could get a very good conveyance from the tavern to that place, and that on the next day, Sunday, a stage would leave Ocala for Gainesville, some forty miles distant, being the third relay of the long stage-line which runs three times a week between Tampa and Gainesville *via* Brooksville and Ocala.

Then the claims of scientific fact and of guidebook information could hold me no longer. I ceased to acquire knowledge, and got me back to the wonderful spring, drifting over it face downward as over a new world. It is sixty feet

deep a few feet off shore, they say, and covers an irregular space of several acres; but this sixty feet does not at all represent the actual impression of depth which one gets as one looks through the superincumbent water down to the bottom. The distinct sensation is, that although the bottom down there *is* clearly seen, and although all the objects in it are about of their natural size, undiminished by any narrowing of the visual angle, yet it and they are seen from a great distance. It is as if Depth itself, that subtle abstraction, had been compressed into a crystal lymph, one inch of which would represent miles of ordinary depth.

As one rises from gazing into these quaint profundities, and glances across the broad surface of the spring, one's eye is met by a charming mosaic of brilliant hues. The water-plain varies in color according to what it lies upon. Over the pure white limestone and shells of the bottom it is perfect malachite green;

over the water-grass it is a much darker green; over the moss it is that rich brown-and-green which Bodmer's forest-engravings so vividly suggest; over neutral bottoms it reflects the skies' or the clouds' colors. All these hues are further varied by mixture with the manifold shades of foliage reflections cast from overhanging boscage near the shore, and still further by the angle of the observer's eye. One would think that these elements of color-variation were numerous enough, but they were not nearly all. Presently the splash of an oar in some distant part of the spring sent a succession of ripples circling over the pool.

Instantly it broke into a thousandfold prism. Every ripple was a long curve of variegated sheen: the fundamental hues of the pool when at rest were distributed into innumerable kaleidoscopic flashes and brilliancies; the multitudes of fish became multitudes of animated gems, and the prismatic lights seemed actually to waver and play through their translucent bodies, until the whole spring, in a great blaze of sunlight, shone like an enormous fluid jewel that without decreasing for ever lapsed away upward in successive exhalations of dissolving sheens and glittering colors.

SIDNEY LANIER.

TINTORETTO'S LAST PICTURE.*

OH, bitter, bitter truth! I see it now,
 Heightening the lofty calmness of her face
 Until it grows transfigured. On her brow
 The gray mists settle: I begin to trace
 The whitening circle round her lips: the fine
 Curve of her nostril pinches—ah, the sign
 Indubitable! I dare thrust aside
 No longer what ye all in vain have tried
 To force upon my sight—that day by day
 My Venice lily drops her leaves away,
 While I have seen no fading—I, who should
 Have marked it earliest.

Only thirty years
 For this rich-fruited, gracious womanhood
 To reach its culmination! Oh, if tears,
 If prayers, could bribe, how quick my worn fourscore
 Should take the thirty's place! for I have had
 Life's large experience, and I crave no more.
 But she! She just begins to taste how glad
 The mellow clusters are, when, see!—the woe!—
 One blast of ghastly ravage, and here lies
 Before my startled eyes
 The laden vine, uprooted at a blow!
 My "Paradiso"† does not hold a face
 That is not fairer through my darling's gift.
 One angel has the rapt, adoring lift
 Of her white lids; another wears the grace

* The portrait of his beautiful daughter, Marietta Robusti, as she lay dying.

† Tintoretto's masterpiece.

That eddies round her dimpled mouth; and one
 —The nearest to the Mother and her Son—
 Borrows the tawny glory of her hair.

And yet—how strange!—as full, united whole,
 Her form, her presence, all the breathing soul
 Of her, I have not pictured elsewhere.

Tomaso, bring my colors hither. Haste!

We have no time to waste.

Draw back the curtain: in the clearest light
 Set forth my easel: I am blind to-night—
 Blind through my weeping—but I must not lose

Even the shadow's shadow. Now they prop
 Her for the breeze. There! just as I would choose,

They smooth the pillows. Dear Ottavia, drop
 Your Persian scarf across her couch, that so

Its wine-warm flecks may interfuse the cold
 Blanch of the linen's deadened snow.

Nay, hold!

Give her no hint: 'twere grief to let her know
 That the old, doting father fain would snatch

This phantom from Death's clutches. O my child!
 How can I gaze thus, and be reconciled?

Heart sinks, hand palsies, while I strive to match
 Such loveliness ineffable with blot

Of earthly color. All my touches seem
 Ashen and muddy to reflect the gleam

Of those enkindling eyes, fast fixt on what
 Spirits alone can see. Ah, now she smiles!

Tomaso, look! Unless my hope beguiles
 My vision, I have caught a glimmer here

Of the old shine that used to flash so clear
 Across our evening circle, like the last

Long sunset ray aslant our gray lagunes,
 When she would lean, with Veronese anear,

Over the balcony to catch the tunes
 Of gondoliers who floated, dream-like, past.

Now softly bid Ottavia loosen out
 The golden trail of hair, and bring a rose

From yonder vase, and let her fingers close
 —Poor fragile fingers!—the green stem about.

Yea, so; but all is blurred through rush of tears;
 Only the gay and joyous long ago,

Frescoed with memories of her happy years,
 Betwixt me and the canvas seems to glow.

And now—and now—

Her hair rays off, an aureole round her brow.
 And see, Tomaso, see! I understand

Not what I do; for in her slackening hand
 I've put a palm-branch where I meant the rose

Should drop its spark of warmth the whiteness o'er.
 How wan she looks! Meseems the pallor grows.

Nay, push the easel back: I can no more!

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

THE COMRADES.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

THE days and weeks went by, and autumn came in dyed raiment. Then the hues faded from sky and landscape; the dead leaves hid the sod; the naked branches checkered the gray skies. The streets of Cumminsville were only reaches of slush and mire: the comrades' walks in the village lanes, the rambles in the woods and by the brooks, were over. Ended, too, were those precious talks where soul greeted soul. There was a stop to all Margaret's privacy with the coming in of wintry days that made fire a necessity. When out of school she must keep to the family sitting-room. So when the minister called there were only commonplace passages between them. It was as if two friends who were wont at every meeting to exchange spring's dewy blooms and summer's regal blossoms should find themselves with naught to offer each other but winter's scentless, unsightly stalks. Margaret Pierpont, sitting the long winter evenings through in her boarding-house, amid the babble of children and the din of talk and gossip in which she had no part, realized how delicious the spent summer had been to her—realized her privations and needs. Every bright, spring-like day that came with sunshine and blue sky brought to her one of those great delicious heart-aches—who has not felt them?—awoke yearnings in which memory, hope, imagination had each its part.

And during the dreary winter days she often asked herself a question which she had not found time to ask before, she had been so busy with enjoying the perfect sweetness of loving. Did Chester Folds need her as she needed him? She knew that she was a help to him—a companion, a friend—out there in that Western village, where he had nobody else: he needed her there. But elsewhere? Suppose him transferred to a congenial atmosphere, suppose him call-

ed to a cultured parish; not to a fashionable city church—that would not be his right place—but to a quiet New England village, where there were appreciative, suggestive people, thinking, helpful men and bright, fair women—would he still need her? Would he want her for time and eternity, as she wanted him?

The cruel, dividing winter wore slowly away, and the spring days came back, bringing birds and flowers, and something better still for two pining spirits. The very first undeniable spring day happened to be a Saturday in the early April. Margaret had put on a very pretty chintz calico, with a spring knot of ribbon at the throat. She sat at her open window, and looked over the housetops, sloping down the hillsides, and over the gleaming river, to where a wall of pale emerald seemed to rise from the water's edge. Her heart thrilled with the spirit of the spring—with the old, ever-new wonder of waking Nature.

But Somebody was coming in at the gate, and Margaret's heart thrilled yet deeper. She went to her mirror, for she knew that Somebody's coming concerned her.

"The parson's in the settin'-room," said Mrs. Simmons, coming in upon Miss Pierpont, "an' wants to know if you'll go out for a walk. Sez I, 'I'll ask her, though she's likely got her Saturday mendin' to do. Teachers is workers,' sez I, 'an' hain't much time to waste in santerin's,' sez I. I'd a good min' to tell him he'd better stop his trapesin' roun' the woods, an' that he'd ought to go and pray with Hobbs's boy. He's got the yaller janders the worst kind, an' he's yaller as them carpet-rags I dyed yistiday, an' ruined my hands with: jes' look at 'em! Hick'ry bark makes an awful hard yaller to wash off. Doc asked Miss Hobbs if she hadn't dipped Jimmy in the carpet-rag dye." Here Mrs. Simmons shook with laughter: "Doc's a

great hand to joke, you see. I've seen him set till dinner-time on a dry-goods box tellin' stories an' crackin' jokes, an' a great lot o' men 'roun' jes' splittin'—"

By this time Margaret and Mrs. Simmons had reached the bottom of the stairs. The minister was on the porch, walking back and forth, with hat in hand and his hands locked behind. They went out together, these friends who would have been so utterly alone without each other.

"Isn't the day delicious?" exclaimed Chester. "Does it thrill you as it does me, I wonder? I never in my life felt as I do to-day—as I do now—so utterly happy. All my veins are running wine. I wonder if the birds are as glad to get their mates, if the crocuses are as glad to see each other's heads above ground, as I am to get you again, comrade? I don't know what has been the matter, but all this winter it has seemed as if I saw you only through a prison-grating. Have you had such a feeling?"

"We have been hampered by the presence of other people, who could have no understanding of the things between us," Margaret said.

She did not like the complete freedom with which Chester Folds had expressed his pleasure in having her again. His manner was too frank and bold to be lover-like. Not that Margaret said these things in the plain English in which they have been said to the reader. She would have been startled had she found herself using such words to herself. She felt them in a vague, uncomfortable way.

But then Chester had said he was utterly happy. This surely should have satisfied, but it did not satisfy Margaret. Yet she was very happy.

They went down toward the river, and sat on some boulders under the bluff. They looked out on the radiant river, and across the glow to where, on the other shore, banks of pale green clouds seemed to start from the river's brink.

"Look!" said Chester. "Here about us we can see only an occasional line or point of green where a leaf is starting. But over the river, where distance confuses outlines and melts details, the myr-

riad green lines and points are blended till the air seems filled with a green haze. What can be more beautiful than that delicate, ethereal, misty green?"

"Like that of a sea-wave when the sunlight strikes it," Margaret added.

They sat silent for a moment, their eyes on the distance.

"Well," Chester said, suddenly facing his friend, "what have you been about all winter?"

"I have been teaching, eating and sleeping, enjoying Mrs. Simmons's conversations, tramping through the mud to hear you preach, and longing for spring to come back. And what have you been doing?"

"Nothing, nothing. Everything that I might have enjoyed was hid away from me—every flower and insect. And I couldn't get at the rocks. And you? It has seemed all these dreary days as though, if I talked to you about anything but the weather, there was a great sarcastic ear to hear it all, and that if I looked anything, there was a mocking eye to see it. I did do something, though, this winter: I made a plan. I intend to work this spring and summer to increase my scientific collections."

"Why, that's what you've always been doing, isn't it?" asked Margaret.

"Yes: I've worked in a desultory sort of way, for the love of the thing. Now I'm going to work for an object."

"What object?"

"Money. I mean to make a collection worth somebody's while to buy. I must have money, and I can't think of any other way I can make it. I am a naturalist, comrade, and that is all I am. This work that I am purposing is the one work I can do well."

It had a strange, amusing sound to Margaret to hear this man talk about working for money. It was like the lilies of the field toiling and spinning.

"But you haven't told me the real end of your work: there's something beyond the money," said Margaret.

"Yes, there is something beyond," Chester admitted.

"You wish to get away from this place?" Margaret said, with a vague

jealousy at her heart: "you are pining for an atmosphere of books and art, and all the other pleasant things. I am glad you have hopes." Then her thought went beyond her words: "I have no hopes."

"Oh no," replied Chester. "It is not a change of place I have in mind. I don't know what place I should wish especially to go to, unless it were Africa. When I was a boy, before I knew that people couldn't do things without money, I made up my mind that I'd go to Africa—that I would become an explorer. The thought entered into all the plans of my boyhood; it was in all my studies; I dreamed about it. When I gave up the hope of being an explorer, I felt as though some dear friend were dead: it seemed to me I could never smile again. I should be ashamed to tell you what an envious heartburning it gives me now to read the ardent Kane. But here I am, engaged in a work for which I have no fitness—working with my left hand."

"Why don't you go at something else?" asked Margaret.

"I mean to go at something else, I told you: I mean to go at the only work for which I have any heart. Every other path is dark to me: this way only I find light. Oh, comrade, if I could go to Africa for five years, and afterward have a little time with you to tell you all about it, I think I could die then."

These words made Margaret almost ready to die at that moment.

Two days after this, as if Chester's yearning words had been telegraphed across the States, he received a newspaper from his brother Homer, with this paragraph heavily marked: "It is understood that Professor B—— of D—— College has raised by subscription a fund of seventeen thousand dollars to be appropriated to African explorations. Professor B—— offers to defray the expenses for two years of any young man of the requisite scientific acquirements who will engage for that period in African exploration, provided all his collections shall be placed for five years in the museum of D—— College. The fund will doubtless be largely increased during the pres-

ent year. The examining committee, we understand, are very exacting toward candidates. Short-horned scientists and young men who are not willing to work for the cause are advised not to apply."

As Chester Folds finished the reading of this paragraph his heart was beating like a trip-hammer. Were the ardent dreams of his boyhood to be realized? He surely had the necessary scientific acquirements: if he had not these, he had nothing under heaven. Willing to work for the cause! He could die for it.

Without a moment's hesitation he dashed off a letter to Professor B——, and hurried with it to the post-office. The letter slipped from his impatient fingers down the slide in the side of the shanty which constituted the Cumminsville post-office. When Chester's eyes looked up from following the fatal letter, they saw Margaret Pierpont returning from her work in the dingy school-room. His face flushed: he suddenly felt like a man detected in treason. Strange! he had not thought of her before. He wanted to get that letter back: he would recall it and tear it to shreds.

He did not join Margaret, as she had a right to expect. He entered the office, and Margaret walked on with a sigh in her heart.

Chester took his letter from the box, where it lay with two others, thrust it in his breast-pocket, and went out on the street. He looked down the way Margaret had gone: she had passed out of sight. He brought the letter from his pocket and turned it under his eyes. Then his mouth took on a set look, and Chester dropped the letter again into the office letter-slide. Rapidly and with long steps he went up the street, out of the village, and off to where a brook had once led down to the river. Here he worked as if for a wager at collecting geodes, heaping them in a great pile for future opening with his heavy geological hammer.

All the next week Chester was in a feverish unrest, and he did not once see Miss Pierpont: he had tried not to see her. For the first time in his life he was trying to hide from somebody. When

Saturday came he did not call for Margaret to walk, though the day was entrancing with the pulses of spring. On Sunday he did not once glance to the side where he knew she always sat. Indeed, he scarcely lifted his eyes from his manuscript, but read his sermon as though his thoughts were miles away, as they doubtless were.

"What in the name of thunder is the matter with Folds?" said Dr. Simmons that day as his "folks" sat down to dinner. "He looked as down as a tomato vine after frost. You ain't mittened him, have you?" he asked, turning to Margaret as he passed her a slice of ham.

From that cold kind of paleness that a sick heart brings Margaret flushed painfully. She wanted to run away from the table and cry off some of the dreadful pressure on her heart. What she did was to answer lightly, "Oh no, indeed. Mr. Folds isn't going to give any of us girls a chance to do that."

"Well, mind you do it if he does give you the chance," the doctor said with very considerable significance. "Have a pickle? You've a right to a driving man: you're snappy as dry popcorn yourself."

"So you be," assented Mrs. Simmons, wiping the beads from her forehead as she set down her cup of tea. "I told Doc so one day. Sez I, 'She keeps her darnih' an' mendin' done to a stitch,' sez I. 'It does beat all,' sez I."

"Folds, you see," the doctor resumed, "is one of your neutral-mixture preachers, as will do well enough for some places back East, where all the folks is brought up on milk and catechism—don't know no other way but to go to church from the time they can toddle. But, bless your soul for ever and a day! Folds won't do for folks as eats b'armeat and sucks buffaloes. Cummins-ville, you see, is a river-town, chuck full of lumbermen and raftsmen and steamboat fellers, the hardest set of scalawags this side the mines. They want reg'lar knockdown sermons—preachin' as will take a feller off his pins, send him kite high.—Wife, pass the ingun blades.—Now, jus' as a specimen: what's the use

talkin' to ole Ben Parmalee, in Mr. Folds' sweet, pretty way, about the infinite compassion of the heavenly Father? Why, he wouldn't even stop chawin' his tobacco one blessed minute. I tell you, Ben Parmalee's got to think that his heavenly Father's after him with fire and brimstone before he'll budge a peg. Then there's Aunt Sally Stocking. That woman's so *contrary* it'll take a lot of extry whippin', I can tell you, to git Aunt Sally up to them golden gates."

"That's so: she does beat all," Mrs. Simmons put in. "Doc sez one day, sez he, 'If Aunt Sally Stockin' was to fall into the river,' sez he, 'she's so *contrary* she'd float up stream,' sez Doc. Doc, he does beat all to take folks off;" and Mrs. Simmons fell to laughing, then to coughing, and then to choking.

"Ma shakes like a lump o' jelly," said Bud Simmons, ducking his head down to his cup for a drink of buttermilk. "I like Parson Folds better'n I do that circuit-rider," Bud continued. "He called me sonny the other day, an' I'd a notion to bounce him;" and Bud wagged his head in a threatening way.

Margaret felt as if she must say something for her friend. Cost what it might, she would speak for him. She drew a long breath, as if to make ready for a hard task: "I enjoy Mr. Folds' sermons very much indeed." There! she had got through the sentence without breaking down.

"I'll tell you what," said the doctor, "when the wickedness is struck in your homœopathy gospel won't do. Then we want the blist'ring: then let the preacher fetch on his fire and brimstone.—Are the ingun blades all gone? Bud, go out to the garden and pick a basket of 'um.—You see, Miss Marg'ret, they's no namby-pamby 'bout me. I mind me onct, when I was a young man jus' startin' to practice med'cine (green as a young gourd, I wus), I was sent after to go an' see a laid-up steamboat cap'in, the toughest ole customer that ever I had any dealings with. He said he'd a cur'us pain in the pit of his stomick, and he'd had it for goin' on 'leven days. Well, I felt of his stomick, an' I felt of his pulse,

an' I looked at his tongue, but hang me if I could tell what was the matter of him. But I had to do somethin', so I tuck a spoon and stirred up some powders I had in my bags. 'What is it?' sez he. 'It's a neutral mixture,' sez I. He jus' dashed at it an' slapped it out o' my hand. 'You bring me any more o' your neutral mixtures,' sez he—I won't repeat his swearin', seein' it's Sunday," said the doctor, making a joke—"an', sez he, 'I'll git up out o' this bed an' I'll pitch you overboard. Give me somethin' this minute that'll kore me or kill me,' sez he. 'By Heaven, I'll do it!' sez I. I felt mad 'nough to kill him twict over. 'Git me into port,' sez he, 'or else blow me up, an' done with it.' 'I'll do it,' sez I, an' I did."

"Did you kill him or kore him?" asked Bud, who had come back from his errand to the garden.

"You hand me them ingun blades," said the non-committal doctor.—"Now that's been my rule ever sence—to kill or to kore."

"Doc kores all the cases he has exceptin' the fatal ones," said Mrs. Simmons.

"Do let me blow my own horn," said the doctor. "I hear tell that the doctors back in Jersey, where I come from, are all gittin' down on cal'mel an' bleedin'. Now, it don't make no diff'rence to me what they say. They may putter all they're a-mind to: I ain't none o' your putterin' kind o' doctors. When I come to a patient with a red, overhet face, I pop the lancet in, an' every single furry tongue's got to lick the cal'mel for me. I want your kill-or-kore preacher. If Folds was a doctor, he'd doctor with sugar pills. But there's one thing he can do as handsome as ever I see it done: he can baptize a baby. It's as pretty a sight as one can want to see. He takes a baby like a mother—takes it like he was goin' to put it away in his heart. You see, I've naterally seen a great many folks handlin' babies, but I never see anything so pretty as when Folds christened that gran'chil' o' Ben Parmalee's. I sez to myself then, 'Doc Simmons, you'll always know after this

how Christ looked when He said Forbid them not.' For onct, ole Ben stopped chawin' his cud, an' wife sez she saw Aunt Sally Stockin' wipin' her eyes."

Poor Margaret! She could almost have kissed Dr. Simmons for this little tribute to Chester.

There followed another week, in which the minister felt as unsettled and tossed as though in mid-ocean. At its end there was a letter. How eagerly he took it from his box, certain that it came from Professor B——! He looked at every one of the sprawling letters on the envelope, dreading to break the seal of his destiny. Was there yes or no under that seal? Which would he wish to find? Could it be possible that he was to go to Africa? The dearest hope of his eager, yearning boyhood, the hardest to yield, it had been. And now that hope had come back to him like one from the grave!

He broke the seal. Yes, his dead was alive. His credentials had been investigated: they had proved satisfactory. He was to hold himself in readiness to move at a week's notice.

Inconsistent as it may seem, Chester Folds read this letter as a man might read his death-warrant. While longing to depart we may yet cling to earth.

"Oh, if they had only decided against me!" cried the young man's heart, "it would have been settled for ever; but I've got to fight the battle over again."

And how went the day? Ah, my poor Margaret, there were fearful odds against you. To see and to handle Africa's wonderful life-forms had been for years the absorbing desire of this strong, lonely, devoted heart. Until he met you Chester Folds had never had another passion.

Margaret heard one day, when her heart was already full of vague dreariness, that the minister was going to Africa. This scarcely made her more wretched than she was already. It was better, she thought, that leagues of land and ocean should separate them than the dreadful something that had already come between them. But when she had locked herself in her chamber and was thinking it all over, the unutterable des-

olation came upon her. She knew then how entirely for the past half year Chester Folds had been her life—how rooted was the love for him which had never known an instant's diversion. She loved him as entirely as though he had been the only human thing in the world. And now to have him turn from her for something he loved better! She knew she would rather spend her days in that poor village, with him to call her comrade and to tell her that she was of use to him, than wear a crown. And yet this man, beside whom all the world was nothing, had made his choice, and it was against her! Perhaps, indeed, she had never entered his thoughts when he was making his decision. And if she had not, was it not as well? Would she care to come in second best? Would she care for a love that was not supreme? Would she care to know that there had been a struggle? Yes, yes, there would be comfort to feel that she had even entered his thoughts; and if she could have known that there had been a hard battle, and that she had come nigh winning the victory from Africa, she would have been happy enough to die.

There was a rap at her chamber-door. She opened it, and there stood Mrs. Simmons. "Here's a letter for you," she said. "Why, good gracious! what's the matter of you? Be you sick? I'll have Doc come right up to see you. He'll straighten you out, straight as a board, with some of his powders. He's the greatest case that ever lived to hit the nail smack on the head. Sez he to me one day, sez he, 'My pills go like bullets out of a rifle straight to the spot,' sez he. He does beat all. I'll jist sen' Doc up to see you."

Margaret had to agree to go down soon and see Doc, before Mrs. Simmons would leave her alone to read her note.

"My dear Miss Pierpont," Chester wrote, "you have perhaps heard that I have unexpectedly had an offer to go to Africa. It is what I have longed for, and it is what I am fit for, and I must go. I leave Wednesday to meet the party of explorers in New York. Will you grant me an interview to-morrow in

your school-room, after school? I could not endure to say good-bye to you, comrade, with others looking on."

"Miss Margaret," called Dr. Simmons from the office, "I've got to be off to see a patient pretty soon, so you've got to be spry if you want me to kore or kill you." Then the doctor laughed, as did Mrs. Simmons.

Margaret put Chester's letter in her bosom and went down to the office, where she found Dr. Simmons making up some pills on an inverted plate.

"I'm not sick," Margaret said, trying as hard as she could to laugh and to look bright. "I've just come down to satisfy Mrs. Simmons."

"Ain't worryin' 'bout Folds, are you?" inquired the doctor, without looking up from his pill-making, for which Margaret felt very thankful. "He's a queer genus, that young man is. Hang me, if I can diagnose him. I used to think it was git-up he lacked; but I went out in the woods with him one afternoon: I wanted some boneset, you see, for Hobbs's boy. Well, Folds come plagued nigh killin' me, he led me such a chase. He was the livest man that ever I see—the peartest. An' now he's goin' over to Afriky. I sez to Hobbs that any man who could undertake to tackle them niggers and beasts and jungles and deserts and fevers and torrid zones has got no end of pluck to him. I don't see the sense of sich things, I must say. It's a good thing to know about the physickin' virtews of vegetables, but when it comes to countin' how many slits there be to a flower, an' learnin' it by heart, an' how many jiggle-jagles a leaf's got,—if anybody can see the sense of sich things he can see further into a grin'stun than what Doc Simmons can. But if there *is* any good in it, Folds is the man to git it. He'd go to the end of a rainbow to git a flower: he'll tramp that Afriky from one end to t'other. Now, let me see your tongue, or hadn't I better examine your heart, Miss Margaret?"

The doctor smiled, but there was pity in his smile as he looked into Margaret's pale young face.

That evening, when the last urchin had run off toward home, and the little

brown-eyed girl had been told that she could not have her usual walk from school with the teacher, but must run along with the other children, the teacher sat alone at her little pine desk, white and cold and still, as though waiting for her execution. She did not wait long. The man who had changed the earth for her was at the door, coming along the aisle between the rough wooden benches to her side. There was no indecision in his movement now: he stepped as though Fortune walked beside him, holding fast his hand.

He sat down beside his comrade and looked into her face with a brightness that struck a shiver to her heart: to her it was the brightness of the dagger's flash. Then, as she saw and considered the enthusiasm in the eye wont to be grave and pensive, and realized that a supreme happiness had come to this lonely, beloved man, that the hunger of a lifetime was to be appeased, a sudden and great wave of sympathy swept her heart and filled her eyes.

"I am so glad you have this chance!" she said; and at that moment she meant her words.

"It seems like a dream that it has come to me," Chester said. "I thank my God: He could have given me no greater earthly good."

A quiver passed over the woman's face. She wished he would go and leave her to her dreariness, and not stay there to torture her with assurances of her nothingness to him.

"I cannot remember when I did not want to go to Africa," he continued. "I am an explorer, a naturalist: I am not a preacher. I feel, comrade, as though I had entered the road to fame. If the good God do but spare my life and health, you and the world will yet hear from me. I shall do something to advance science: I shall help the world."

But Margaret was no longer in sympathy with his enthusiasm. Her mind had gone back to herself, and then forward into the blankness and dreariness of her life when her comrade would have passed out of it. The brighter shone his pathway the more shadowed was hers.

He was going off with all her light: he was going to leave her alone in a desert waste.

"God has been very good to me," Chester went on. "I can remember the time that I thought He had a spite against me, or something. He seemed to be always making me go the way I didn't want to go. So I thought he never meant to let me have my way about Africa. Then, too, He had made me so different from other people. I hadn't any gregarious instincts: I didn't think He'd ever let anybody come near enough to me to see any good in me, and to like me. But you, O my friend! my own friend! I can never forget how you reached down into my loneliness, and found me out. I thank you: I bless you every day of my life."

Margaret found it hard to sit there. This talk of a friendship so earnest, so pervading, that it seemed like something else, made her heart whirl. His spirit seemed on the very boundary-line: the movement of a hair's breadth would make his friendship love. It was agony to see and feel him so near it. "Oh, if he would only just once say that he loved her! If he would only once kiss her with love's rapture, her heart could live on it for a lifetime. She could let him go then. It seemed as if he had a precious thing that was hers by right—as if she must stand up and force it from him.

But he did not speak the coveted words: he did not kiss her with love's rapture.

"You don't say anything," he said. "You have been so much to me: have I been nothing to you?"

He was looking into her eyes with an intent, piercing look. The strain upon her had almost reached its limit. She felt as though in another moment every restraint must give way.

Chester waited a few seconds with his eager eyes on her pallid face. Margaret dared not speak. A swift change came into his face. He stood up and shook hands with her. He said he should write to her, and then he went away.

Margaret saw him walk again down the way between the benches, out through

the school-room door and down the steps. He did not turn to look behind. Then the barriers gave way. A cry such as is heard beside the dead broke from Margaret's lips, and a woman's head lay on the little pine desk in utter abandonment. And there it yet lay when Bud Simmons came looking for her to say that supper was ready "to hum."

The next morning Margaret heard the winding of the stage-horn warning the passengers to say their good-byes. She heard the coach roll away, shrinking back from the window and crouching in the corner of her room, that she might not see it. Then she put on her bonnet and went out in a purposeless way, wanting only to get away from people. It was nearly an hour before school-time, and she walked on with a pallid face toward the river, seeing nothing about her. She could see only a swift-rolling coach on a lonely road, going on and on, bearing away everything that was dear from her. The sound of the rushing wheels was in her brain, but above it she heard as in a dream her name spoken twice.

She looked up and about her. There by her side was an apparition—there was Chester Folds looking into her eyes with a smile in his.

"Mr. Folds, is it really you?" Margaret gasped.

"Yes: I stayed to tell you something;" and there was that in his eyes that made Margaret's poor pale face flush and brought a wild sweet thrill into her heart.

"There isn't time to tell you this morning, but will you wait for me again at the school-room this afternoon?"

"I will wait," answered Margaret, trembling.

"I was in a tempest all night," said the minister, "and I barely escaped shipwreck."

One of Margaret's children ran up just then for a walk to the school-room with

the teacher, little dreaming of the momentous words she was interrupting.

"You said you stayed to tell me something," Margaret suggested as Chester sat without speaking, gazing steadfastly into her face, with a look in his eyes as though he were thinking deeply.

"Yes, I stayed to tell you, comrade, that I cannot leave you. That's as far as I've got in the problem. If you will let me, I will stay by you always. It came to me last night that rather than give up my hold on you I could see Africa blotted from the face of the earth. I don't know how I could ever have thought that I could leave you unless you should drive me from you. I never could have thought it had you shown me anything besides friendship. Oh, Margaret, the sweetest, the most helpful friendship that any man ever had. But my heart aches for something besides: I am but a man with a man's needs."

It would have been affectation not to understand these words. It *was* love! He *did* love her! He *would* kiss her with love's rapture!

"I have spent some sleepless hours, worried by a fear that I *had* shown you something else than friendship—something I had never been asked for," Margaret said with a dash of archness, in spite of the mist in her eye and the quiver on her lip.

Chester's eyes opened wide as in sympathy with the heart, struggling to make real the strange happy words.

"You love me? Me? Oh, comrade, you mean that?" The man was sobbing, though his eager eyes were yet on her face, as if to make sure.

"I mean that," Margaret answered.

Then with love's rapture— But, reader, is it fair? How would you like it to have some meddling writer publish to the world the particulars of a certain tender period in your life?"

SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

SPIRITUALISM AND JURISPRUDENCE.

MR. ALFRED RUSSELL WALLACE, known as well for his patient explorations as a naturalist as for his capacity for philosophical analysis, has lately published a series of essays which give us the most authoritative defence of Spiritualism that has yet appeared. In some respects the phenomena to which he testifies lie beyond the range of the present inquiry. Whether A is able to make a table twirl round his chamber is a matter of no juridical interest, supposing the table belongs to A, and A hurts nobody by the act. So if A and B agree that A shall apply to B a power which makes B move about the chamber in obedience to A's will, this also is a matter of no juridical interest, supposing that no immoral or illegal act results. It would be otherwise, however, should A, instead of making a table move from one end of a room to the other, make a purse move out of B's pocket without B's consent. So it would be otherwise if A, instead of compelling B to float in the air, should compel B to commit a crime. As the power claimed by Mr. Wallace is one which would be as effective for the latter class of cases as for the first, and as Mr. Wallace's exposition of the causes of the occasional viciousness of "spirit messages" is that bad spirits as well as good get hold of the medium, it may be not without interest for us to inquire what is the attitude assumed by jurisprudence toward the factor to whose existence so respectable and accomplished an expert as Mr. Wallace thus testifies. And, to avoid those prejudices which are involved in names, I propose to speak of the factor thus introduced to our notice, not as "Spiritualism," nor as "witchcraft," nor as "sorcery," but as "preternaturalism." The alleged power to suspend ordinary natural laws, without any motive consistent with the divine economy, may be called in one age by one of these titles and in another age by another; but so far as

concerns jurisprudence the question, whatever may be the verbal form, presents itself in the same light. What attitude is jurisprudence to assume toward a person who, charged with an invasion of the laws of the land, sets up as a defence that he was acting under the constraint of a superior spiritual power? What attitude is jurisprudence to assume toward those who exercise such power for an illegal end?

These inquiries, let it be first observed, are not new. That such powers could be exercised by men charged with peculiar supernatural gifts was believed by large classes of society at the time of the formation of the Roman law. Ephesus was one of the chief seats of this belief, and by the priests of the temple of Diana magical functions were claimed to be effectively exercised. The introduction of Christianity was followed by a general rising, within the bounds of the Roman empire, of schools maintaining that preternatural power by man over men could be acquired by initiation in their mysteries. Judaism presented a sect of magicians who claimed that Solomon, whose spirit was appealed to as having taken up his abode on earth, was their chief and their patron. By Hermes Trismegistus an Egyptian school of mystical magicians was organized. Neopythagoreanism exhibited a magician in the person of Apollonius of Tyana; Neoplatonism, in the person of Iamblichus; the Samaritans boasted of the enchantments of Simon Magus; even Gnosticism had its mighty prophets who by a mere effort of the will could compel obedience even from their foes. By the jurists whose opinions are collected in the Justinian Code no criticism is ventured on preternaturalism as a mode of causation. Against magic, however, the emperors launched several decrees. To either profess magical arts or to consult magicians was made penal.* But magic as a re-

* See the decrees collected in Cod. IX. 18.

sponsible causation appears never to have been judicially investigated. We learn, indeed, from history that necromancers were tried as impostors and subjected to degrading punishments. But even when it was popularly believed that an emperor had been killed by the magical arts of an empress, or that through the enchantments of a rival an heir to the throne had wasted away, no prosecution was attempted against the supposed malefactor. *Cogitationis poenam nemo patitur*. The law could only judge of physical causation: wishes, hatreds, even enchantments, were agencies which the law had no capacity to determine.

The close of the Middle Ages, however, witnessed a new era as to magic. The possession by certain individuals of special magical gifts became a tenet of science as well as of superstition. When chemistry exhibited itself as alchemy, and astronomy as astrology, it is not strange that psychical influence should be confounded with physical, and physical with magical. In England, the enchantments of Merlin were accepted as part of the national history: on the Continent, Albertus Magnus, wizard as he at the best was, was a hero of popular theology. The order of the Templars united in its creed a secret adoption of Arabic supernaturalism with an open profession of Christianity. Even scholars recognized the old necromancies as reviving in potency with the revival of literature, and hence we find in the speculations of those days a motley combination of old heathen mythology, of the old Jewish Cabbalistic enchantments, of the black arts of Talmud divination, of Gnostic dualistic theosophy, and of Arabian necromancy. Causation by preternatural agencies exercised by man was as much believed in as was causation by natural agency. It was not strange, therefore, that as evil causation in the latter case was prohibited by law, so it should be held that evil causation in the former case should be in like manner prohibited.

Yet jurisprudence, in its technical sense, was not alone in the attempt thus to restrain this kind of preternatural causation. The Church, as having exclusive

power over ecclesiastical offences, was on questions of this class at least co-ordinate with the secular judiciary, and the Church in its judicial capacity began the work of investigating and controlling preternatural causation. The first record we have of the procedure is the *Directorium Inquisitorium* of Nicholas Eymericus, written in the middle of the fourteenth century, in which the author, an influential canonist of the Dominican school, maintained that every attempt to exercise preternatural causation was heretical, and was to be punished as heresy. But the Church was not allowed on this plea to absorb control of this offence. The Parliament of Paris in 1398 passed a statute by which the trial of magicians (by which term we must hereafter designate all persons claiming to exercise preternatural causation) was transferred from the ecclesiastical to the secular courts.* But from this a singular political complication ensued. Under this very statute the English government, claiming to administer in France French laws, and at the time holding possession of Paris, executed in 1431, with the approval of the University of Paris, Joan of Arc. It was natural, therefore, when Charles VII. obtained undisputed possession of his throne, that a statute capable of being so abused should be regarded with disfavor; and though the principle of the statute was, as we shall presently see, carried by the English back to their own country and incorporated in their jurisprudence, it was dropped from that of France.

But magicians were not to remain unpunished because Joan of Arc had been barbarously burned. In 1484, Pope Innocent VIII., finding that the secular power in France was unwilling to execute the statute of 1398, issued the bull *Summis desiderantes affectibus*, declaring that magic was heresy, and authorizing ecclesiastical prosecutions against magicians of all classes. The execution of this bull was committed in Germany to Jacob Sprenger and Heinrich Institor, Dominican priests, who published a famous work in elucidation of the bull and

* See Soldan's *Hexenprocessus*, p. 191.

in specification of the processes by which it was to be enforced. This book, entitled the *Malleus maleficarum*, bore date in 1487, and has been since frequently republished. The title, it will be noticed, places the evil persons whom it was designed to correct in the feminine gender, it being admitted by the authors that there might be male magicians (wizards), but it being recognized as an indisputable fact that of the two sexes the female was far the most addicted to intercourse with the devil: "Dicatur enim femina a *fe* et *minus*, quia semper minorem habet et servat fidem, et hoc ex natura."* Speculatively, the treatise recognized Dualism, for it held that there were certain demons who operated *divina permissione*. Practically, there was no cruelty which the Inquisition had applied to heresy that was not, through the agency of Pope Innocent's bull, transferred to witchcraft.

The Reformation in Protestant Germany put a stop to proceedings under the Romish Inquisition, but not to the prosecution of witches in the secular courts. Indeed, magic, in the turmoil of thought that accompanied the Reformation, seemed to be recalled to fresh life, and multitudes of sorceries which had for centuries been submerged were again, by the power of the whirlpool, brought to the surface. Wallenstein's history is an illustration of the way in which characters the most powerful were affected by these agencies. The statute-books of those days show how serious the danger was believed to be. Thus, in the code issued by the elector Augustus of Saxony in 1572 the penalty of death by fire (*Feuertod*) is assigned to the crime of entering into covenant with the devil (mit dem Teufel ein Verbündniss zu schaffen)—an offence which, if taken generally, would be dangerously comprehensive, and if taken specially, would be very hard to prove. During the fifteenth century, so tells us one of the most authoritative of German jurists,†

* It is remarkable that the same notion of the sex of witchcraft was accepted both in England and in New England.

† Wächter, *Die gerichtlichen Verfolgungen der Hexen und Zauberer*, Tübingen, 1845.

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"there were occasional prosecutions of witches and wizards; but when we scrutinize the trials, and subtract those in which the defendants were guilty of actual crimes, such as poisoning, infanticide, public cheating, the cases of conviction were rare. At the end of the fifteenth century, however, Germany began to be seized with a witch-epidemic (Hexenepidemie). Prosecutions for witchcraft were the order of the day. Thousands of wretches from that period to the beginning of the eighteenth century were burned, and all on their own confession." To England, as we shall presently see, as well as to France, Spain, Sweden and Italy, did this epidemic in the seventeenth century extend. In a large measure this is attributed by Wächter to what he calls the "secularization of witchcraft prosecutions," which took place in the Protestant states. But other causes mentioned by this keen critic should be carefully scanned by ourselves. The first was the reaction from the materialism engendered by the Thirty Years' War. The second was the introduction, in criminal trials, of the defendant's own examination—an innovation which, whether for good or for evil, is now exhibiting itself in the legislation of most of our American States. With us, it is true, this examination is optional with the defendant, and as yet a party on trial is able to decline to be examined without infusing into his case a fatal presumption of guilt. In Germany, however, in the seventeenth century, such examination was virtually compulsory, and without confession no man could be convicted. From this the transition was easy to the converse proposition, that after confessing no one could be acquitted. And as most witches put on trial confessed their witchcraft, most witches put on trial were convicted of witchcraft.

Von Raumer, in his late remarkable criticism of the character of King James I., has maintained that the belief of that monarch in witchcraft was no proof of imbecility, since that belief was shared by the wisest princes of the day. By none of those princes, it is true, was this belief so discursively vindicated as it

was by James in his *Dæmonologia*. But we must remember that he reached his conclusions not without the concurrence of the highest juridical as well as philosophical authorities. Thus, we find Bacon, in the *Preparation for the Union of Laws*, or, as we should call it, Draft of a Proposed Code, introducing the following clauses:

"Where a man doth use or practice any manner of witchcraft, whereby any person shall be killed, wasted or lamed in his body, it is felony.

"Where a man practiceth any witchcraft to discover treasure hid, or to discover stolen goods, or to provoke unlawful love, or to impair or hurt any man's cattle or goods, the second time, having been once before convicted of like offence, it is felony."*

Coke's authority, is to the same purport.† Indeed, by statute 33 Hen. VIII. c. 8, all witchcraft or sorcery was made felony; and by 1 Jac. I. c. 12, this was extended so as to include the "hurting any person" by the "infernal arts" of "witchcraft, sorcery, charm or enchantment." Under this statute occurred the trial of Mary Smith in 1616 for witchcraft. She was convicted and executed, confessing her guilt. The evidence against her was chiefly to the effect that by some occult power of will she brought sickness and death upon certain persons who had incurred her enmity.

Much more remarkable are the trials in Scotland in 1660-70 of persons charged with witchcraft—trials on which Sir Walter Scott expatiated with his usual felicity of style in his work on *Demonology*, but the full records of which were for the first time published in Pitcairn's rare and valuable collection of the *Criminal Trials in Scotland in the Reigns of James IV. and V., Mary, and James VI.* In 1661, so Pitcairn, quoting from Baron Hume, informs us, "no fewer than fourteen commissions for trials of witches were granted, for different sections of the country, in one sederunt of the 7th of November." Of the prosecutions that ensued, Pitcairn has select-

ed several of the most striking, giving at large the confessions of the defendants, as well as the acts of the Privy Council relative thereto. The prosecutions were barbarously conducted, for the convictions were made mainly to rest on the defendant's confessions, without adequate proof of the *corpus delicti*; and these defendants were desolate old women, crazed, if not congenitally at least by their belief in their possession of preternatural powers, by the extraordinary spiritualistic visions of which they believed themselves to be the media, as well as by the popular violence of which they were the objects. They held, according to their confessions, what might now be called "séances" or "trance conditions" with disembodied spirits; and these spirits sometimes played pranks such as those to which Mr. Wallace admits that spirits of the meaner class are even now addicted. But the preternatural power thus summoned did not content itself, as is the case in Mr. Wallace's experience, with such innocent tricks as the production of flowers instantaneously, with the untying inside of a closet of persons previously tightly tied, and the moving round a room of tables and chairs. Issobell Gowdie confessed to having used her spiritual correspondent for purposes much less innocent. Thus, at one time she wanted to get some fish without either catching or buying. So, when a boat was about to come in she and her companions went to the "shoresyd," and there sang "thrie severall times over"—

"The fisheris ar gon to the sea,
And they will bring hom fishe to me:
They will bring them hom intill the boat,
Bot they shall get of thaim bot the smaller sort."

"So," she goes on to confess, "we either steall a fish, or buy a fish, or get a fish from them (for nowght), aw or ma." This might be called putting the fishermen in a trance condition so as to poach their fish. In worse work than this, however, did Issobell Gowdie, according to her own account, engage. She and her friends had a particular grudge against "Mr. Harie Forbes, minister at Aulerne." They prepared a decoction

* Bacon's *Works*, Spedding's ed., xv., 327.

† 3 *Inst.*, 44.

of toad's flesh, and while they were steeping this in water "Satan wes with us, and learned us the wordis following, to say thrise over. They are thus :

"He is lying in his bed—he is lying seik and fair;
Let him lye intill his bed two monethis and thrie
days mair :

2. Let him lye intill his bed—let him "lie intill it
seik and sore;

Let him lyne intill his bed monthis two (and)
thrie days more!

3. He sall lye intill his bed, he sall lye in it seik
and sore;

He sall lye intill his bed (two monethis and) thrie
days mor."

Such was the preliminary incantation; and after having thus raised their "spirit forces" to a proper tension, the women, whether as professed nurses or not, obtained access to Mr. Forbes's sick room, having with them the bag containing the decoction of toad. They first attempted what might now be called a mesmeric process on Mr. Forbes by "swinging the bag" over him, he being apparently unobservant of their proceedings. This does not seem to have succeeded; and then the same exercise was attempted by "ane of owr number, quho was most familiar and intimat with him" (Mr. Forbes) in the day-time. Whether Mr. Forbes was reduced to the trance condition by these experiments, or whether he ultimately survived, we are not informed.*

The latest witch-prosecution to which I shall refer is that of Amy Duny and Rose Cullender in 1665, before Chief-Justice Hale. Of this trial Lord Campbell in his life of Hale thus speaks: "I wish to God that I could as successfully defend the conduct of Sir Matthew Hale in a case to which I most reluctantly refer, but which I dare not, like Bishop Burnet, pass over unnoticed. I mean the famous trial before him, at Bury St. Edmund's, for witchcraft. I fostered a hope that I should have been able, by strict inquiry, to contradict or mitigate the hallucination under which he is generally supposed to have then labored, and which has clouded his fame—even in some degree impairing the usefulness of that

bright example of Christian piety which he left for the edification of mankind. But I am much concerned to say that a careful perusal of the proceedings and of the evidence shows that upon this occasion he was not only under the influence of the most vulgar credulity, but that he violated the plainest rules of justice, and that he was really the murderer of two innocent women. . . . Had the miserable wretches indicted for witchcraft before Sir Matthew Hale pleaded *guilty*, or specifically confessed the acts of supernatural agency imputed to them, or if there had been witnesses who had given evidence, however improbable it might be, to substantiate the offence, I should hardly have regarded the judge with less reverence because he pronounced sentence of death upon the unhappy victims of superstition, and sent them to the stake or the gibbet. But they resolutely persisted in asserting their innocence, and there not only was no evidence against them which ought to have weighed in the mind of any reasonable man who believed in witchcraft, but during the trial the imposture practiced by the prosecutors was detected and exposed."

The evidence amounted to little more than that two girls named Pacey were thrown by passes made by the defendants into trances something like catalepsy, and that "pins and twopenny nails" were in some way conveyed by the defendants into the girls' mouths. An "expert in demonology," Dr. Brown of Norwich, was called to prove the reality of these manifestations of supernatural power, and gave it as his belief that one person, by the exercise of such power, is able in this way to act physically upon another. Lord Hale charged the jury as follows: "Gentlemen of the jury, I will not repeat the evidence unto you, lest by so doing I should wrong it on the one side or the other. Only this I will acquaint, that you have two things to inquire after: first, whether or no these children were bewitched? secondly, whether the prisoners at the bar were guilty of it? That there are such creatures as witches I make no doubt at all; for, first, the Scriptures have affirmed so much; secondly,

* Dr. Davies, a critic not unfriendly to Spiritualism, in his work on *Mystical London* (London, 1875) details performances not unlike those stated in the text. Spirits of evil appeared at the séances, and one of these spirits was exorcised by a priest.

the wisdom of all nations hath provided laws against such persons, which is an argument of their confidence of such a crime; and such hath been the judgment of this kingdom, as appears by that act of Parliament which hath provided punishments proportionable to the quality of the offence. I entreat you, gentlemen, strictly to examine the evidence which has been laid before you in this weighty case, and I earnestly implore the great God of heaven to direct you to a right verdict. For to condemn the innocent and to let the guilty go free are both an abomination unto the Lord." The defendants were convicted and executed, Hale expressing in his journal his approval of the result.

This is the worst as well as the last conviction which we find in the English records for the offence of illegally using preternatural powers. It must be recollected that the indictment was simply for the use of these powers, not for the use of them for the perpetration of an independent crime. About this time the reaction began. Among the illustrations of the change of public sentiment we may give the following from Montesquieu's *Spirit of Laws*, published in 1748: "It is an important maxim that we ought to be very circumspect in the prosecution of witchcraft and heresy. The accusation of these two crimes may be vastly injurious to liberty, and productive of infinite oppression if the legislator knows not how to set bounds to it. For, as it does not directly point at a person's actions, but at his character, it grows dangerous in proportion to the ignorance of the people; and then a man is sure to be always in danger, because the most unexceptionable character, the purest morals and the constant practice of every duty in life are not a sufficient security against his being guilty of the like crimes."

Blackstone (1765) in his *Commentaries*, speaks with even greater skepticism, and refers with satisfaction to the then recent repeal by Parliament of the witchcraft statutes of James I. and Henry VIII. The lowest point of subsidence, however, was reached at the beginning of

the present century. This is expressed in the following passage in Mr. Edward Livingston's penal code: "It [homicide] must be operated by some act; therefore death, although produced by the operation of words on the imagination or the passions, is not homicide. But if words are used which are calculated to produce, and do produce, some act which is the immediate cause of death, it is homicide. A blind man or a stranger in the dark directed by words only to a precipice where he falls and is killed, a direction verbally given to take a drug that it is known will prove fatal, and which has that effect, are instances of this modification of the rule. Homicide by omission only is committed by voluntarily permitting another to do an act that must, in the natural course of things, cause his death, without apprising him of his danger if the act be involuntary, or endeavoring to prevent it if it be voluntary."* With more or less closeness the same limitations have been applied by the courts of England and of the United States.

Yet, natural as was this reaction from the hyper-spiritualism of the seventeenth century, it soon began to be felt that the entire ignoring of moral causation in jurisprudence was as unphilosophical as was its exaggeration. Do not some men often acquire such power over others as to make mere brute instruments of them? We may reject the term "moral," and insert "nervous;" and ask whether it is not admitted that the nervous system may be acted on for criminal ends, and then inquire whether such action is not indictable.

Among the first to reopen the discussion was Lord Macaulay, in his report on the Indian code, published in 1838. Macaulay, it will be remembered, when in the maturity of his powers, after having distinguished himself by a series of brilliant and exhaustive speeches on Indian affairs, was appointed secretary of the Board of Indian Control, which post he resigned in 1834 for the purpose of going to India as a member of the Supreme Council. He accepted the office

* Livingston's *Works*, New York, 1873, ii. 126.

of legal adviser to that body, assuming as his special duty the preparation of a code, for which he prepared himself by a thorough study of jurisprudence, both philosophical and practical. It has been the fashion to speak of his report as speculative, but this is a great error, for there is no writer who has applied the inductive process of investigation to a wider field, or who has more accurately as well as more philosophically scanned not merely the adjudications of the courts on criminal jurisprudence, but the conclusions of those European thinkers who have treated the subject psychologically as well as juridically. So far as concerns the topic immediately before us, Macaulay argues with equal earnestness and eloquence that penal responsibility attaches to a homicide produced by psychological force. "There is undoubtedly a great difference," he says, "between acts which cause death immediately, and acts which cause death remotely; between acts which are almost certain to cause death, and acts which cause death only under very extraordinary circumstances. But that difference, we conceive, is a matter to be considered by the tribunals when estimating the effect of the evidence in a particular case, not by the legislature in framing the general law. It will require strong evidence to prove that an act of a kind which very seldom causes death, or an act which has caused death very remotely, has actually caused death in a particular case. It will require still stronger evidence to prove that such an act was contemplated by the person who did it as likely to cause death. But if it be proved by satisfactory evidence that death has been so caused, and has been caused voluntarily, we see no reason for exempting the person who caused it from the punishment of voluntary culpable homicide.

"Mr. Livingston, we observe, excepts from the definition of homicide cases in which death is produced by the effect of words on the imagination or the passions. The reasoning of that distinguished jurist has by no means convinced us that the distinction which he makes is well founded. Indeed, there are few parts of his

code which appear to us to have been less happily executed than this. His words are these: 'The destruction must be by the act of another; therefore self-destruction is excluded from the definition. It must be operated by some act; therefore death, although produced by the operation of words on the imagination or the passions, is not homicide. But if words are used which are calculated to produce, and do produce, some act which is the immediate cause of death, it is homicide. A blind man or a stranger in the dark directed by words only to a precipice where he falls and is killed, a direction verbally given to take a drug that it is known will prove fatal, and which has that effect, are instances of this modification of the rule.'

"This appears to us altogether incoherent. A verbally directs Z to swallow a poisonous drug; Z swallows it, and dies; and this, says Mr. Livingston, is homicide in A. It certainly ought to be so considered. But how, on Mr. Livingston's principle, it can be so considered we do not understand. 'Homicide,' he says, 'must be operated by an act.' Where then is the act in this case? Is it the speaking of A? Clearly not, for Mr. Livingston lays down the doctrine that speaking is not an act. Is it the swallowing by Z? Clearly not, for the destruction of life, according to Mr. Livingston, is not homicide unless it be by the act of another, and this swallowing is an act performed by Z himself.

"The reasonable course, in our opinion, is to consider speaking as an act, and to treat A as guilty of voluntary culpable homicide if by speaking he has voluntarily caused Z's death, whether his words operated circuitously by inducing Z to swallow poison or directly by throwing Z into convulsions.

"There will indeed be few homicides of this latter sort. It appears to us that a conviction, or even a trial, in such a case would be an event of extremely rare occurrence. There would probably not be one such trial in a century. It would be most difficult to prove to the conviction of any court that death had really been the effect of excitement produced

by words. It would be still more difficult to prove that the person who spoke the words anticipated from them an effect which, except under very peculiar circumstances and on very peculiar constitutions, no words would produce. Still, it seems to us that both these points might be made out by overwhelming evidence; and, supposing them to be so made out, we are unable to perceive any distinction between the case of him who voluntarily causes death in this manner, and the case of him who voluntarily causes death by means of a pistol or a sword. Suppose it to be proved to the entire conviction of a criminal court that Z, the deceased, was in a very critical state of health; that A, the heir to Z's property, had been informed by Z's physicians that Z's recovery absolutely depended on his being kept quiet in mind, and the smallest mental excitement would endanger his life; that A immediately broke into Z's sick-room, and told him a dreadful piece of intelligence, which was a pure invention; that Z went into fits and died on the spot; that A had afterward boasted of having cleared the way for himself to a good property by this artifice. These things being fully proved, no judge could doubt that A had voluntarily caused the death of Z; nor do we perceive any reason for not punishing A in the same manner in which he would have been punished if he had mixed arsenic in Z's medicine."

Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, who has taken a leading part in the formation of a civil code for India, was in 1873 so much impressed with the imperfection of the English law of homicide in this and other respects that he took an active part in the appointment of a committee of the House of Commons for the revision of that law. He was examined as a witness before that committee, and the following is part of his testimony:

"Then the other point in that section, which is an alteration of the existing law, is one which various persons who have seen the bill have remarked upon to me—namely, 'It is immaterial whether the act by which death is caused did or did not inflict actual injury on the

body of the person killed.' Now, with regard to that there are various remarks to be made. In the first place, I think that some of those who favored me with remarks upon the subject, one learned judge in particular, hardly observed that this definition is not a definition of any crime, but is a definition of the act of killing, and if the act of killing were not accompanied by any of the intentions that are stated in the later sections of the bill, the mere fact that a man was killed by some cause which did not inflict actual injury on the body of the person killed would not constitute any crime.

"That answers some objections which may be raised to it, but I would go further by pointing out what the real nature of the rule is, and what I understand to be the principal authority for it. The great authority for the rule (it is repeated of course by other persons of less note in different shapes) is to be found in Hale's *Pleas of the Crown*, p. 429, and is in these words: 'If any man, either by working upon the fancy of another, or possibly by harsh or unkind usage, puts another into such passion of grief or fear that the party either dies suddenly or contracts some disease whereof he dies, though, as the circumstances of the case may be, this may be murder or manslaughter in the sight of God, yet *in foro humano* it cannot come under the judgment of felony, because no external act of violence was offered whereof the common law can take notice, and secret things belong to God; and hence it was that before the statute of 1 Jac. I. c. 12, witchcraft or fascination was not felony, because it wanted a trial, though some constitutions of the civil law make it penal.' Upon that passage I would observe that in the first place I do not think it goes by any means to the length to which modern writers have been apt to carry it—namely, that unless you could show some specific force actually injuring some bodily organ, there can be no murder, but it puts it on this—first, that it is a secret thing; secondly, the passage ends by saying that for this reason witchcraft is not felony. I rather incline myself to

think that this is the explanation of the rule. There were very good reasons, one can quite understand, why, when everybody believed in witchcraft, humane people should not wish to extend trials for witchcraft, and should say, 'There is no actual and obvious injury done by these witches, and therefore we will not go into that.'

"But if you accept that principle in its fullness you arrive at almost monstrous results, and I will just mention a case or two to the committee. I may observe that what I am saying is said with much greater force by Lord Macaulay, in a report which he wrote upon the Indian Penal Code, at the time when they considered this question: he has gone at great length into it, but I will just put a case which I have in my mind. Suppose a man wants to murder his wife, and suppose that she is ill, and the doctor says to him, 'She is in a very critical state: she has gone to sleep, and if she is suddenly disturbed she will die, and you must keep her quiet.' Suppose he is overheard repeating this to another man, and saying, 'I want to murder her, and I will go and make all the noise I possibly can for the purpose of killing her.' You may imagine the evidence to be quite conclusive on that point: he goes into the room, makes a noise, and wakes her up with a sudden start, and frightens her, and she does die according to his wish. It seems to me that that act is as much murder as if he had cut her throat. Or suppose a case like this: a man has got aneurism of the heart, and his heir, knowing that, and knowing that any sudden shock is likely to kill him, suddenly goes and shouts in his ear, and does so with the intent to kill him, and does so kill him. It seems to me that if that man is not punished it is a very great scandal, for the act is just as bad as if he had killed him in any other manner. The fact is, that the objection to treating such cases as either murder or manslaughter arises from this, that in a general way, in such a case as unkindness, or many other cases of the same kind, you could never prove that the man intended either to kill or cause harm, or

that it was common knowledge that there would be harm or death caused; and therefore in all those cases in which you would not wish to punish the person would escape on account of the difficulty of proof. The only cases in which you would ever want to punish would be cases in which the difficulty of proof, by some such means as I have suggested, would be got over."

With this we may consider the remarks of Judge Erskine (a son of Lord Chancellor Erskine) some years since, when charging a jury in a homicide trial: "A man may throw himself into a river under such circumstances as render it not a voluntary act—by reason of force applied either to the body or the mind. It becomes then the guilty act of him who compelled the deceased to take the step. But the apprehension must be of immediate violence, and well grounded, from the circumstances by which the deceased was surrounded; not that you must be satisfied that there was *no* other way of escape, *but that it was such a step as a reasonable man might take.*"* But the last qualification cannot be sustained. No one can doubt that it would be murder to entice an insane man over a precipice, and thus to kill him. Indeed, as we shall see, what is done through an insane agent is regarded as done directly by the principal.

So much, then, for the authorities in cases where one man kills or hurts another by acting on the latter's nervous system in such a way as to cause death or sickness. We turn to the other phase in which the question before us presents itself; and here the law is equally emphatic. *He who commits a crime through the agency of an insane or unconscious agent is the principal in the commission of the crime.* This proposition is too plain in principle to require argument in its support; and it is accepted by the courts whenever it is mooted. We have a pertinent illustration in a trial before Lord Denman, C. J., in 1838. The evidence in this case was that the defendant, Thorn, claimed, either fraudulently or honestly, to be possessed of supernat-

* *Rex v. Pitts*, 2 C. & M. 284.

ural powers, and that in union with a small body of adherents he traversed the county, professing to work miracles. How far he was the tool of his associates, or how far they were really impressed with the truth of his mission, could not be absolutely determined. But on the evidence certain things were clear: a person claimed to possess supernatural powers, and committed homicides in exercise of his supposed mission, and certain other persons encouraged him in the commission of these homicides. The persons so aiding Thorn were put on trial for these homicides, the indictment charging them first as accessories to Thorn, and then as principals. Lord Denman met the case boldly on the principle that he who acts directly through an insane agent is primarily responsible. "It is not an opinion which I mean to lay down as a rule of law to be applicable to all cases," he said, "that fanaticism is a proof of unsoundness of mind; but there was in this particular instance so much religious fanaticism, such violent excitement of mind, such great absurdity and extreme folly, that if Thorn was now on his trial it could hardly be said from the evidence that he could be called upon to answer for his criminal acts." "If these persons . . . were aware of the malignant purpose entertained by Thorn, and shared in that purpose with him, and were present, aiding, abetting and assisting him in the course of accomplishing this purpose, then no doubt they are guilty as principals on this second count."* In other words, here is an insane agent, claiming to exercise supernatural powers, with whom, if not on whom, the parties accused are operating; this insane agent, when under their power, commits a crime; for this crime they are the persons directly responsible.

It remains to apply the principles just stated to Spiritualism. I put out of the question those professed Spiritualists who are conscious impostors. Such persons, if they obtain money by the exercise of such imposition, are indictable under the statutes which make penal the obtaining

money by false pretences.† Of this principle we have a vivid illustration in a late trial in France, as narrated in the following letter by the Paris correspondent of the London *Daily News*: "A strange trial has taken place before the Correctional Tribunal of Paris, and it has resulted in the conviction of certain 'Spirit Photographers' for swindling. Buguet, a photographer, of No. 5 Boulevard Montmartre, allied himself with M. Leymarie, the editor of the *Revue Spirite*, who wrote about him and published fac-similes of his portraits, and with an American named Firman, from whom he learned the art of persuading people that he could, if they only willed strong enough, conjure up and photograph a likeness of any deceased relation or friend. For a long time the firm did a large business. Twenty francs was the ordinary fee, but many wealthy people voluntarily paid two thousand, three thousand, and even four thousand francs. Never was fraud more clearly proved. The operator's spirit box was produced in court: it contained hundreds of portraits of men, women, boys and girls of all ages. When customers came desiring spirit portraits, a young lady, who acted as cashier, adroitly engaged them in conversation in the waiting-room, and generally contrived to find some indications of the physiognomy of the person whom it was desired to evoke. Then one of the numerous heads was selected, stuck upon a doll dressed up in muslin, and a hazy portrait of a spirit was produced from it. Buguet guarded himself by saying he could never guarantee a likeness, because much depended on the strength of faith of the applicant; and moreover, spirits were very capricious, and sometimes when you called for one another would come; but in very many instances the force of imagination was so strong that his dupes believed they saw the portraits of their relations. They burst into tears, fell upon their knees, kissed the photographs, and were profuse in expressions of gratitude to the pro-

* *Rex v. Mears*, 1 Bost. Law Rep. 205, reported under the name of *Rex v. Tyler*, in 8 C. & P. 616.

† See to this effect *Rex v. Giles*, L. & C. 502; 10 Cox C. C. 44; *State v. Phiper*, 65 N. C. 321; Whart. C. L., 7th ed., § 2092 a.

fessor as well as lavish of gifts to him. Notwithstanding the palpable exposure of the imposture in open court, a host of respectable witnesses, including a Russian marquis, the Comte de Bullet, Mr. Sullivan, formerly United States minister at Madrid, two French colonels and several ladies appeared for the prisoners, and, undismayed by the sarcasms of the presiding judge, protested that they really had seen unmistakable portraits of deceased relatives. The eminent counsel for the defence, M. Lachaud, spoke for two hours, and alluded to Moses, Isaiah, Tertullian, and other authorities on spirits. The court, however, thought the charge fully proved, and sentenced Buguet and Leymarie to one year's imprisonment, and Firman to six months. It is curious that the prosecution was not instituted on the complaint of any customer, but spontaneously by the police

for reasons not explained." This is good law; and there is no question that a similar conviction would follow prosecutions in the United States, conducted with equal intelligence, against not only the spirit photographers, but all concerned in obtaining money by impostures such as those of Katie King and her abettors.

But this does not touch the case of those who honestly apply what is called spiritualistic force. As to such persons we may hold—1. If in consequence of their action on another, such other person injures himself, they are penally as well as civilly responsible for the injury. 2. If they obtain control over the will of another person, so as to make him their absolute agent, they are both penally and civilly liable as principals for what he does under this constraint.

FRANCIS WHARTON, LL.D.

SONG.

OVER the ivory keys,
To and fro, her white hands go,
As over bloom-laden trees
The wand'ring touch of the breeze
Wakes music soft and low.

Flash! radiant fingers of light;
Silver the gloom of the shadowed room;
Sweep with your gleaming tips
Over the white frozen lips,
Till they speak from their tomb.

Smite! smite the white lips of song,
Break on the keys like stormy seas;
Be the flashing spray-notes flung
Like cries from anguish wrung—
Anguish that knows no peace.

O soul of grief! fold hands and cease;
No stormy song can drown thy wrong,
No murmur'ing music whisper peace;
Grief such as thine must find release
In silence, not in song.

F. A. HILLARD.

THE CORNET-À-PISTON.

FROM THE FRENCH.

"MASTER BASIL, play us a little tune: we want to dance."

"Yes, yes, Master Basil, play the cornet-à-piston for us."

"Joaquin studies music: go fetch Joaquin's cornet for Master Basil."

"Yes, do: that is right. Will you play something for us, Master Basil?"

"No, my children."

"Why no?"

"I say no."

"And why?"

"I do not know how to play."

"You do not know how! Oh, what a hypocrite! You want to be begged."

"Pooh, pooh! We know very well that you were a first-rate musician in the regiment, and that up to this time no one has ever played the cornet-à-piston like you."

"And that you played before the court."

"And that you have a pension."

"Come, Master Basil!"

"Well, yes, it is true I did play the cornet-à-piston—I was even a *virtuoso*, as you call it now-a-days—but it is also true that fifteen years or more ago I made a present of my instrument to a poor man, and since then I have not even hummed a note."

"What a pity! Such a great musician!"

"But this evening you will play, won't you? Here in the country anything is allowable."

"To-day especially—my birthday."

"Bravo! bravo! Here is the instrument."

"Yes, play us a waltz."

"No, a polka."

"A polka! Not at all—a fandango."

"Yes, yes, a fandango, the national dance."

"I am very sorry, my children, I cannot play."

"You who are generally so amiable!"

"So obliging!"

"It is your dear grandson asking you."

"And your grand-niece."

"Let me be: in the name of Almighty God, I tell you that I do not play."

"But why so?"

"Because I have made a vow not to."

"To whom?"

"To myself—to one who has gone—to your poor mother, my child."

At these words, spoken in a faltering tone, a veil of sadness suddenly covered all the faces present.

"Oh, if you but knew what it cost me to learn music!" continued the old man.

"The story! the story!" shouted the young people—"tell us the story!"

"It is in fact quite a story. Listen, then," said Master Basil. And sitting down under a tree, whilst a crowd of curious young heads formed a circle around him, he related in these words how he had studied the cornet-à-piston. It is thus that Mazeppa, Lord Byron's hero, likewise seated under a tree, related one evening to Charles XII. the terrible story of his riding-lesson. But let us listen to Master Basil:

"It will soon be twenty-three years since Spain was a prey to civil war. Don Carlos and Isabella were contending for the crown, and the Spaniards, divided into two camps, shed their blood in this fratricidal struggle. I had a friend, a lieutenant of chasseurs, in the same battalion as myself, the most able man I have ever known. We had been brought up together—together we had graduated from college. A thousand times had we met upon the same battle-field, fighting side by side, and we both wished to die in the cause of freedom. He was even, if you please, more liberal than I.

"Unfortunately, my friend Raymond was the victim of an injustice, of an abuse of authority—of one of those arbitrary acts sometimes committed by high officers in the army which outrage the more honorable men of this noble profession. From that moment the officer resolved to abandon his soldiers, the

friend to leave his friend, the liberal to go over to the rebels, the subordinate to kill his colonel. To God the Father Himself Raymond would not have forgiven an injustice.

"All my entreaties were useless to dissuade him from his project. It was a settled thing: he would change the *shako* for the *beretta*—he who nevertheless mortally detested the Carlists.

"We happened to be at that time in the province of Asturias, three miles from the enemy. The night chosen by Raymond to desert had come—a cold rainy night, bringing with it melancholy thoughts: we were to fight the next day. Toward midnight, just as I was falling asleep, Raymond entered my tent.

"Basil!" he whispered in my ear.

"Who is there?"

"It is I. Adieu!"

"You are going already?"

"Yes. Good-bye," and he grasped my arm. "Listen!" he continued. "If, as we expect, there should be a battle to-morrow, and if we meet—"

"I understand: we are friends."

"Well, we will embrace each other and continue to fight, each on his own side. As for myself, I shall surely die, for I will not leave the field without having my revenge on the colonel. As for you, Basil, do not expose yourself too much. Glory! You see what it is—smoke."

"And life?"

"Yes, you are right. Become commander," continued Raymond, raising his voice. "The *pay*—that is a more serious matter—rum, tobacco, pretty women. Alas! everything is over for me!"

"Good God! what are you thinking of?" said I, quite overcome. "We both of us have made more than one narrow escape already."

"Well, then, let us name a place to meet after the engagement."

"Wherever you please."

"In the hermitage of St. Nicholas at one o'clock at night. If one of us is not there, it will be because he could not come: he will be dead. Is it agreed?"

"Perfectly. Farewell, then!"

"Farewell!"

"We threw ourselves in each other's

arms: then Raymond disappeared in the shades of night.

"As we feared, or rather as we had foreseen, the rebels attacked us the next day. The action was hot, and lasted from three o'clock in the afternoon until evening. Once only in the *mêlée* did I catch a glimpse of my friend Raymond: he wore on his head the little *beretta* of the Carlists. They had already named him commander: he had killed our colonel. My luck was not so good: I was made prisoner by the enemy.

"It was one o'clock in the morning, the hour of my rendezvous with Raymond. I found myself shut up in a room used as a prison, in the heart of a small village then occupied by the Carlists. I asked about Raymond.

"He is a brave fellow," they answered me: "he has killed a colonel, but he must be dead."

"Why so?"

"Because he has not come back."

"Oh, how much I suffered that night! A hope, however, still remained: Raymond had undoubtedly waited for me at the hermitage, and that was the reason they had not seen him again. 'How anxious he must have been at not finding me at the rendezvous!' I thought to myself. 'He believes I am surely killed; and in fact, is my last hour so far off? The Carlists shoot all their prisoners: to-morrow I must die. It is true that Raymond will return before— But if I die to-day! My God! my God! I am losing my head!'

"Dawn broke upon me while in the midst of these reflections. A chaplain entered my prison: all my companions were sleeping.

"I must die!" I exclaimed on seeing the priest.

"Yes," he answered gently.

"What! already?"

"No: in three hours."

"A moment later my companions were awakened. A thousand cries, a thousand sobs, a thousand curses echoed through the prison.

"A man about to die ordinarily seizes one fixed idea and clings to it. Nightmare, fever, or madness, that is what happened to me. The thought of Ray-

mond took possession of my mind: I saw him living, I saw him dead—sometimes struggling in the *mêlée*, sometimes waiting for me at the hermitage. I was deaf, dumb, insensible—idiotic in fact.

"They took off my officer's uniform and put the cap and hood of a private soldier on me: then with my twenty companions I marched toward death. From this number only one, a musician, was to escape his doom. The Carlists spared the lives of musicians, not only because those poor devils were scarcely to be feared in battle, but also because they themselves wanted to form bands of music for their own battalions."

"And you were a musician, Master Basil: that is what saved you?" exclaimed the young folks in one voice.

"No, my children," replied the veteran: "I was not a musician. The Carlists drew up in line of battle. One platoon was detached, the platoon of execution, and we were placed before it. The number ten was given to me. I should thus be the tenth man to die. Then I thought of my wife and my daughter—of your mother and of you, my child.

"The execution began. As my eyes were bandaged, I could not see my companions. I wanted to count the shots, that I might know when my turn came, but before the third report I lost the count.

"Ah, those gun-shots! I shall hear them always. They seemed to resound far away, very far away, and all at once to burst within my head. The reports followed each other, however.

"It is my turn now," I said to myself. The balls whistled, but I was still alive.

"This time it is surely my turn: it is all over." I felt some one take me by the shoulders, shake me, speak in my ear. I fell, I ceased to think: then I dreamed that I was shot dead.

"Was the dream still lasting? I lay on a bed in my room, the very one which had served as a prison. I saw nothing. I raised my hands to my eyes to take off the bandage, and I found that my eyes were free, wide open, but the prison was full of shadows. I then heard a clock strike and I began to tremble. It was evening prayers.

"It is nine o'clock," I thought, 'but what day can it be?'

"A shadow more dense than that surrounding leaned over me: this shadow had a human form. My lips unconsciously murmured a name, the name I had incessantly repeated during my nightmare—Raymond.

"What is it?" said a voice at my side.

"My God!" I exclaimed, 'is that you, Raymond? You are alive yet?'

"Yes."

"And I?"

"You, also."

"Where am I, then? At the hermitage? Have I been dreaming, then? Was I not made prisoner?"

"No, Basil, you have not been dreaming. I will tell you everything. Yesterday in the *mêlée* I hit the colonel: I had my revenge. Then, blinded by rage, I killed, I killed until night—until there no longer remained a single Christino upon the field. When the moon rose I was very weary, but I remembered you; then I directed my steps to the hermitage, intending to wait for you. It was ten o'clock in the evening: the rendezvous was for one. The night before I had not closed my eyes: I fell asleep. At one o'clock I awoke uttering a cry. I looked around and found myself alone. Two o'clock, three o'clock, four o'clock struck: you did not appear. You were surely dead: this thought maddened me. Day dawned at last: I left the hermitage and turned toward the village, where my new brothers-in-arms were mustered. They all believed that I had been left on the field. They received me with open arms: they heaped compliments and honors upon me. Then all at once, while talking to them, I learned that twenty-one prisoners were to be shot that very morning. A presentiment crossed my mind: could Basil be among them? I hastened away. The platoon of execution was already formed. I heard some shots: the firing had begun. My eyes sought you, but, blinded by grief, they could not see. Finally, I despaired you. You were about to be shot dead: there were not more than two numbers before it came to your turn. What was I to do?

I was crazy: I uttered a cry, I seized you in my arms, and in an agonized, desperate voice I exclaimed, "Oh, not that one, my general, not that one!" The general presiding over the execution, who already knew of me through my conduct of the previous evening, addressed me: "Why not? is he a musician?" This word was to me what the light of day would be if made suddenly visible to a blind man. I stood dazed. "A musician!" I exclaimed. "Yes, yes, my general—a musician, a great musician." As for you, however, you had fallen senseless. "And on what instrument does he play?" asked the general. "On what instrument? On—on the—Yes, that is it—that is so—on the cornet-à-piston." "Do you need a cornet-à-piston?" pursued the general, addressing the bandmaster. The answer took five seconds—five centuries for me. "Yes, general, precisely," said the bandmaster at last. "Then let them take this man from the ranks, and the execution proceed without delay." I lifted you in all haste, and taking you in my arms I carried you here.

"Raymond had not yet done speaking: I made but one bound and fell upon his neck, crying and laughing at the same time. 'I owe you my life,' I exclaimed.

"Not quite," replied Raymond.

"Why so?"

"Do you know how to play the cornet-à-piston?"

"I? no."

"Well, then, that is cool!"

"In fact, my children, I had suddenly become cold as a marble statue.

"And music?" continued Raymond: "do you understand music?"

"A little, very little: you know well enough what was taught us at college."

"Little enough, then, or, to come nearer the truth, nothing. You are hopelessly lost, and myself with you: they will call me traitor, and say that I intended to betray them. Before a fortnight the band of which you ought to make one will be organized."

"A fortnight?"

"Neither more nor less, and as you will not be able to play on the cornet-à-piston unless God work a miracle in your favor, they will shoot us both."

"Shoot you!" I exclaimed. "You—for me, who owe you my life? Oh no! It is not possible. Heaven would not permit it. In a fortnight I will know music and I will play the cornet-à-piston."

"Raymond began to laugh.

"How shall I tell you, my children? In fifteen days—O power of will!—in fifteen days, the nights included—for I did not take a single moment of rest, even to sleep—in fifteen days I learned to play.

"Raymond and I went out into the country, and together we passed the whole day with a musician of a neighboring village, who came to give me lessons.

"But why not escape?" you are about to ask.

"Escape was impossible: I was still a prisoner and closely watched. Raymond would not leave without me.

"I no longer spoke, I no longer thought, I no longer ate. I had but one single idea—music and the cornet-à-piston. I wanted to learn, and I learned. Dumb, I should have spoken; paralyzed, I should have walked; blind, I should have seen. Will accomplishes everything. 'Where there's a will there's a way.' I willed it—that is the great word—and I succeeded in it. Children, remember this truth.

In this way I saved my life, but I became crazy. For three whole years my fingers never left the instrument. *Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do*—the world contained nothing else for me: my life was passed in blowing. Raymond did not forsake me.

"With him I emigrated to France and continued to play the cornet-à-piston. Everybody thronged to hear me: I was a prodigy, a wonder. The cornet-à-piston seemed to breathe beneath my touch: it sobbed, prayed, sighed, roared—it imitated a bird, a wild beast, the human voice even. My lungs were made of iron.

"Two years passed thus. At the end of this time Raymond chanced to die. The sight of his lifeless body brought back my reason. I took my instrument: I tried to play. I no longer knew how.

"And now, my children, do you care to dance?"

PEDRO ANTONIO DE ALARON.

THE WINDS.

I.—SOUTH.

SOFT from the south the moist wind gently breathes;
O'er the green earth the gray sea-mist is blown,
Thickening the air, blurring with filmy wreaths

The covered face of heaven; it has thrown
Its unstrung beads on the cool, dripping grass;
O'er broad, bright fields, dull seas and low rocks brown,

See how it scours, and rolls a dusky mass
On the effaced horizon, though anigh
'Tis a thin veil wherethrough the light may pass.

A tender equal radiance fills the sky;
Sweet is the air with smells of early June.
No sun-spot gleams and no deep shadows lie

On the fresh quiet landscape; all atune
In one grave harmony are earth and sea,
And plaintive rainy breeze that tells how soon

Warm showers will follow. This mild wind is he
Painted with cloud-crowned head and floating hair,
Gray beard, gray wings, gray raiment shadowy.

Sad, but yet not as one who hugs despair,
Majestic rather, as who conquers pain,
Into our heart his spirit steals; the air

Kisses the sad brow, soothes the weary brain.
What precious rain is this that blinds the eyes,
While grief dissolves in mist of memories?

II.—WEST.

Not as of old the harbinger of Spring,
Winging thy noiseless flight through warm soft air,
Pranking the earth with blossoms, scattering

The small bright clouds, and leaving blue skies bare;
The spirit of Autumn unto us art thou,
With weird, wild eyes and streaming, vine-wreathed hair.

Ripping gold leaves and brown from branch and bough,
Thou sweepst through late woods, and from the trees,
Still with October's painted flame aglow,

Drawest thine own quaint, lyric harmonies.
Thou sing'st of fruits and harvest; now no more
May the soul nurse her languid reveries.

While mellow fields yield their unstinted store,
Thy breath rebukes her slow activity,
A summons and a challenge, ringing o'er

Wide spaces of free air. Why tarrieth she,
With idle hands, above a mound of clay?
Waken her thou, her inspiration be;

As the dry leaves thou scatterest on thy way,
Her withered fancies, clinging still to death,
Disperse, and chant with her a bolder lay.

Thy voice she heeds, and as she listeneth
Forth from the shadow of the grave she comes,
To large, clear sunshine. Lo! around, beneath,

Like one vast garden, the rich landscape blooms,
With living light afire; the calm stream flows,
Dappled with dusky glories, shifting glooms,

From arching boughs wherethrough the daylight glows,
Like many-tinted wine, and floating leaves
Its crystal fleck with saffron, brown and rose.

O'er earth and air a new, strange spirit weaves
Its subtle spells, for all things melt and fade.
The pomp of burnished woods and golden sheaves

Seems transient as the sunset clouds o'erhead.
Lo, faithless soul! lo, coward sense and dull!
The face of change is also beautiful.

III.—NORTH.

Night, and the vast white fields lie deep with snow.
The high, star-sparkling heavens are bare of cloud,
But northward spectral splendors wax and glow,

Now formless, vague, now a huge crescent bowed,
Crowning with steady light the phantom hills.
Through the stiff trees, that crack with frost, pipes loud

A shrill, sharp wind that all the thin air fills
With piercing music. The Valkyrior,
The fair, fierce spirits, are abroad; those thrills

O'erhead of mystic radiance are no more
Than the cold flash of steel-bright shield and spear,
Flickering above each maiden-warrior.

In the pale sky wild beams shoot far and near,
The wan light spreads, as through a filmy veil
The large, soft, quiet-shining stars appear.

The weird, mysterious glories wane and fail,
The shadowy hosts are noiselessly withdrawn,
And earth lies cold and dumb, awaiting dawn.

IV.—EAST.

Light March skies dappled with white streaks and flakes,
Dim, faded sunshine like the first faint smile
Of one who after grievous ill awakes

To life and love again. A little while,
And the tranced earth will quicken 'neath the breath
Of mild, reviving airs; now brisk winds pile

Heaped swollen clouds; dull fields lie gray beneath,
And only in warm nooks green blades put forth,
Or a rathe violet shyly blossometh.

This wanton wind is welcome unto earth,
Not for his gifts, but for his promises,
Sure of fulfillment and of priceless worth.

We know what is to come: bright images
Of the world's perfect bloom before us rise,
The hope of those glad hours redeemeth these.

This scant, dry herbage, these chill, clouded skies,
These bare, cold boughs, our fancy leaves behind,
While spring flies forward with the swift-winged wind.

V.—CALM.

Look forth: earth, ocean, air of mid-July
Melt each in other as dream melts in dream,
Glassed in a rosy sea a rosy sky,

Till both one flawless sphere of crystal seem,
Ringed by the dim horizon's purple band.
No cloud above, no ripple and no gleam

To fleck the polished waters; on the land,
Flushed with warm mists, stirreth nor leaf nor blade.
Day-long sweet spicy Southland airs have fanned

The sleepy world; now all at rest are laid.
The far-off, wraith-like vessels, motionless,
Seem hung in nothing, 'twixt the shell o'erhead

And hollow depths below. Soft sounds caress
The listening ear; low insects' drowsy drone,
And feebly-tinkling tide that make no less

The spell of silent calm o'er all things thrown.
The very pulse of Nature seems to cease;
Earth, sea and heaven and windless air breathe peace.

EMMA LAZARUS.

IN THE PINELAND.

THERE'S nothing like it now, that summer life in "the Pineland" of the old ante-bellum days of Carolina: there's nothing like it now, nor will there ever be again. It was a "peculiar institution," confined to the inland planters within the "long-cotton" belt. No more delightful or happy homes could be found than the old plantation residences where substantial comfort and open-hearted hospitality reigned from November to May—large, roomy, rambling old houses most of them, built in the days of the Lords Proprietors or by the Huguenot ancestors of the present owners, or rebuilt in the days of calm which followed the Revolutionary storm. It was a grand thing to own one of these old manors, with its thousand or two acres of high-land and swamp; its broad cotton-fields; its little town of negro serfs, always working under protest, but always sleek and happy as the day was long; its unenclosed and unguarded preserves, where partridges and woodcock, ducks and snipe, deer and turkeys, wild-cats and foxes, offered certain and abundant sport to the man who loved the chase, without the necessity of his riding across the boundary-line of his own estate. But when the May flowers began to open to the sun, another owner would come to assert his claim, and one that would

Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,

but would drive out the planter and his family from their ancestral halls, and maintain with a deadly determination his usurped authority until driven out again by the sharp assault of the Frost King. In plain words, the family which dared to remain on the plantation after the tenth of May did so at the risk of a malarious fever as fatal as that of the Gaboon. None of your nervous little chills, which make the flesh creep and the teeth chatter, but the deadly bilious congestive or "country fever," with its wild delirium, its blazing heat and bound-

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ing pulse, its yellow, blood-shot eye and terribly sudden collapse, defying all human effort to check its course, and assuming often, with ghastly mimicry, the symptoms and the rapid fatality of the *vomito*. The annual return of this terrible visitor must be anticipated by a removal, "bag and baggage," to some salubrious summer-home; and, providentially, such could always be found sufficiently near to the plantation to enable the planter to superintend in person his growing crops, for it is only at night that the air is charged with the deadly miasm, and only during sleep does it make its cowardly attack. Along the sea-coast the desired immunity is found on the sandy tongues of the mainland or the little flat islands which lie just beyond the marsh; and there would be clustered the summer-cottages of the rice-planters or those who cultivated the beautiful "Sea Island" cotton. The necessity of keeping up two distinct home establishments within a few miles of each other is a very great inconvenience and expense, but few cared for the latter objection with "rough rice" worth a dollar a bushel on the sloop, and cotton bringing sixty cents a pound; and for the former there was ample compensation. Indeed they were a highly-favored people. The broad Atlantic stretched its illimitable blue expanse before them, and the gentle lap of its wavelets or the many-voiced roar of its angry surf was their never-ceasing music. There were miles of firm beach for driving, still pools or combing swells for the daily bath, fish and crabs to be caught at the very doors, with curlews, yellow-shanks, snipe and plover for the sportsman, and the plantation affording an unfailing base of supplies in the rear in the way of vegetables, fruits, eggs, butter, milk, poultry, mutton, etc.

But things were different in the interior where no ocean-breezes brought in health and carried out mosquitoes, and

a substitute had to be found there in the Pineland ridges which intersect the long-cotton belt in various directions. Wherever the long-leaved pine shoots up its straight, palm-like trunk toward the sky and shakes out its terebinthine odors on the air, the miasm loses its power. Even where a little grove of these noble trees is found upon the plantation itself, the overseer might build his log cabin with reasonable hope of exemption from the severer forms of the disease: quotidian, tertians and quartans, sallow faces and enlarged spleens, depraved appetites and jaundiced features are the familiar companions of these "summer ducks," as we used to call them, but they rarely suffer from congestive chills or high remittent fevers. The negro laughs at the whole business, and never knows what malaria is, unless he be a domestic servant, in which case he seems to lose his exemption to some extent, and becomes liable to the milder developments of the disease.

All along the ridge of Pineland are found the little summer villages into the life of which I propose to give you an insight in these pages. In fact, they are scarcely villages—hamlets rather, composed usually of from ten to fifty houses scattered about with their outbuildings among the pine trees. It is a strange reversal of social laws where the peasantry live upon the manor and the lords of the land group themselves into hamlets, but so it is. These villages are perfectly unique. There are no streets, only broad roads meandering uncertainly about among the enclosures. The houses are commodious, one or two stories high, built in the plainest style by plantation mechanics, and affording a strange contrast to the handsome winter dwellings of the owners. The most striking feature is the long, broad piazza, with its benches and oaken chairs. No gardens are allowed, as cultivation invariably makes the place unhealthy, but the yards are all enclosed, and everything looks fresh with the constant whitewashing. The only public building is the little frame chapel which takes the place of the parish church during the

summer, and sometimes there is a "ball-room," which does duty also as a school-house. There is usually neither municipal organization nor police: community of interest and public sentiment serve in place of the first, and a voluntary "patrol" among the gentlemen takes the place of the last. At least, so it used to be.

And just here, kind reader, let me say that the indiscriminate use of present and past tense is not without design. The villages still exist, but the life which I propose to describe is a memory of the past: how far it may differ from the present state of things this deponent saith not, for he knoweth not; and so the only resource is the grammatical confusion, which I beg you will not attempt to rectify.

The smaller villages are literally deserted during winter. You ride through the silent, ghostly array of whitewashed houses and fences, every door and gate and window-shutter nailed fast, and see not a sign of life except an occasional squirrel, if the day be pleasant, seated on the ridge-pole of the chapel, and deftly turning the hickory nut which he holds between his paws; or an ivory-billed woodpecker may be making a burglarious attack upon the weatherboarding of some house, or a stray pig be munching pine-mast in the road. But by degrees a small resident population becomes fixed. The rectory is built there, and the clergyman's family, having no plantation to go to, remains in desolate possession from November to May. Then a new physician settles there; then somebody opens a store; then first one and then another widow with her children, or a family of maiden sisters, who, like the daughters of Zephthad, possess no inheritance, find it better to live there, and so about a dozen houses are occupied all the year round.

A dreary place as one can imagine is a Pineland in the winter. The dark, closed-up houses frown at you as if you were responsible for their desolation, and shed scaly tears of old whitewash as the rough wind teases them by blowing the brown pine leaves against their sides.

Here and there a loose shutter bangs to and fro, scaring the colony of flying squirrels which are hibernating under the boxed eaves. In another place a flock of goats have found an entrance through the cellar, and their clattering feet make a strange sound in the empty chambers as they rush up and down the stairs, while one with a beard like that of Sheikh Abdallah peers down at you from the broken panes of a dormer window in the attic. As night falls the shadows of the evergreen pines settle down over everything, palling the dead hamlet in a darkness more than Stygian, which is made only more solid by the few faint points of light which gleam through its crevices. The wind roars and struggles through the huge creaking branches overhead, and a strange clicking, gliding, rustling sound, or rather ghost of a sound, comes to your ears, which you learn is produced by the falling and stirring of the dried pine-needles. The barred owl flits noiselessly around your head, and shrieks out a weird laugh from the roof of the empty poultry-coop, and you hear beside you, though you cannot see an inch from your nose, the quick, firm tread of some night-walking negro on his way to "de store," who sees in the darkness quite as well as the owl. When you get home the cheerfulness of your sitting-room has its serious drawbacks, for the house was not built for cold weather, and the roaring lightwood fire scarcely compensates for the broad cracks and seams in the board doors and the loose openness of the badly-fitted windows. Take the advice of one who has tried it, and don't live in a Pineland during winter if you can help it.

But with the opening spring comes a bright and happy change. The mocking-birds begin to sing to you from the tops of the chimneys; the swallows begin to drop into the flues in happy ignorance of the fact that Pineland chimneys smoke only in the summer; the great wren warbles from the old stumps by the roadside, and his little brown cousin, the house-wren, peeps in and out of the knotholes and woodpecker-bores which abound in the old buildings; the mar-

tins twitter on the long-deserted gourds, and the saucy squirrels curl up their tails and bark at you from the fence-rails. Even the snakes, which have, like yourself, been hibernating in snug corners, come out from their warm holes under your hearth, and exhibit the exhilarating effects of the season in their propensity to swallow all your first brood of chickens. With the first of May an unwonted stir is observable all around. Lumbering ox-carts roll into the village before sunrise and enter the various yards. Smoke ascends from the different kitchen-houses, and little bow-legged "pick'nies," clad *en chemise* or in the simpler garb of Nature, begin to toddle about the doors and swing upon the well-sweeps. Doors and windows are open all day to air the long-closed houses, and everything grows fresh and cheerful under the universal application of the whitewash brush. These are the certain signs which indicate that the summer life of the Pineland is about to begin—a life of which few who have not lived it know anything, for while the planters regard their æstival retreat as a sanitarium, the city-folk are all equally convinced that Death lurks behind every pine-trunk and points his deadliest shafts with the sharp pine-needles; and very few of them can ever be induced to visit the country in the summer-time.

The plantation-houses are now putting on their most attractive garbs. The lawns are green with fresh verdure, the air is vocal with the rich melody of innumerable birds, the gardens glow with warm color as their varied wealth of flowers bursts into bloom. But the inexorable fiat of the Fever King forbids delay, and all must be left behind. Few articles of heavy furniture are removed except the indispensable piano. Marble and mahogany, bronze and oiled walnut, remain undisturbed in their places, for the Pineland house is simply furnished with pine tables and oak chairs, and such old-time sideboards and wardrobes as have given place at the plantation to more elegant modern devices. In place of bedsteads, the "bench-and-boards" plan is adopted, two plain trestles sup-

porting a frame of thin dressed planks. This apparatus, being in duplicate for each chamber, can be thrown into the yard every Monday to take the weather for a week, thus affording ample immunity from the entomological pests which infest an old house in a hot climate. The outbuildings are as few as possible. A detached kitchen with servants' rooms, a roomy slatted stable, with open shed for the vehicles, a cow-pen with accommodation for one, and a small hen-coop with padlock fastening,—these are all. Vegetables, butter, poultry and eggs come fresh from the plantation every morning. There is no market, and none is needed. Beef and "small-meat" clubs are organized, and each member kills as his turn comes and sends the "roster" to the next in order with his allotted cut or joint. The perennial residents, if any, join these clubs, and arrange with some planter to kill for them, paying him the value of the animal: they get butter on the same terms, and buy their eggs and poultry from the negroes or from the store, where these articles are exchanged by their dusky owners for tobacco, flour, sugar-cakes and such other luxuries as are not included in the weekly "low-ance." Vegetables they receive in abundance without cost, as most of the plantation families take pride and pleasure in supplying their neighbors who have no garden facilities.

Within a week after the arrival of the first family the whole aspect of the village has changed, and the Pineland life, with all its peculiarities and its pleasures, has fairly begun; and a charming life it is, or rather *was*, for most of its brightest features went out, of necessity, with the old *régime*, and after the old fashion it can never be lived again. It was a queer jumble of home and watering-place life—"barrin' there's no wather at all, at all," as Pat would say about it, save at the bottom of sundry forty-foot wells. Everybody knew everybody else, and, having little else to do, went to see everybody else every day and at all hours. Sociability became almost oppressive until one got used to it. Families of refined taste and high culture, lacking only

the stiff polish of city life, were here brought together after months of greater or less seclusion upon plantation-homes distant each from the other, and not easy of access over winter roads. The routine never altered, but nobody ever tired of it. The gentlemen visited the plantation daily, semi-weekly, or tri-weekly, according to its distance, leaving the village in their sulkies by sunrise, and returning, loaded with "prog," in time for a three-o'clock dinner. The mornings of the "off days" were occupied in horse-back rides to inspect and criticise their neighbors' crops. The ladies were prepared to receive informal calls at any hour after ten A. M., and a few enormous watermelons were always kept "in cool"—viz. in the dry well or in tubs constantly replenished with fresh cold water—for the refreshment of the visitors. After dinner everybody retired for a *siesta* of a couple of hours, and then every piazza grew bright with white linen and starched muslin, and the regular visiting began. Tea-time inaugurated a regular game of "move-house:" some one from every family was taking tea with some other. The roads were alive with gay parties of young people on horseback or on foot, and the buzz of conversation, the ring of silvery laughter and the happy shouts of childish glee would be heard on every side. In every yard stood the huge fire-stand, a square frame packed with earth and mounted on a post, and with the gathering dusk on every side the red tongues of flame would begin to leap into the air as the piles of "fat" lightwood knots blazed and spluttered and rolled up great volumes of sooty smoke. These fires were kept burning until bed-time, serving the double purpose of furnishing light and of attracting and destroying the swarms of mosquitoes, which would otherwise have murdered sleep. One never forgets the wild and weird effect of such a scene. The straight, shadowy trunks of the ancestral pines now fading into darkness, now sharply defined in the ever-varying light, the cloudy foliage, distinct in its ghostly uncertainty of outline, mingling like the dissolving views of the phan-

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tasmagoria with the dense columns of smoke; the glimmer of the white house-walls in the deep, angry glare; the cheerful groups revealed by it upon road and broad piazza; the dark, barbarous-looking figures darting out of the gloom to cast armfuls of brush upon the dying flames, and disappearing into the night with wild laughter as the crackling "scarlet rot" of sparks rush upward like those of old Tubal Cain's furnace,—such is the picture which memory paints of a Pineland evening scene.

It has perhaps often occurred to the reader, as it has to the writer of these pages, that of all the queer things one meets with in this queer world, the queerest by far are the people who inhabit it; and of all the favorable places for studying people's queerness there is none more favorable than the Pineland. It is not that one finds there more of it than in other communities of equal size, but that which has passed unnoticed when distributed over a hundred square miles of country comes obtrusively to the surface when concentrated upon half as many square acres in the transparent medium of Pineland life. When you stand on the beach of a fishing-shore and watch the bagging seine as its ends are drawn closer together, it seems as if all the toad-fish and dowlies and sea-pincushions in the ocean were gathered into that single draught. Let me beg you to remember, then, as I take the liberty of introducing you to a few queer Pinelanders, that nobody ever enjoyed the funny side of these good people's characters more than the very large number of Pinelanders who are not queer.

It is a fine morning in the latter part of June, and an "off day" for a half dozen of the pleasantest companions among our planter friends. Later in the season few such days will pass without a fishing-party to Ball's Lake, or a deer-hunt in the swamp, or a fox-chase around, and likely enough right through, the village, or, it may be, a search for summer duck among the water-oak knolls near the river. But the bream will not bite well before July, the vixens have young puppies following them and will

make poor running, and the deer, turkeys and ducks will not be in season before September. But "Neighbor Tom" has a remarkable field of cotton, and we are waiting for the horses to ride out and inspect it. "Neighbor" is the descendant of a fine old Huguenot family, and his estate has come down to him in direct inheritance from the exiled French gentleman to whom the Proprietors granted the first patent. Thomas (*breviter* Tom) is so common an appellation among his numerous cousins that each must be distinguished by some peculiar sobriquet, and this Tom rejoiceth in two, being "Neighbor" to the whole country around, and "Dumb Tom" to the select circle in which he has been known from childhood. This latter title is the best deserved, for Neighbor was never known, through the fifty years of his life, to utter a word when sign or silence would serve instead; indeed, his entire stock of language was comprised in such nouns, pronouns, verbs and adjectives as were required to express the very few ideas which he deigned to communicate to his fellow-men. For all other parts of speech he had a supreme contempt, their place being supplied by sundry nods and jerks of the head, which dislodged his words much in the way that a dog gets rid of a troublesome piece of bone.

It is near ten o'clock, and Neighbor, who is not expecting us, has been on the plantation for at least four hours. As we ride up unannounced to the back piazza we find him engaged in a favorite and characteristic occupation. Coatless, vestless, hatless and collarless he stands, like some old blighted lightwood stump, in silent amazement at this sudden invasion of cavalry. In one hand is grasped a hatchet, in the other a shoemaker's awl: beside him is a short, stout oaken post firmly set in the ground, and covered on the top by the heads of a dozen wrought nails driven home into the wood. This is an original (unpatented) contrivance to facilitate the cracking of hickory-nuts, and the litter of shells at the base shows that the old squirrel had been making good use of his time.

"Good-morning, Neighbor!"

"Good. Morning." The adjective and noun are entirely unconnected, except by the above-mentioned jerks and nods. "'Light? Watermelons. Cold."

"No, thank you. We want to see that brag cotton. Get your horse and ride with us."

"Horse. Sick."

"Well, get your hat and walk with us, then."

"Slippers. Foot. Sore. Grass. Wet. Fever." This most unusually long discourse is too much for Neighbor to bear without refreshment, so he drops the hatchet and falls to picking a hickory-nut with the awl.

"But, Neighbor, what on earth have you got fixed to your slippers?"

"Kittens" (jerk, jerk, jerk). "Play."

To each of the slipshod slippers are tied three or four long cotton strings, with rolled pieces of newspaper attached to them, like a boy's kite-tail. The lonely old bachelor has found an outlet for the softer feelings of Nature in this provision for the amusement of his pets, and as he walks about the house the paper balls go jerking after him, and the kittens arch their tails and dart in pursuit, clawing, rolling, jumping and mewling, to the infinite satisfaction of all the parties to the frolic. We leave him to his innocent recreations, and ride out to inspect the field. The yellow blooms of the morning are counted, those of yesterday being of a sickly red, the width of the rows is criticised, the development of the young "squares" or "forms" observed, and we turn our steps homeward to escape the blazing rays of the noon-day sun. Taking a different route from that by which we came, a glimpse of Jack Williams' house is caught through the openings in the thick undergrowth, and Jack being a well-known "character," somebody proposes that we give him a call. Jack belongs to the class known as "Sandhillers," and is a capital typical specimen. Long of limb and gaunt of frame, keen-eyed and saw-toothed, his thin straight hair covered by a tencent palmetto hat, his clothing a ragged shirt unconscious of water for many a long day, a pair of scant copperas-dyed

trousers, *et prateret nihil*,—such is Jack Williams as he leans back in his home-made chair in the doorway and smokes his little stub of a pipe. Work he disdains as heartily as the lordly savage whose blood probably courses in his veins: with his long, loping stride he will thread the densest canebrake at night, and follow the tongue of his single hound for half a day to secure an old buck or a young fawn—all the same to him, except that by a process of subtle transformation well known to his guild he can change the buck into more whisky than the fawn. He is a dead shot with the rifle and a quick, sure hand with the rod. He eats no venison, but is not averse to bacon of his neighbor's raising. His house, too, is a type of its class: log-built and clay-plastered, with two rooms connected by a broad open hall, a square window in each with board shutter and no sash, it stands in the midst of the pines without the slightest sign of enclosure. A small booth of unbarked poles thatched with pine-boughs forms the poultry-house: a somewhat larger one the stable. A well with a long sweep and a pile of fresh wet clay beside it, and you have Jack's country-seat complete.

"Good-morning, Jack: how are you all to-day?"

"Mornin', gentlemen—mornin'! Light, won't ye?" Jack's hand waves gracefully, but his position changes not.

"No, thank you, Jack. Hope Mrs. Williams is well: I don't see her."

"Oh, I reckon wife's a-diggin' in de well."

As Jack resumes his pipe with great unconcern, we observe a long cane, provided with a forked twig tied near the end, protrude from the depths of the well, seize the empty bucket and draw it down out of view. A moment later the bucket emerges loaded with clay: a little darkey in a single garment pops up from behind the well-box and empties it, and vanishes with equal suddenness.

"But, Jack, do you allow your wife to work in that way, while you sit at your ease and smoke?"

"Wy, wot's a 'oman good fur but to work? It's a pleasure to her to help her

husban' wen he's wored out wid a long mornin's hunt."

"Have any luck?"

"Yas, sir—putty reasonable for the season. Ye see, old Reub, he put in back o' de gum-pond, an' in no time he struck a hot trail. I made roun' for de head o' de swamp, an' by time I was dere he was a-runnin'. I heer'd a mighty crackin' in de bushes, an' yere come a buck wid a basket on his head, a-ridin' over de bamboo briers. Ses I, 'Now fur it, Jack,' sez I. Den I leveled Old Betsy, an' as she kindled he curtsied."

"That's pretty well told, Jack, but deer are not in season, and the buck must be too poor for meat."

"No, sir! He's rubbed de velvet a'ready, and he's fat as pork. But de buzzards sp'iled him 'fore I could get a cart."

This conclusion to the tale lets us into the secret. There has been neither buck, basket nor "bamboo briers," but Jack has been sitting in luxurious ease all the morning, thinking, no doubt, as he watched his toiling wife, how blessed a thing it was that women should so love work. Jack's estimate of the sex was characteristic of his "set." There was old Uriah Clark, who secured his loving helpmeet in a trade, the consideration being five dollars and an old musket. The money was probably put away to buy coffee, a necessary of life among these people. Uriah was once heard to say of this beverage in his peculiar nasal drawl, "I drinks six cups o' it every day o' my life, an' every cup is a rare-i-ty." That drawl was familiar on every plantation where the wheels of his rickety little Pineland cart would carry him, begging for corn, for potatoes, for a cock to run with his hens, for a hand-mill to grind the corn, for a cow,—in short, for anything which struck his fancy or promised to be of use. He once made a most pathetic appeal for the corn for which nothing could induce him to work: "Jes' gimme a bushel or two to las' till May. Den blackberries 'll git ripe, an' cawn kin go to thunder."

Jack and Uriah represent a population indigenous and peculiar to the Pineland ridges of the South, and therefore fairly

entitled to a place in this picture, because in the summer life one must often be brought in contact with it. Tainted to a large extent with Indian and negro blood, these people are the laziest and most thriftless in the civilized world. They live by hunting, begging, fishing, stealing,—anything but work. Owning no land, they "squat" their cabins upon any site that suits them, without the least regard to the rights or wishes of the owner, deriving from what chance throws in their way an existence as precarious as that of the hawks and foxes; yet they are rarely disturbed, for beyond the occasional theft of a pig or turkey they give but little trouble.

About a week after I first offered my medical services to the community I was roused from slumber one night about ten o'clock by loud calls from below. There in the moonlight sat an old fellow upon a raw-boned steed, vociferously inviting me to "come right away" to see wife, who was "mighty bad off." It was my first call, and how could I refuse? But further investigation elicited the fact that he lived ten miles from the village: huge black clouds were gathering in the western sky, and ominous mutterings told of a rising storm which a bolder man than I might fear to meet at midnight in an unknown pine forest. I could get nothing out of him about symptoms save an unwilling acknowledgment that she—the wife—was not in immediate danger, and giving some general directions I sent him off grumbling, with a promise to come early the next morning. On finding the place next day, after a drive of at least fourteen miles, I was greeted by a hearty-looking woman, who informed me that she was the sufferer and had *chills*, but this was her "well day." This brought me down rather heavily on the old man for calling me out the night before. He meekly explained that he "didn't reckon thar was much the matter, nohow, but she kept up sich a fuss he reckoned he'd better come."

A week after he called for his bill, and on receiving it informed me, with a rather long face, that he had "heerd as how I

was a poor-doctor" (which in one sense was the truth), "an' he'd see 'bout it." That was sixteen years ago, and for aught I know to the contrary he is seeing about it still.

I may reckon among the queer folk the two rival Galens with whom I strove for practice, and whom we may call Dr. Peter and Dr. Thorne (*not* Trollope's). One evening I was sitting in company with several friends upon the piazza, enjoying the quiet loveliness of the scene. There were no fires burning, but the full moon rode in silvered beauty through the clear blue sky, while the wind souged through the dense pine-tops with a sound strangely like that of the distant surf, producing a fanciful play of light and shadow upon the white house-walls and dark-red pine-trunks. Suddenly there came a roaring sound, like thunder from a nearly-approaching storm-cloud. I looked up in surprise, for there had been no indications of a storm, and as the sound was repeated, stepped to the rail and scanned the horizon with a weather eye, but not a cloud was in sight.

"What's the matter?" asked one who, unlike myself, was "to the manner born."

"Why, I'm looking for the cloud from which that thunder came."

"Why, man, that's not thunder: it's only Dr. Peter riding his horse up stairs. He had one or two friends to dine this afternoon, and I heard the corks popping as I passed."

I learned afterward that a favorite amusement of the doctor when a little "high" was to ride his horse up the ten or twelve wooden steps leading into the piazza, and then jump him out again. Such feats of horsemanship were not uncommon with the bold young riders of the Santee, and a house is shown near that of the equestrian doctor where, in the early days of the village, a bibulous bachelor like himself once managed to get his horse on the piazza shed. To get him *down* again was not so easy, especially as everybody was sober, but it was managed by cutting out a window-casing and sliding the animal down an inclined plane of planks and straw. It occurred to me, however, that my brother

Pills must belong to the school of *Hippocrates*, rather than that of *Galen*. In spite of such escapades, he was a gentleman and a scholar, and his acknowledged skill well entitled him to the fair practice which he commanded. Dr. Thorne was liable to attacks of "rheumatism," during which no one ever saw him and his practice took care of itself: it was somewhat singular that these attacks seemed to have a mysterious connection with "Old Arnold," the village storekeeper, and usually supervened when the latter received a barrel of "kerosene" from the city. It was told that on one such occasion the doctor was sent for in a hurry, his patient being very ill: alarmed at the symptoms, he hastened to close the store and bar the windows; then he felt the sick man's pulse and tasted his medicine; then he got into bed with him, and when the pair was discovered next morning it was hard to tell which had "the rheumatism" more severely. Poor Arnold was frequently ill, and it was well known that he never recovered until the last bottle of eau-de-cologne, pain-killer and Lubin's extracts, had paid tribute to the alcoholic appetite.

This was a sore distress to two of the afore-mentioned daughters of Zelophehad, who dwelt in his immediate neighborhood. These dear old ladies had for many years been three, but Cupid after long searching discovered their maidenly retreat, and Hymen followed hard after. There were boys in those days, as there are boys *semper et ubique*: there was also a rusty old four-pounder which had probably seen service at Eutaw. These two compatible elements came together in some mysterious way on the evening of the wedding in the thick darkness immediately out of the blaze of light which streamed from the open parlor-window. There was treason within the camp, and as the clergyman pronounced the happy couple "man and wife" a deafening roar sent consternation to the heart of the bride and her attendant maidens as the glass crashed in and the lights glared out, and the thundering echoes coursed each other through the pine-tops. Then out rushed the angry bridegroom on dire

revenge intent, only to capture the grimy and dismounted gun, and to learn that he who can obtain satisfaction from a crowd of mischievous boys may hopefully enter for the prize in the traditional "wild-goose chase."

Miss Caddie also lived in this house, a dear, good soul, and useful in her way, but troubled with fits of mental aberration which almost always took a ludicrous turn at the expense of those about her. There was a staid and sober, but none the less pleasant, jollification one evening when the sisters entertained the rector and his wife and some other chosen guests with tea and talk. After sundry mysterious flittings back and forth between the piazza and the tea-room on the part of the lady hostesses, there was a tinkling as of silver bells, and supper was announced. It was usual for one man-servant to hand the tea-waiter, and another the cake-waiter, and another the plates and doilies, while a small darkey, who could successfully perform the feat of going to sleep in an upright position without falling down or dropping his waiter, stood by to gather up the débris of the feast. But to-night there was a special effort, and nothing weaker than substantial mahogany (for this was a permanent home) could sustain the weight of the good things provided. The gilt-edged tea-set vied in whiteness with the immaculate table-damask, the silver service shone like Juno's mirror, the piles of rich waffles smoked upon their plates and the stacks of brown toast looked crisp and tempting; the butter, fresh from the cool well, was firm and golden, and the fried chickens and boiled eggs were done just to a turn. Miss Polly knew the precise moment when all these delicacies should be served, for five minutes' delay would ruin the gastronomic effect. The rector said grace, and the merry party seated itself, when a sudden thought seized upon Miss Caddie. She darted to the kitchen, and before the first cup could be filled she was back with a huge keeler of boiling water, and had placed it on the tea-waiter and plumped in a cup and saucer.

"But, Caddie—"

Miss Polly's gentle remonstrance and Miss Patty's more active resistance were equally vain. Miss Caddie was inflexible. "Polly," she said, "Polly, I'm surprised at you! As long as I live I must do the work that the Lord gives me to do."

And, stern of purpose and firm of will, Miss Caddie proceeded with leisurely deliberation to wash every cup, saucer, plate, spoon and fork upon the table. There was nothing for it but to wait in the steaming room with what patience and self-control each guest could muster until the faithful old lady should accomplish her task. The tea grew cold and the butter warm, the toast wilted and the eggs "froze," the waffles lost their crispness and the chicken grew white with congealing grease; but *n'importe*; Miss Caddie illustrated with heroic zeal her devotion to the call of duty, and then placidly adjusted the frills of her snowy cap and retired into private life.

Miss Caddie was as happy as a woman could well be, but one dark fear hung threatening over the peaceful current of her life. It was the fear of getting wet. Winter or summer, every day, in the longest drought or the most pluvius spell, Miss Caddie would put on her yarn mittens, take her little bag of knitting and essay to go out visiting her neighbors; and as regularly would she peer up at the sky from every corner of the piazza, and give up the idea for fear it was going to rain. Methinks I see her now, and hear the tones of her never-varying reply to my morning salutation: "Good-morning, Miss Caddie."

"Well, I'm glad it is a good morning."

But I feel that the summer of your patience, kind reader, is waning toward the fall, and we must leave the Pineland, at least until another season. Happy should I be to show you how to make a bag of wood-duck in September or of woodcock when the autumn freshets come. But if you have been with me Under the Cypress you will have had some smack of such sport, and it may be we shall meet again among the oaks of the old plantation, and live over together a little of the life which they witnessed in the days that are past.

ROBERT WILSON.

THE ATONEMENT OF LEAM DUNDAS.

BY MRS. E. LYNN LINTON, AUTHOR OF "PATRICIA KEMBALL."

CHAPTER V.
AT THE HILL.

A SMALL country society like that of North Aston receives with unbounded hospitality or rejects with unconquerable suspicion a new-comer of proper appearance not fully accredited. Either the tedium of life carries it over ordinary caution, and people are glad to welcome any break in the monotony under which minds are rusting and hearts are withering, or the desire to remain safe in the narrow fastnesses of the known is stronger than the yearning for enlarged experience, which may have its dangers. Hence strangers without vouchers are assimilated greedily or repudiated crudely; and the one process is oftentimes as disastrous in the end as the other.

Fortunately for the present success of Madame de Montfort's plans, whatever they might be, North Aston, led by the rector, made up its mind as a community to receive her on her own credentials and his sponsorship; to suspect nothing of what might lie concealed, and to give full value to all the charms and graces that were evident.

Mrs. Harrowby, on hearing the report of the day's "find" from her daughters, did certainly look doubtful, saying with emphasis, "I am sorry for it: we have had enough of foreigners here;" meaning Mrs. Dundas and her heathenisms, which time neither softened nor destroyed.

Still, taken by the hand as madame was by both Mr. and Mrs. Birkett, Mrs. Harrowby's vague dissatisfaction went for nothing, even though she was Mrs. Harrowby of the Hill; and madame found her order of admittance easy to obtain, and her path to the small North Astonian penetralia made marvelously smooth.

Then she gained no small amount of social glory, if also some amount of blame, by the mode in which she trim-

med and arranged her little place. She made it the prettiest, daintiest doll's house to be found in the whole country, and fulfilled the rector's generalized suggestion of availability with a perfectness which he himself never expected. And he was of those who hoped all things from madame, and believed no less than he hoped.

Here she built up a rustic verandah, there threw out a picturesque conservatory; flowers and flowering bushes were planted by the cartload, till the whole place was like a picture for color and a flower-farm for perfume. The rooms were decorated in patterns, tints and methods quite out of the ordinary North Astonian beat, and therefore much canvassed. These decorations, indeed, made almost a schism in the place, one side liking the drawing-room paper of flat blue-green, with the high dado of that indeterminate hue which goes by the name of peacock-blue, and the other side calling it ugly and eccentric. But madame got the greater number of votes in her favor on the whole; for the gentlemen were with her to a man, and made the ladies understand that their want of admiration was the result of prejudice and narrow brains and a sign of their mental inferiority generally. The ladies, on their side, admitted the good taste of the muslin curtains, lined with delicately-tinted tarlatane and looped up with broad bows of ribbons to match, which she had hung wherever they could be hung, and the worked muslin squares for antimacassars, pinned on to the chairs with sash ribbons, were also generally approved of as improvements. These were matters more within their natural range, and whereon the gentlemen allowed them to have their own opinions undisturbed; though here again Mrs. Harrowby shot her little shafts of dissent, for the home target only, and said disdainfully after their first state visit, when

Josephine was enthusiastic and she wished to restrain her excessive eulogy, "Yes, pretty enough in a way, but too much like a milliner's shop to please me. Indeed, Madame de Montfort is too much like a milliner all through for my taste."

And Mrs. Corfield, looking round on this billowy expanse of muslin, put in briskly, as her demurrer of good counsel: "I should take these curtains and things down for every day if I were you, madame, and put them up, if you must at all, only for grand occasions. They will cost you a fortune in washing else, and that stupid Mary Warren will tear them to rags before you know where you are."

Letting these little notes of dissidence pass, when the whole thing was complete no one could deny that it was a success, or say that Lionnet was other than "the most perfect little gem of its kind," as the rector used to declare a dozen times a day with the air of a man who has created something for which the world owes him gratitude, and who has the right, therefore, to be always holding out his hand for payment. And as it was a success, even with the blue-green walls and the green-blue dado, its clever mistress gained a certain flavor of renown, amounting almost to a moral virtue, from the fact that her house was picturesquely arranged and her rooms quaintly furnished, and that she had given the other housekeepers of North Aston a few new ideas in the way of assorting colors and hanging breadths of muslin.

Madame la Marquise had been at North Aston about six weeks now, of which the last two had been passed in her own house. All the ladies save Mrs. Dundas had called on her. They had waited until Lionnet was reported to be finished and she ready to receive, and had then left their cards as the official act of registration demanded by the proprieties. She had seen and been introduced to each in turn at the rectory, but there she had been only a guest, holding a reflected, not an individual, position, the rector bearing the sole burden of responsibility. Now each family took its share in the

plunge, and for good or ill she was accepted as one of themselves.

The second stage in the little conventional process of initiation to be gone through would be her own return visits; the third, the set dinners that would be given in her honor when her mourning should be sufficiently mitigated to allow her to enter into state amusements; the fourth, her own acknowledgment in kind. Afterward she would be exactly niched and tabulated according to her deserving, and drop from a phenomenon into a circumstance. Some of the ladies thought it was time she should so drop. They were tired of hearing Madame la Marquise de Montfort so continually discussed and praised.

The first place to which madame went on her round in her "landlord's" carriage was the Hill. Oddly enough, she was nervous about this visit. She always had been nervous with the Harrowbys, and especially with Mrs. Harrowby. When that lady had called at the rectory while she was there, she had turned even paler than when the young ladies were announced; and when she praised the baby, which Mrs. Birkett was nursing as a matter of course, the usually placid marquise had trembled like a schoolgirl on her examination-day as, gracefully taking the child, she laid it in Mrs. Harrowby's arms, and heard her say as if to herself musingly, "What a pretty little thing! Of whom does it remind me, I wonder? I cannot think."

On which, recovering herself — for trembling was not much in madame's way — she had said with her pleasant smile, "She ought to remind you of one of your own children, for she has the same name, Josephine."

Nothing since then had occurred to destroy the odd embarrassment always felt by madame in the presence of Mrs. Harrowby, as nothing had occurred to soften the vague distrust which Mrs. Harrowby felt for madame; and the visit of registration had been paid and was now to be returned, things remaining in the same condition of armed neutrality as before, Mrs. Harrowby knowing that madame wanted to conciliate her, and

madame knowing in her turn that Mrs. Harrowby distrusted her and would not be conciliated.

The Hill was a large old-fashioned country-house approached by a magnificent double avenue of horse-chestnuts, and surrounded by a stately garden laid out in the formal terraces and parterres of Queen Anne's time. Within, it had a great deal of heavy furniture, mostly ugly, set in inconvenient places, and a general expression of dinginess and wealth consequent on generations of possession and an inherited quality of family conservatism. It would have been against the Harrowby traditions to have remodeled or modernized anything belonging to them; and the result was by no means lively.

At the present moment there was an unmistakable look of dullness about the place, the inevitable result of the death of the head. The old chief had gone and the young one was absent, and the sole representatives of power were the widowed mother and maiden sisters, who had none. Things went on as they had always gone on from the motive-force belonging to the accumulated habits of years, but there was no spring, no life, no growth in the place, and everything was at a kind of rusty standstill, wherein nothing moved but the rust, and that increased.

So it would be till Edgar should return and put himself at the head of affairs. Why he had joined his regiment instead of selling out and coming home, as the only proper place for him on his father's death, no one ever knew. It had offended his mother gravely at the time, and she had told him her mind, as was her wont. But though her son had been respectful enough in his reply, he had kept to his plans and offered no reason that carried conviction with it. There was evidently some mystery connected with this sudden and inconvenient resolve of his; and even if Mrs. Harrowby had wished to penetrate it, she would not have been able: it was like hewing at a stone wall with a straw to try conclusions with Edgar when his mind was made up, and those only who could read small

print through the traditional milestone could see into his motives or his actions if he wished them hidden.

The consequences of his absence, however, were the beginning of all sorts of small frays and fractures in the well-ordered fabric of the Hill property, and a general look of moribund grandeur about the old place, dingy, dignified, substantial, but evidently needing manipulation with new brooms.

It was the greatest possible contrast to madame's airy fairy little palace of light and color, her doll's house of picturesque arrangements and ingenious makeshifts. Size apart, her miniature Lionnet was far more charming to her than this dingy old Hill, and more in consonance with her tastes and habits. Nevertheless, her heart leapt within her, her cheeks flamed suddenly and as suddenly the color faded, her eyes sparkled with a bright metallic lustre that made them harder and more inscrutable than ever, as, looking up to the gray old mansion standing in the sunlight at the end of the blossoming avenue—that avenue which was the pride of the country and the show-place for miles round—she said something to herself in a low voice, whereof the nurse sitting opposite with the child heard only one word above the crunching gravel: "Mine!"

Mrs. Harrowby was at home, and Madame la Marquise de Montfort was ushered through the lofty hall, the walls of which were decorated with buffaloes' heads and royal antlers, brushes, New Zealand and North American Indian weapons, rare birds that had fallen to the master's gun in foreign parts, and models of monstrous fish that had come upon his hook—in short, the usual trophies and ornaments of a country gentleman's hall; through the long, closely-carpeted passage set thick with quaint curiosities; through the ante-room made dangerous by obtrusive piles of fine old china, and into the inner drawing-room where the ladies sat.

She was by no means flushed or sparkling now. Indeed, she was so deadly white that Mrs. Harrowby's first movement was one of compassion, fearing she

was about to faint; but her smooth voice and perfect self-possession of bearing reassured the lady, so that she greeted her, as she would have greeted any other stranger, with good breeding, but coldly. Josephine was the only one who gave her hand a frank press or looked into her face with anything like friendly interest in her own.

Josephine had "taken to" her; and what can you do against a girl's fascination with only such a broken weapon as a vague surmise of evil and a baseless dislike, you cannot tell why? Mrs. Harrowby was annoyed that her youngest daughter had found madame so fascinating, but she was powerless to change her for the present, and she only hoped no ill would come of it.

After the welcoming greetings were over, they all sat down and began to discuss that aspect of Shakespeare and the musical glasses which was proper to the occasion. And the first thing which madame did was to praise the avenue. She thought that if there was safe ground anywhere, here at least she should be free of pitfalls.

Mrs. Harrowby, though immensely proud of this avenue, did not somehow care for Madame de Montfort's praises. "It is nothing so very wonderful," she said coldly. "It is not better than Bushey Park."

"It seems odd to me that any mere private house can bear such a comparison—can be ranked, indeed, anywhere near a royal palace," said madame sweetly.

"Evidently you have not seen many of our great houses," returned Mrs. Harrowby disagreeably.

"Are there many with double avenues of horse-chestnut?" asked madame with graceful simplicity.

Mrs. Harrowby looked much annoyed. "Have you seen Chatsworth?" she asked, retreating in good order.

"Yes," answered madame. "It is very fine, the park and gardens—everything on a magnificent scale. Still," reflectively, "I don't remember any double avenue of horse-chestnuts."

"I should have scarcely thought you

so literal, madame," said Mrs. Harrowby with a dry cough.

"No? Nor am I to every one; but there are certain people whom one takes literally: people who speak fast and heedlessly one passes by, but the literal talkers seem to require the same kind of hearers."

Madame said this very nicely, making it a compliment by implication so far as manner went; but Mrs. Harrowby moved uneasily on her seat. She felt the sarcasm through the flattering manner, and all the more as it was delivered in a form she could not resent.

Some family portraits were hanging round the room. Madame's quick eyes had noted the fact as she came in, but she had not looked at them more attentively after that one hurried glance of entrance. They were of all kinds. Here was an ancestor in a cannon-curved wig and long flowered waistcoat; here the ancestress corresponding in high-rolled powdered hair, peaked stomacher and hoops; there was the late Mr. Harrowby when a young man, with a curl on his forehead and in the high-collared blue coat and tight nankeens of the period; and in the companion panel hung Mrs. Harrowby when a young woman, her head turned over her bare shoulder to the left, with ringlets parted on one side, gigot sleeves, and shoes with sandals plainly shown beneath her short and narrow gown. Over the piano were to be seen the three Misses Harrowby, done in chalks, when little girls; over the door was the picture of two boys in Highland costume, Edgar and Frank. There they were again—Edgar in his cadet's uniform, Frank in his college cap and gown; and here, again, Edgar in his full captain's regimentals as he looked just before he sailed for India, and Frank as a young gentleman of fashion for the rising generation to laugh at in their turn, as Frank himself had often laughed at his father's high collar and nankeen tights. Both were considered good likenesses.

So said Mrs. Harrowby when, seeing madame looking at the portraits of herself and husband, she profited by the occasion to withdraw altogether from

that unlucky discussion on chestnut avenues, and threw the conversational ball to another quarter. "Have you seen those, madame—my sons Edgar and Francis?" she asked. "They are admirably done, and admirable likenesses."

Madame gave a perceptible movement: it was not a start nor a shiver; it looked like that thing people call a thrill. For a second she looked down, and her breath seemed to come by an effort. Then, raising her eyes with a certain fixedness that did not seem quite natural, she turned them full on the pictures indicated, and said quietly, "They look good portraits;" adding with her smooth flattering air, "and sons to be proud of, I should think."

"Oh," cried out Josephine impulsively, "you would say that if you knew Edgar."

"They both seem nice," said madame with a sudden flush and an inexplicable confusion in her face—so visibly and so much confused that Mrs. Harrowby looked at her keenly, a flush of terror in her own.

Then said Madame la Marquise de Montfort, her lips quivering and genuine tears in her eyes, "You must think me very foolish, dear Mrs. Harrowby—" Mrs. Harrowby winced at the familiar endearment of the epithet—"but the portrait of your eldest son has reminded me so powerfully of my poor husband, I cannot pretend not to feel it, and I cannot conceal my emotion. It was just his air—just his look."

The dainty handkerchief went up to her eyes, and she suppressed a little sob that was not affected.

"Which do you think my eldest?" asked Mrs. Harrowby, still with that look of vague terror in her face, but now with a certain stern watchfulness superadded.

"You have told me yourself," answered madame tremulously: "your son Edgar."

"Yet it is not a French face at all," said the mother. "It is a purely English face and a purely English character."

"My dear husband had English blood in him," said madame more composedly. "He was indeed more like an Englishman than a Frenchman, and I often used to tell him so. You see no trace of what

we mean by the French physiognomy in my little Fina?"

"No, no, none; certainly not—most strangely not," said Mrs. Harrowby with almost cruel emphasis.

"No," replied madame, "there is none to see."

After this the conversation drifted on to other topics; and in due time madame took her graceful leave and went farther on her round.

"How could I be such an idiot?" was her voiceless self-reproach as she drove down the avenue. "I thought I had nerved myself too well for this. But I got out of it cleverly, and I do not think she suspected me. Perhaps, indeed, I made a good stroke—a fluke if I did. I must be more cautious for the future, however, and not let myself be caught so foolishly again. Thank Heaven, the worst is over now till he comes back!"

On her side, Mrs. Harrowby, in reply to Josephine's enthusiastic "Now, mamma, is she not charming?" gave, as her deliberate conviction, this dictum: "My dear girl, what Madame de Montfort really is I do not know, nor who M. de Montfort was; but of this I feel sure: there is something very odd about her, and something that I do not like at all. I say nothing against her character, because I know nothing; but if I had had my way, we should have had a detective down from London and have learnt all about her before we accepted her. I hinted as much to Mr. Birkett, but I think she has bewitched him like some others," with a displeased look at Josephine. "At all events, I don't like her; and though I am obliged to visit her, as every one else does, I do not trust her, and I wish she had never come into the place. That is all I have to say."

"Mamma, you are not just," remonstrated Josephine with a burning face. "I have never known you so uncharitable before."

"Hush, Josephine!" said Fanny in a reproving voice: "you should not speak so."

"Josephine, how can you be so impatient to mamma?" echoed Maria; while Mrs. Harrowby said, illogically but an-

grily, "If this is the consequence of your sudden friendship for Madame de Montfort, how can you expect that I should like her, Josephine? I am ashamed of you! taking part in this manner with a stranger against your own mother!"

CHAPTER VI.

FOR AND AGAINST.

It was the fashion in North Aston to praise Madame de Montfort in public, though in private there were more dissentients than confessed themselves openly. Mr. and Mrs. Birkett, however, were genuine in their admiration, and the warmest of her friends. She had fascinated the rector—all in honor and sobriety of feeling be it understood, in nowise trenching on his loyalty to his wife or giving her cause for uneasiness. Still, it was fascination, and he did not deny it. But Adelaide held aloof, and "declined to discuss madame" when the past and real personality of that enigmatic lady came on the carpet, as it always did whenever two or three were in conclave together. And her reticence had an ugly look and caused remarks. But her parents had censured her so severely in the beginning when she had questioned the entire satisfactoriness of their new favorite that she had taken the lesson to heart, and now sat silent and disdainful when madame was made the central point of social interest. She was disdainful indeed about the whole affair, and wondered where her father's perspicacity and her mother's instincts had gone. She never for a moment faltered in her own belief that madame was an adventuress, and she accepted her title as she would have accepted the account of a materialized spirit. But as all this was less from true perception than from the jealousy of sex and exclusiveness of condition characteristic of her, her manifest dislike had not much influence in the place, and people only said among themselves, "How wretchedly Miss Birkett gets on at home!" and, "What bad taste it is in Adelaide to show the world how much she dislikes Madame de Mont-

fort, when her father and mother have taken her up so warmly!"

For the rest, the Fairbairns had received the new-comer with the facile acceptance of good-natured indifference. They did not become intimate with her, because they were not intimate with any one—so large a family as theirs was independent of outsiders—but they were always smiling and friendly to madame when they met, and suspected nothing, because they did not give themselves the trouble to think or compare.

Of the Harrowbys, as we know, Mrs. Harrowby distrusted her, but was too cautious to say so in public. She contented herself with home objurgations, which relieved her mind and did not commit her to an embarrassing course. The elder two daughters were half charmed and half repelled—the former in madame's society, the latter in her absence when they dissected and considered her—but Josephine was honestly in love with her, and cared for nothing so much as to be with her, worshiping her as simple-minded, loving-hearted girls do, worship older women better versed than themselves in the grammar of fascination.

The Corfields were tepid. The doctor laughed in his sleeve at her dyed hair and well-arranged face, marvelously well done, but he did not betray her even to his wife. It was no business of his, he thought: why should he be the one to make her eat dirt? And as she was an amenable kind of person in speech, and took all Mrs. Corfield's recommendations amicably, with promises of obedience, that good fussy soul for her own part was naturally more prepossessed in her favor than not, and Alick thought her more like a Zenobia than she was.

But no one had gone down before her in such unquestioning worship as Mr. Dundas, her landlord, though no one hated her so much or said it so openly as Pepita, whose ill word counted for the enemy. Hitherto the standing feud of the place had been between Pepita and Adelaide, as indeed how should it not between such discordant elements? A violent and undisciplined savage, without principles, reticence or the sense of

social decorum, there must needs be enmity between her and a conventional English lady whose pulses never quickened with emotion, whose thoughts and affections—passions she had none—were under the strictest discipline of the coldest reason, to whom the alpha and omega of morality were the conventional proprieties of English middle-class life, and who despised all that was not English save Parisian millinery and Italian art. Pepita had hated Adelaide because of her coldness, her English ladyhood and her English prejudices; and Adelaide had hated Pepita because of her fury, her Spanish habits and her Spanish prejudices. Now they buried their own long-used hatchet in the grave of a joint animosity to madame, and even drew together in some show of alliance that they might the better smite her.

They met with their match in Madame de Montfort, who knew the art of saying disagreeable things in a pleasant manner, and the value of showing the power of fight when needed, though her governing policy was one of conciliation. With all Adelaide Birkett's self-control, she had more intelligence and more experience; and with less raw material of beauty than Mrs. Dundas, she had a better style and greater charm. Hence she carried society with her when she came to close quarters with her enemies, and always contrived to turn their guns against themselves.

And then she was fresh, and the North Astonians had got accustomed to each other and palled with Pepita. The Spaniard was gorgeous and magnificent truly, but she was always the same; and when you had once seen her dressed for the evening, with her high comb, her falling lace mantilla half concealing the knot of crimson ribbon in her gummed hair that became her so well, her handsome face—handsome still if disfigured by its coarse paint—looking out from the softening folds like the face of a many-fleshed and much-bedaubed Melpomene, you had seen her always. She never varied—was never more than a grand bit of wax-work for her quieter days, or a very vulgar Mænad for the more disturbed, when

the blood was in her brain to excess, and her temper suffered in consequence. But Madame de Montfort, if also in a certain sense always the same for sweetness and placidity, was in another always new. If her tact and gentleness never varied, her conversation did, having ever some fresh sparkle of anecdote or description, some enlivening talk that made her the most delightful companion possible. She knew so many famous people, and so much about them, that she was real food to the hungry minds of North Aston, bound by circumstance to social famine. And she did not rush out all her knowledge at a breath, but kept it in reserve judiciously, detailing only in detached bits those circumstances of varied travel or celebrated companionship which she thought would interest and amuse. It was really quite an education to talk to madame; and if sometimes she made slips and confounded her friend Stonewall Jackson with her next-to-father Abraham Lincoln, or gave Bismarck's policy—told her in confidence—to Bunsen's private confessions, who could blame her? Memory is proverbially treacherous, and why not hers with others? She was pleasant—that was the primary fact to be dealt with: the secondary was, that she laid herself out to charm the women quite as well as the men, which was amiable, seeing that the men so openly adored her, and that the women admired her only by exceptions. Hitherto, the gentlemen had devoted themselves to Mrs. Dundas on those occasions when she appeared among them, partly because she was handsome, and partly because their wives were afraid of her; but now Madame la Marquise reigned the local queen, and the Andalusian was deposed. Juno, splendid, but stupid and a termagant, was nowhere when Venus, gracious, soft and subtle, took the reins in her hand and drove her chariot to the winning post; which did not tend to make Juno more pleasant to her rival.

Then madame broke the dull uniformity of North Astonianism so delightfully. She gave charming and informal reunions which kept every one alive—so charming and informal as not to seem

out of place with her fresh crape and her widow's cap, and to which even Mrs. Harrowby, also in her weeds, went with the rest. This too counted in her favor, for she substituted elegance for expense, and so did not come into competition with the older inhabitants, who had placed their faith in profusion. Her age, as she allowed it, was twenty-three, and in some lights she looked less, if in others considerably more. This was natural, as she must have begun life early to carry all her experiences fitly. She sometimes made her hearers look at each other when her stories were fuller than usual of chronological marvel, but she generally contrived to clamp her anecdote with some unanswerable fact and to soften down its more startling lines, so that she sailed out of the strait with flying colors and left her audience only the wrack of an abortive suspicion.

"She certainly does tell the most extraordinary stories of places and people that she has seen and known," Mrs. Harrowby used to say to her daughters. "One wonders who she can be herself, to have met with all these great people. We cannot say she tells untruths, because we know nothing about her one way or the other; still, I for one do not believe her, and I do not wish you, my dears, to be too intimate with her or to rely too much on her veracity. Girls like you cannot be too particular."

In spite of which warning, Josephine—good-natured and affectionate Josephine, her brother Edgar's favorite and never weary of talking of him—was often at Lionnet. Madame had subjugated her as she had subjugated the rector and her landlord. The dedication of the baby had touched her yearning heart; and was not Sebastian Dundas, the object of her innocent devotion, daily at Lionnet, in his quality of landlord ministering to the needs of a valued tenant?

A man of misleading imagination and irritable nerves, whose fancy ran on excitement and whose temper demanded quiet, Mr. Dundas was one of those men whose life is always at odds with their desires. What satisfies the one part

starves the other, and that which is starved is always that which is most imperative and most important. Before he married he had lost his soul in reveries on "burning orbs" and "beautiful tigresses;" after he married he thought that the dulllest and most prosaic hen-wife, whose poetry translated itself in pickles and preserves, and whose heroism was the heroism of a patient, plodding, domestic drudge, would have been infinitely more his ideal than this superb creature of fire and torment, beauty and disgust. Glorious eyes and peach-like skin, the supple grace of a leopard and the exciting nature of a tigress, fantastic dress and unusual ornament, are all very well in the early days and before familiarity has led to satiety. In time, meals served with punctuality and composed of food fit for a Christian gentleman's digestion, days passed in peace, and the handy articles of furniture lying about not converted into missiles sent flying at your head, nights given to sleep and free from raving hysterics and small white teeth gnawing at your arms like a wild beast at a bone, language purged of epithets of more force than delicacy,—in time all these are more to the purpose of rational life than love at high pressure and admiration at white heat. And so Mr. Dundas found to his cost when his dream of Spanish romance faded and he woke to the pitiless daylight of a wrecked and wretched English home. But for the not very elevated feeling that he should leave Pepita triumphant and be her victim to the end, he would probably have put a bullet through his head years ago. Had he had a drop of Southern blood in him, he would have put one through hers.

The suavity and repose of Madame de Montfort acted, then, like balm, like sleep, on his irritable nerves. He seemed to grow young again in her society, to be re-cast into something like his old self before domestic suffering had made him peevish and selfish. She drew him magnetically, and calmed him into a state that looked almost like patience, and that was not far from forbearance; of which Pepita had the benefit, as the wives

of men made happy out of the home not infrequently find. All time seemed to be lost that was not passed with madame, and as her landlord he took care that the greater part of it should be passed with her.

Though the rector, who regarded madame as his spiritual ewe-lamb, did not like Sebastian's frequent presence at Lionnet, he had no stable ground for remonstrance. Madame, tranquil and unruffled, was so superior to vulgar suspicion, to self-condemnatory fear, it would be ungentlemanlike to even hint at caution or displeasure; and the rector prided himself on his gentleness quite as much as on his sound theology—perhaps more. Besides, how can you insinuate precautions against doubtful behavior to a widow with her weeds still fresh and the name of her dear husband for ever on her lips? It was an insult he could not offer her, even though he never paid a pastoral visit to Lionnet, which was pretty nearly every day, without finding Mr. Dundas installed there before him or seeing him arrive almost immediately after. Sebastian had, however, always good reasons for coming: now it was to assist madame to plan out a new flower-bed, and now to mount her water-colors, which she said were done, some by herself and some by her husband.

By the bye, their work was marvelously alike, and there was an odd confusion of signatures; for if V. de M. stood in one corner, something else was sure to be discernible underneath, and the J. de M., which represented Joseph de Montfort, the late marquis, was written in madame's handwriting, as perhaps was natural. No one but Mr. Dundas saw this, but he kept his counsel so loyally that even she never knew he had discovered the little discrepancy.

Nevertheless, though there was, as we have seen, always a good reason for his being there, and though madame never showed the slightest embarrassment when he came, but received him in the most natural manner in the world, and made it appear how his coming was to be accounted for, Mr. Birkett wished that he could give her a hint or that Sebastian

had more consideration. Madame de Montfort was but a young woman yet, for all her *savoir faire*, and it would be a thousand pities if, in the innocence of her heart, she laid herself open to ill-natured gossip. Besides, Mrs. Dundas was such a dreadful creature. There was no knowing what fearful scandal might not arise if she took it into her head to be jealous and to make a scene. It quite fretted the rector. Was she not his charge? and were not he and Mrs. Birkett specially responsible for her? To be sure, Josephine Harrowby was often at Lionnet, but somehow this carried no comfort to Mr. Birkett. On the contrary, the idea of "those two women hanging about Dundas," or sometimes "that conceited fellow of a Dundas making a fool of himself with those two women," when he had left him master of the situation, as he was occasionally obliged to do, was intensely distasteful to him. But he kept his counsel, as Mr. Dundas had kept his, and not even to the wife of his bosom expressed his opinion that Madame la Marquise de Montfort allowed Sebastian to visit her too often, and that mischief would come of it if she was not careful.

Thus three gentlemen of the place silently agreed to suppress facts which might have aroused suspicion if told, and so far made themselves the unconfessed tools of the clever comedian now playing her part among them. It was one of the things which men do for women when, if crafty, they are also clever—the women who, while they deceive, take care to amuse—while they use are solicitous to flatter. The honest, who neither deceive nor flatter, seldom come off so well.

CHAPTER VII.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

MRS. DUNDAS had not yet called personally on madame. More than once her husband had left her card, accompanied by some well-sounding word of apology, which madame had taken in good part and as if she believed it, though she knew quite well that after the first each successive card had been

surreptitiously abstracted from Pepita's filigree silver case, and that the apology was a coinage of Mr. Dundas's own brain. She had been very gracious and amiable about it all, and had waived the ordinary ceremonial in the Spaniard's favor—going to call on her first—with that frank sinking of small things which is the prerogative of the superior person. But after this introductory visit, when Pepita had felt constrained somehow to behave with unwonted decency, madame had not shown herself at Andalusia Cottage again. It was too much like venturing into the den of a wild beast to be an agreeable pastime; and though she had come out safe from the initial encounter, she did not care to try conclusions a second time.

So here, too, things stood in that state of armed neutrality which means secret war, Madame la Marquise knowing that Mrs. Dundas suspected her of abstract evil to any extent, and not disinclined to supply her with concrete reasons in one direction, and Mrs. Dundas knowing that madame disliked her, and having no desire that it should be otherwise.

One day, however, Mrs. Dundas, taking no counsel with her husband, set out to Lionnet, carrying Leam with her. Leam was now about fourteen, a tall, slender, brown girl, with a quantity of dark hair—not jet-black like her mother's, but with some of the father's gold on the edges when the sun shone across it, framing her sad face and drawn as a coronet above her melancholy brow; with large pathetic eyes, and a fixed, sad mouth that neither smiled nor quivered, but that was always set to one expression of tragic immobility. It was a face promising exquisite melodies of thought and feeling, eloquent of capacity for suffering and intensity of love, but as yet the reality fulfilled nothing of the promise. Those large, long-fringed, mournful eyes were like glorious gates leading to an empty chamber. The soul that seemed to look through them was only the shadow, the potentiality, not the thing itself. Sorrow she never knew, because she never knew joy; thought was a thing as yet unborn in her unawakened brain;

she saw without understanding, lived without learning, and the beginning and end of her capacity for love was her mother. But here her love was intense—so intense that it touched on the borders of heroism and was in itself a poem. Life had no other object for her, the universe held no other centre, than that beloved mother; those flowers only were beautiful which her mother praised, those beings only sacred which her mother cherished; she cared for no glory in the starry sky, no loveliness on the green earth, no thought of the soul of man, no knowledge, no desire which her mother passed by and disdained; no sage could have instructed her, no angel could have guided her, had her mother derided the learning of the one, the wisdom of the other; and when she thought of God, she thought only of her mother as a man. The passion of race, too, bound her with a tie even stricter than natural instinct; and nothing angered Leam so much as to call her English and like her father, as nothing brightened her to such near resemblance to pleasure as to say she was her mother's miniature and a Spaniard of the true blood.

Living between two parents who were confessed enemies, she had chosen her side, and this with no half-heartedness, no halting of the will. She loved the one partly with the blindness of instinct, partly with the pride of likeness, in some degree with the sense of dependence, in some with the sense of mutual isolation, and with a certain compelling sentiment of fear dominating all. But it was a fear that only drew her closer; for if the mother's violence was extreme, so was her love; if she struck, she caressed; and children pass by the violence as a mere adjunct if they get the love as the substance. This was how she felt for the one: for the other she had the disdainful kind of hatred it was but natural she should feel, accustomed as she had been from her earliest infancy to play with a flaxen-wigged doll dressed in scarlet and black, with horns, hoofs and a tail, and called "El señor papa." How should she not hate him? He was her mother's oppressor, had light

hair and blue eyes, was a Protestant and an Englishman: how, then, should she, a Spaniard and her mother's daughter, love him? The thing was out of nature, and Leam did not try to compass the impossible.

Densely ignorant of all that it would have been good for her to know, Leam had learnt only two things to perfection—to keep silence and her own counsel. Silent and cautious as one living in an enemy's camp and with a sacred cause to defend, she was at the same time destitute of conscience and without a fragment of moral sense other than might be contained in her passionate fidelity to her mother. The words right and wrong were words having no meaning for her; and she knew no barrier save material impossibility between herself and her desires.

If she had no morality, neither had she any religious or spiritual life. Her cardinal point of religion, as Pepita had taught it, was to despise the English Church as heretical, and to hold that its doctrines, whatever they were, had been first taught by the great arch-fiend himself. Her mother told her so; and of course if her mother said so it was true. She had an idea that English people believed in nothing—neither in God nor in the devil, neither in the saints nor in heaven. Her mother used always to say that Protestants were pigs, good only to be roasted by slow fires, and that she wished the Holy Inquisition was established once again, that these heretic dogs might be burnt with their sins. As for the priesthood of Mr. Birkett or of married clergy in general, Pepita best expressed her ideas thereon when she one day took the cat, tied round its neck a pair of paper bands, and a black rag made to do duty for the Geneva gown, then hung it up by the neck, crying, "Preach, Birkett, preach! The one is as good as the other." She hung the poor cat till it died; but Pepita was an Andalusian, with none of that false sentimentality which makes men pitiful to beasts. She only laughed as she kicked the still quivering body aside, and said savagely, "I wish it had been the man-

dog instead. A priest with a wife! Pah! he should be burnt!"

She had thus destroyed all possible reverence in her little daughter for the faith of the world in which she lived, but she had substituted no other of any value. She had taught the child to say her Ave and Paternoster and to tell her beads, to cross herself, to believe in the Holy Mother more than in God, and in the saints before the Mother. But she had taught her to except Saint Sebastian, who had once been Pepita's patron saint and favorite, and to call him cheat and rogue loudly, so that he should hear. Had he not led her to her ruin by the living lie of his likeness? Pepita used to say. Her patron saint indeed! What was he about, to let Sebastian Dundas befooled her as he had done? He was stupid, wicked, of no account, so he was deposed with contempt, and Leam was careful to vilify him daily as her mother's enemy. But if he had failed, there were others who were good—saints who would restore her lost toys, make the sun shine when she wanted it to be fine, and work small miracles in her favor when properly entreated; and to these Leam was used to pray when she wanted their help. All the same, she might rate them roundly if they neglected her.

This was the sum of the child's religious faith and practice. It was not much, taken in a vital sense; but how can ignorance give knowledge? It was fetichism of the grossest kind, but what else could Pepita formulate, fetich-worshiper as she was?

Here, then, we have her, Leam, as she was at fourteen—a mere bit of brute material, potential, not active; a soul unborn; heart untouched, save by one affection; a spirit imprisoned; an intellect unawakened; a vitalized machine made after the pattern of humanity, but as yet only a machine; an elemental chord whence would be evolved rich and lovely harmonies or strong and jarring discords—who could say which?—volcanic forces for the present battened down and with the surface smoothness unrent and undisturbed. For the rest, she was shy and taciturn, speaking English with a certain

hesitancy that rendered her yet more silent; not so strictly beautiful at this present time, for she was meagre and undeveloped, as promising to become so when more fully matured. And then she promised to develop a loveliness as superb as her mother's, and more refined, less animal and more thoughtful, less passionate and more intense.

Silent, impassive, ignorant, her heart closed against every one but her mother, and held by that mother in almost Oriental seclusion, no one in North Aston could be said to know Leam Dundas. She had never mingled with the other children, after the manner of country families living side by side; and on those rare occasions when Mr. Dundas, for contradiction, had insisted on her going to their games and fêtes, she had sat apart silent and motionless, refusing to join in their games, not laughing, not speaking, not moving—a dark-eyed, melancholy little statue, too proud to cry and too shy to thaw. The children all dreaded her, and she dreaded them. Hence there had never been any cordiality between her and them; and, as has been said, no one knew her, and she was never seen beyond the garden, and rarely within it.

Madame de Montfort had been two months at Lionnet and had not seen Leam until to-day. This bright and burning day of June, however, Pepita and Leam in their lace mantillas, with high combs and ribbon rosettes in their hair—blood-red for the one, blue and white, Our Lady's colors, for the other—and carrying fans as if they were at home in Andalusia, came like creatures out of a Spanish chorus at the opera and presented themselves suddenly at Lionnet, where they found Mr. Dundas, as his wife expected to find him.

Hot and cruel as one of her own sandy deserts, and jealous as the traditional Spaniard should be, Pepita had no idea of letting others take pleasure in her rejected property. She would have refused her castaway crusts to a starving woman if the fancy had so taken her, and she carried out the principle with her husband. She did not trouble herself much about the doings of the Misses Harrow-

by at the Hill, though here too she would sometimes descend like a tornado and scatter the harmless interests got up by the spinsters with their old friend, as a storm scatters the treasures of little shrines in undefended places. But for the most part she despised them too much to interfere with them; "white mice" she called them with the Spanish gesture of contempt when she baptized them as nothing worse. Neither was she jealous of the Limes' girls, pretty, curly-headed Carry Fairbairn and that roguish Susy, both of whom everybody liked, and who paid back their popularity in a general coinage of good-nature as heartsome as kissing, and the same to every one; and as to Adelaide Birkett, she knew her sentimental spouse too well to fear his making any ideal out of her straw-colored hair and china-blue eyes. But Madame la Marquise de Montfort was a woman of another kind: her influence was altogether different; and stupid as Pepita was in some things, she was clever enough to recognize here her mistress and her rival. For which cause she set out this sultry sunny day of June to pay her long-standing social debt; and to make madame over and above a free gift of some part of that doubtful thing she called her mind.

Madame was sitting in the drawing-room as Mrs. Dundas and Leam came in. She was trimming a baby's frock—a safe and sacred kind of employment which neutralized the cozy familiarity of her companionship. For Mr. Dundas was in the conservatory leading out from the drawing-room, pottering among the flowers as if he were at home. He was talking gayly to madame while she pinched up bows and he stuck in labels, his work to-day having been to write botanical names on white painted labels, and to distribute the same correctly. It gave a scientific air to her horticulture, which was what madame liked, and it suited her to appropriate another person's knowledge.

"I am glad to see you, Mrs. Dundas," said madame, meeting her guest in her usual charming manner—graceful, sweet, friendly but not familiar, always with that

slight air of well-bred condescension which expresses the sense of superiority, but refuses to profit by it, characteristic of true nobility.

It was an awkward moment for Mr. Dundas, looking so much at home among the flower-pots. He had to pretend that he was not afraid of his wife, and to conceal that he was; also to prevent, if he could, the outbreak he felt sure would come. But if he was a little unequal to the occasion, and could scarcely rise to the height of his responsibilities, madame was strong enough for all exigencies, and without apparent strain.

Taking no heed of Pepita's furious face when she saw her husband where she expected to see him, madame, with the placid air, smooth voice and perfect self-possession which were her characteristics, began to talk to her guest about her garden, the flowers she had planted and the flowers she was going to plant, and how deeply indebted she was to Mr. Dundas for his timely visit to-day, when she had come to the end of her small store of knowledge and he had so kindly supplied her with some few names. "I am so passionately fond of flowers," she went on to say in that easy uninterrupted flow of talk which was like the run of a river, and almost as impossible to check when she had a purpose in going on. "I do what I can, you see, here, but at the best I have nothing like yours in your lovely country," with a smile that credited Mrs. Dundas with all the beauty of Spain—flowers, customs, costumes, all. "When I lived at the court of Aranjuez, in the service of Her Royal Majesty, we ladies had a parterre for ourselves, planted with the loveliest flowers in the world. You know the pomegranate, of course, señora, and the oleander? The parterre was full of pomegranates and oleanders, with oranges and myrtles, and lots of other things I don't remember. The queen used to walk with us there for hours in the cool of the evening."

Here she stopped, and with the look of one lost in retrospective thought pinned a bow on the baby's frock.

"Were you at our court?" asked Pepita almost solemnly, her big eyes fixed with

an odd kind of reverence on this soft-voiced ubiquity.

"It was my second home," said madame gently.

And there was so much of truth in her romance in that she had begun life as a nursemaid to an English family living in Madrid, and had passed thence to a similar post in the family of a court lady at Aranjuez, where she had met her first fate.

"Then you are not a pig of a Protestant, but a good Catholic like me?" cried Pepita, ready to forgive and believe everything now.

"I never talk on religious subjects," said madame gravely: "there is no use in it, and it only makes bad blood."

"You lived at our court at Aranjuez?" repeated Pepita.

The very words seemed to soften the fibres of her angry heart. Madame, if not the rose, had been so near to it as to carry about her the sacred perfume. If not herself royal, she had consorted with royalty, and Spanish royalty—the only true thing, the only real blue blood of them all; none of your make-believes, like this wretched little court of England, buried among the Scottish mountains and consorting mainly with gillies and gamekeepers; but home royalty, the royalty of the only throne to be called a throne in the world.

Madame smiled, and then she sighed. "I met my husband there," she said: "he had Spanish blood in him."

"You had not told me that," said Mr. Dundas jealously. He hated Spaniards as much as Pepita hated the English, and he wished this charming creature had not been so far defiled.

"No," answered madame quite tranquilly: "I have not had an opportunity, I suppose. I do not often speak of myself in general society, and I never see you alone."

"Can you talk Spanish?" asked Pepita in *patois*.

Madame shook her head. "I have forgotten my Castilian," she said; and then went off into a vivid description of Andalusia, cleverly got up from Murray, in which she mentioned by chance—and

this was pure chance—the district where Pepita had lived.

It was the crowning stroke of fascination. "Did you see my father's house?" she cried.

Madame might keep that worthless Sebastian of hers to label her flowers and frame water-colors as long as she liked now, if only she would talk to her of Spain, and tell her about El Corte and the bull-fights, and her father's house too. Poor Pepita! she often lived back in the glad old turbulent days of her youth, and wondered what had become of big brown José, of swarthy Juan, of fierce Martin, of lithe young daring Pepe. How they all loved her! and she—ah! she would have been happier with any one of them, though only muleteers for their living and brigands on the off days, if it had not been for that false Saint Sebastian, who had sent a pretended hidalgo to bewilder her with his promises and draw her down to evil and misfortune at this accursed place.

Madame watched the splendid face in its softening dream. "I dare say I did see your father's house," she said. "I knew almost all the noblemen and gentlemen in the place. Which was your father's?"

Before Pepita could answer, Mr. Dundas said harshly in Spanish, "Hold your tongue, woman! Do you want all the world to know from what robber's hovel I took you to be an English gentleman's wife?"

On which Pepita turned round on him and presented him with that piece of her mind which she had spared Madame de Montfort, Leam sitting by.

Unfortunately for the child, this was no unusual experience, and she was neither surprised by, nor did she take part in, these animated parental dialogues. She only hated her father in her heart more and more for the harsh things which he said to her mother, while she thought that mother's passion to him the most natural and justifiable thing in the world.

Madame, feigning to believe that the dead-white face of the husband as he said a few words in a low, hissing voice

in answer to the torrent poured out by the wife, shouting, gesticulating, aflame, meant nothing but the friendliest intercourse, said, turning to Leam, to whom she had not spoken before: "I suppose you understand Spanish, Miss Dundas? How I envy you! I am so sorry I have forgotten mine. I really think I must take it up again, and then I can join in the conversation."

Leam made no answer. She did not see that one was wanted, and she was constitutionally chary of her words. She simply raised her large eyes to madame and looked at her mournfully, as if some unutterable tragedy was connected with the fact of speaking Spanish like a native; and then she looked at her mother for assistance.

It was Mr. Dundas, however, who, turning that dead-white face of his from his wife to madame, answered for his daughter. "It is scarcely worth while to give yourself much trouble for that, madame," he said bitterly. "I do not think you would be greatly edified by joining in any conversation between Mrs. Dundas and myself."

"No?" she answered smoothly. "You must allow me to be the best judge of that."

The visit soon came to an end after this. As she rose to go Pepita said, in her broken English, "We must have a talk together, señora, you and I, when my husband there" (with a contemptuous jerk of her hand) "is making fools of those white mice Harrowbys. I must hear of my beautiful Spain. It will do me good. You are the only person I have seen since I came to this place of perdition who has been there. Pigs! they don't know the only place worth knowing. And you have seen our queen! Oh yes, we must speak together."

"Yes, we will talk of it," said Madame de Montfort quietly, her calm face and civil voice contrasting so strangely with the fierce excitement of Pepita. "I will gladly tell you all I can remember; and I hope I shall have the pleasure of welcoming you here again soon.—Thank Heaven, that is over!" she thought as Mrs. Dundas and her daughter left the

room, Pepita calling to her husband in Spanish, "Dog of an Englishman! you are not wanted, else I would drag you out with me by your beard of straw."—"I would as soon see a wild beast in my room as that awful woman. What a horror! what a monster! And that girl! A mere large-eyed idiot without two ideas in her head. She looked as if she was imbecile, and I believe she is. Pah!"

To Mr. Dundas aloud she said sweetly, "What a superb face la señora has, and la señorita too! And the exquisite beauty of their dress! What a mistake we English make in our fashions! How far more beautiful the Spanish costume!"

"I detest it," said Mr. Dundas sharply; and madame changed the conversation.

While going home Pepita was extraordinarily excited. She spoke in a loud, strident voice that made the laborers in the fields and the passing carters look at her curiously. They had never got quite used to her heathenish headgear, and thought her mad without a doubt. To-day they thought her madder than ever; and the haymakers and the weeders looked one to the other as "Madam Dundas," as they called her, drove by, and some said compassionately, "Mr. Dundas, he be main holden with such a missis;" while others, sterner in their perception of retributive justice, answered back, "He be well served. What call had he to tie hisself up to a heathen like that there?"

"Leama," cried Pepita in Spanish—mother and daughter never talked together in any other language—"I hate that woman, but she masters me when I am with her. You must hate her too, little Leama, and not let her master you."

"I do if you do, mamma," answered Leam.

"But I was glad to hear of the old home," continued Pepita. "Ah! little one, when you are old enough to have money of your own, we will go to my beloved Andalusia, and live there together under the grapes and the olives with the saints and good Christians. We will leave this accursed place and that brigand, your father, and we will go where men know how to live and love."

"Yes, mamma, I should like that too," said Leam.

"Yes, you would like it, little one. The dances to the snapping castanets, and the bull-fights! Holy Virgin! it is fine to see the men and bulls—good bulls, brave bulls, with their man apiece killed and the horses made into mincemeat! You must like that, little Leama, else you are no true daughter of Andalusia, no child of Spain. It will be fine to see you at your first. It is better than the first communion, and something like it. A little pale and holding tight to my dress because you are only a young thing and not accustomed, and then your heart beating as if your lover was under your window. Would that we were there, away from this English hole of mud and that traitor, your father! Tell me, Leama, that you love me, little one, and hate him as much as I do."

"I love you, mamma, and only you, and what you hate I hate," answered Leam, her eyes kindling. "I am an Andalusian too."

"Good child! good Leama! never forget that. Hate goes farther than love. All good Spaniards know how to hate. Only fools love," said Pepita scornfully.

"Except you to me and me to you, mamma," said Leam, taking her hand and kissing it—that small, fat, dimpled hand with the taper fingers and pink nails, one of the most beautiful things in the world to Leam.

"Yes, yes! that is different. Mothers and daughters love each other. Holy Virgin! who should, if they do not? But that is another matter."

"And some fathers and daughters too, mamma?" said Leam interrogatively.

Her mother gave an angry scream that startled the sheep in the fields and the birds in the bushes. "No, no! not fathers and daughters!" she cried, crossing herself against the evil omen of such a thought. "My father beat me, and I hated him as much as I hate yours. No; fathers and husbands are tyrants: only mothers and lovers are good. Husbands are wretches. If I had a good Andalusian by me now, mine should learn something of the things of Spain he little

dreams of. When you have lovers, little Leama, I will tell you all, and how you are to manage. You must lead them a dance through the wood, and leave them there. Never let yourself love, but hold them at your feet. When they come I will teach you, but if you let yourself love, I will kill you."

"I shall never love, mamma," said Leam shuddering. "I am afraid of men. I will never leave you. You are different from any one else to me. It is another world to be with you."

"Because I have the sun in my blood," said Pepita, striking her hand on her arms. "I am not like these washed-out rags, these damp hens of Englishwomen. Nor are you, my little Leama! The saints be praised, you have your mother's eyes and your mother's heart. I could make you kill if I wanted you to kill; and some day I shall."

Leam was silent—not because she was shocked at her mother's words, but because she was frightened at her manner. She was always afraid to see her so excited as she was to-day. It made her look so strange, with her nostrils so red and distended and her eyes with that burning light behind them. And as often as not these furious moods ended in some fierce outbreak against Leam herself, whom her mother would beat into cruel bruises. Once she made her teeth meet in the child's lean brown arm. She carried the mark yet, and would always.

To-day, however, nothing of this happened, but for all the evening Pepita was restless and excited, repeating to herself, "A friend of my queen, at my court, in my country!" adding once, "I ought to love her for this; but she conquers me when I am with her, and I hate her when I am away from her."

Meanwhile, Mr. Dundas, still sitting with madame, expressed his interest in her travels and his wish to know all about her courtly residence in Spain.

"Willingly," she answered, and began, in the most natural way in the world, something about the queen and Aranjuez, Madrid and the Escorial; but before Mr. Dundas had fairly seized the meaning of what she said—for it was all

put rather hazily—she had glided off into another track, and Spain was left behind like a dissolving view.

After this madame studied the map and the handbook yet more diligently, and made herself mistress of sundry details that carried weight. But she pronounced the words oddly for one who had lived at court, and spoke of Saint Jago and Don Quixote de la Mancha as if these were English names, and the letters composing them had the same sound and value in Castilian as they have in good Cockney English.

CHAPTER VIII.

ONLY FRANK.

"MADAME," cried Josephine, rushing into Madame de Montfort's early one afternoon in a state of brilliant excitement, "we have such good news from my brother!"

"Yes?" said madame, turning from white to red and then to white again, her face disturbed as Josephine had never seen it disturbed before. "You startled me," she added with a forced smile by way of explanation.

"I am so sorry, but I wanted to tell you: my brother is coming home," Josephine exclaimed, not connecting her friend's embarrassment with herself or her news.

Madame put her hand to her side. "Indeed!" she said faintly. "From India?"

"No, not Edgar: it is Frank who is coming down from London. He is coming next week: is not that delightful?" answered Josephine, still radiant and excited. "I wish it had been my darling Edgar," more soberly.

"Oh!" said madame drawing a deep breath, relieved, yet disappointed. "Only Frank!"

Josephine looked puzzled. "Yes, only Frank," she repeated. "But why 'only,' dear madame? Edgar is the eldest and my favorite, but Frank is Frank all the same, and a dear boy—such a nice fellow when you get to know him and don't mind his little affectations."

She laughed pleasantly. Even his

"little affectations" were not real blemishes to her affectionate eyes.

"Yes," said madame, who had recovered herself by now: "as you say, Frank is Frank, but he is in London, which is next door as it were, and could come down at any hour, while your brother Edgar is so far away that his return home would be a family jubilee indeed. More than a family jubilee," she added with her sweet graciousness of manner, including herself and all the world in the Hill future of rejoicing.

"Still, wanting Edgar, Frank is delightful," said Josephine, sticking to her point.

"Surely! so tell us all about it," answered madame, drawing a low chair close to her own for her guest, and making up her face to a listening receptive expression.

It was not the first time that Josephine had amused her new friend and made talk between them by telling her of these two brothers of hers whom she so frankly idolized. If she liked going to Lionnet for her own purposes, madame liked as much to have her. She was never tired of hearing all about "the boys," as Josephine called them; which showed what a sweet and comprehensive character she had, and how she was able to take that true sisterly interest in her friends' loves and feelings, even when quite apart from her own life, which is so sadly wanting in the mass of mankind.

She had heard all about Edgar by now—where he was, what he thought of doing, when he was expected home, and the like. She could never get to the bottom of the mystery why he had gone away so suddenly, when his place was manifestly at home after his father's death; but once, when Josephine had exhausted her small stock of conjectures, madame had looked up meekly from the baby on her lap, and had said in a questioning voice, as her contribution to the possibilities of the case, "Do you think he had any attachment in London when he spent the winter there, as you say, a year and a half ago? He might have fallen in love and got into trouble somehow, perhaps been refused; perhaps—but that does not seem very likely—been jilted?"

To which Josephine had answered earnestly, "Oh, I am sure there was nothing of the kind. We should have heard of it if there had been. Frank would have heard of it: he knew all Edgar's life, and he would have told us. No, I am sure there was no love-affair."

"That is conclusive, and shuts my poor little avenue at once," then had said madame with her placid smile. "But it only makes the mystery still more mysterious."

"And yet, if there had been a love-affair, and we had never heard of it, what a dreadful thing that would have been!" innocent Josephine had cried; and madame had closed the conversation by saying demurely, "Yes, dreadful indeed!"

"And when is your brother Frank, as you call him, coming down?" asked madame, going back to the initial circumstance of the conversation, after they had described Edgar and his present position and future prospects, his temper and his habits, when he was likely to return, and whom he was likely to marry, Josephine, with feminine treachery, on the point of saying to this last clause, "I know who would like to marry him—Adelaide Birkett," but refraining for the present moment, though she knew in her own heart it would come out some day.

"Next Monday," answered Josephine.

"Will he stay long?" madame inquired.

"We hope so; very likely he will be here for a month or six weeks."

Madame was silent a few minutes. "And how do you propose to amuse him?" she then said, keeping her eyes down. "Gentlemen need so much amusing."

"By a thousand pleasant ways," laughed the girl. "We will have a picnic to Dunaston Castle, and some girls to stay with us, and croquet parties, and," affectionately, "bring him to see you."

"Perhaps that would not amuse him," said madame. "It might be a nuisance instead."

But Josephine cried warmly, "No, no, no! it will be a delight: how can you doubt it?"

And as a further testimony to her as-

surance she got up and kissed the smooth, fair face, that had the most invincible dislike to be kissed. A sallow complexion stippled up to harmonize with dark hair, artificially bleached and bronzed, has naturally this invincible dislike to be kissed.

But madame was obliged to submit every now and then to the girl's embarrassing affectionateness, trusting to have time to repair the damaged tract before other callers should arrive. Being of the kind which balances all things in this life as so much to the good and so much to the bad, keeping a debtor and creditor account with annoyance and advantage, she took these unwelcome caresses as the tax she had to pay for the friendship of a Harrowby girl; which certainly counted for something to her good in the place.

Time went on, and the days and nights flowed silently together. The family at the Hill were pleasantly excited, and Carry Fairbairn was prettier than ever, because happier and more heartsome than ever. Madame was troubled, and yet she did the best to give herself courage, often saying to herself, "I have seen him only once, and then my hair was dark. He cannot recognize me as I am."

Still, the trouble continued, and the courage was at the most an attempt. So things went until the day when Frank arrived—Frank, the handsome, vain, affected young barrister, who thought his success in life depended more on his person and his manners than on his law and industry, coming down to his country relations as an act of condescension for which he expected to be paid, part in flattery and attention, part in a handsome cheque from his mother added to his allowance.

In London, to be sure, he made as much account of "his place" as if it had been Knole or Stoneleigh at the least, and exalted this country household of fairly good middle-class position into more than aristocratic value, placing it on the very apex of the county families. When he came down from London he gave himself the airs of court life stooping to rustication, and made his people

almost believe that the metropolis was at his feet and that royalty itself went out of its way to do him honor. It was a way he had; but his heart was better than his head, and if he passed for a sort of social Adonis, he was really an honest gentleman underneath his disguise.

This annual visit of Frank's was the great event of the Harrowby year. The mother and sisters kept all their planned excursions, all invitations to pretty girl-guests, all extra festivities, until Frank should come down. And to do the handsome young fellow justice, he also did his best to make things go off briskly, and exerted himself to give an extra fillip to the usually rather heavy routine of the home junketings.

This time things went marvelously well. The weather was fine: there were two or three charming girls at the Hill and two or three pleasant men at the Limes. One day they made a picnic to Dunaston Castle; another time they undertook a three days' riding expedition to Grey Knowes, a famous place some forty miles away; Carry Fairbairn and Adelaide Birkett, both pretty girls, were constantly at the Hill, and Frank had never yet found himself overwhelmed with petticoats; but the new arrival, this Madame la Marquise de Montfort, whom the smart young barrister specially wished to see, had from a variety of causes been as yet invisible, and Frank's curiosity had increased in ratio with his disappointments.

Mrs. Harrowby, too, on her side, specially wished him to see her. She wanted him to propound from the heights of his London experience who she was and what she was, and more than once said she would feel quite satisfied with her clever son's opinion. If he endorsed this new-comer, then she felt sure they were safe; but if he pronounced against her—well, if he pronounced against her, what could she do? Unless she wished to make a division in the society, she must do just what she was doing now—countenance while she distrusted, and recognize under protest.

Nothing amused Frank more than to hear his mother discuss her perplexities;

wherein he never helped her. To tease her he used to say with his most candid air that it was so unlikely an adventuress, or even a person of doubtful antecedents, should come to North Aston, where there were no old gentlemen to gull and no young ones to victimize, he was prepared to find madame all she had represented herself to be—a sorrowing widow whose means had diminished, burying herself in the country for mingled grief and economy, and casting anchor at North Aston emphatically by a fluke. But this was only for the sake of contradiction and argument. Having had a tolerably varied experience in London, and being, moreover, judicially minded on his own account, he secretly believed that Madame la Marquise de Montfort would turn out no better than she should be, and that all these dear stupid folks of his were simply more or less taken in by an adventuress.

Still, he could not decide on the matter, for madame had become strangely invisible of late. Frank Harrowby's arrival had sent her to the upper chambers whence she could command a view of the road, and she rivaled Mrs. Dundas in the cool audacity with which she denied herself while seated concealed behind the curtains. She had been diligent in returning the Harrowby call when she had seen Frank safely on the moorland road and knew that he could not return for another hour or two, and she had been sweetly distressed at the misfortune of his perpetual absence—also of her own—for her dear friend Josephine talked so often of her brothers, she had said with a smile, she seemed almost to know them in one way, and she was really anxious to know them in another. It was so unfortunate, too, that when the rector gave his dinner-party on Frank's arrival, and she was asked and had accepted, she had such a wretched headache she could not possibly go down.

But the lady of the Hill had set her mind on this meeting, and for once madame had to acknowledge her master. She could not help herself: she must go to the Harrowby dinner got up for Frank next week. If she had continual head-

aches just at this moment, it would look suspicious; and she must avoid suspicion as carefully as—detection. Had she been in London with a friendly doctor at her elbow, she would probably have had a rather severe attack of measles, but here she was unable to be shunted on such a plea; and accordingly, when Mrs. Harrowby's note arrived requesting the favor, Madame la Marquise was forced to reply, accepting with pleasure, and forced also to go when the day came.

She was desperately disturbed—it might almost be called terrified—at the thought of this meeting; but when the time came she took her courage in her two hands as usual, and threw herself on the good luck which had befriended her so generously until now. She was very pale when she entered the drawing-room, where the whole of the guests had assembled. She had come rather late purposely. As she had to run the risk, the woman's vanity in her made her desire to run it with the greatest amount of glory; and she knew that she came into a room gracefully and looked well when in movement.

The faces which met her as she entered appeared like a very sea. Her nervousness had multiplying powers of painful extent, and the fourteen people who turned and looked at this late-coming sinner, for whom they were all waiting and all hungry, seemed to her at the least fifty. But out from the crowd she singled at a glance Frank, standing superbly at the fireplace watching her entrance. Her heart stood still. How like he was his elder brother! and yet slighter, darker, brighter. Edgar was the handsomer man of the two, a bigger-built man, and with a head and face expressive of more thought, and maybe self-will. Frank was keener, lithier, more mobile, more pretentious: he affected more the airs of a man of fashion and the bearing of a man of the (London) world. If Edgar affected anything, it was rather the bearing of the typical Englishman, despotic and high-handed, knowing better than any one else everything under heaven—absolutely right, despising superstition, but down before

conventionalism, and, though contemptuous of the mind and purposes of women, to be managed by the first clever hussy who chose to lay her finger-tips on his.

After interchanging greetings with those whom she knew, madame, as white as the lappets of her widow's cap, turning her head in obedience to the voice of her hostess, set herself steadily to her ordeal, raised her eyes and looked full into Frank's face as he bowed and she swept herself and her garments into a graceful curve at the formal introduction which made them acquainted—for the second time. He looked at her narrowly, with a puzzled expression in his face; while she, every nerve strung to the utmost, met his eyes with as much of the frank indifference of ignorance as she could assume, but her lips were tightly closed, and the hand which held her fan grasped it like a band of steel. No one, not even Frank, saw this: that smooth outside of hers hid so much and was so thickly laid. Dinner was announced almost immediately after this; and Frank, giving madame his arm, led her out as the first lady, an odd kind of doubt running very distinctly through his mind as to whether she was entitled to this place or not, and if he was not dishonoring by implication the ladies of known safety and respectability thus assigned to walk in her train.

All through that dinner Frank looked and pondered, haunted with a likeness that escaped him just as he wished to verify it, feeling sure that he had seen her before; but where? when? how? When he asked himself these questions his memory answered nothing and the past was a blank. She, equal to her dangers—as indeed was she not always?—talked to her companion in her smooth, pleasant way, but so vaguely as to facts, opinions, people, that Frank felt her conversation to be like her past personality, a kind of impalpable cloud wherein nothing was defined and nothing sure. She was exceedingly careful during this talk, committed herself to nothing, mentioned no names, but referred only to generalizations as "friends of mine," evidently persons of wealth and standing, but not

tabulated, until she cast anchor on the Spanish queen, surely a safe harborage with any North Astonian. She spoke of her with her usual glib facility, with the respectful familiarity of an intimate; and to clinch her position went into the plot—which was really a plot some years ago—when the queen was to have been taken in her box at the opera and carried out of the country, and was saved from her fate by the intervention of an Englishman. Madame gave the details fairly enough: she only changed the personality, and made herself the intervening power. But Frank, who was an accurate present-day historian and knew all about the plot in question, looked into her face and said in a surprised tone, "How extraordinary! One never does know the rights of things. I thought it had been an Englishman who had warned the queen."

"So it was," answered madame with calm composure. "But it was me who warned him."

"An unrecorded heroine of unwritten history?" he laughed, and she slightly flushed.

"Oh," she said with her noble air, "I do not care to be spoken about. It is enough to do the good, not to have it made public."

"As you have been to Spain, of course you speak Spanish?" then said Frank, who knew about half a dozen words.

"I have forgotten all my Spanish," she answered with a pretty little laugh. "So stupid of me, is it not? It is from want of practice. I must get it up again—really I must."

"Madame speaks French?" then probed that merciless social surgeon in pure Parisian, the same to him as his mother-tongue.

Madame smiled in a kind of deprecating way as she shook her head, answering, with playful reproach, "Fie! who does such a rude thing as to speak a foreign language at table?"

It was the best fence she could have made in the circumstances, but it betrayed her all the same.

Frank smiled and turned his bright eyes on her keenly. She smiled back

an answer suavely, tranquilly, though her heart had sunk like lead.

"Don't you agree with me?" she asked.

"I accept the rebuke," he answered with mock humility: "premising, however, that your indignation is undeserved, as there is no one here who cannot speak French fluently: therefore you may, if you like, begin the conversation in that tongue and we will all follow you."

"It is very charming to find such facility," answered madame graciously. "It reminds me of my friend Madame Espartero. She was the most accomplished woman for languages I ever knew; so too was my queen Isabella."

"Indeed?" said Frank. "I thought Her Most Catholic Majesty had been an intensely ignorant woman."

"Not at all," said madame. "Ask Mrs. Dundas."

"One savage of another?" returned Frank. "Xantippe of Messalina?"

Madame smiled. The waters were very deep about her, and she wished fervently she were on dry land, safe with those who loved her, did not care to probe, and who accepted her *quand même*, hazy literature and catholic experience, slips of grammar and incontrovertible assertions of persons, all with the same unquestioning faith. Nevertheless, as it would not do to show that she was either afraid or distanced, she said quietly, "Do you like Mrs. Dundas?" and looked at her across the table.

"Who can like Xantippe?" said Frank with a shrug.

"Is that her name?" asked madame.

But she spoke in so matter-of-fact a manner that Frank was left uncertain whether it was covert satire or crass ignorance, and merely laughed back his reply, by which she gained breathing-time and drove the conversation on to familiar ground—the Park in the season and last year's Royal Academy. She had remembered some of the leading pictures well; but for a woman who was herself a sufficiently good artist to have painted those water-colors which Mr. Dundas had helped to mount and frame, she showed herself wonderfully ignorant of some popular technicalities. She made

some odd blunders, too, that were remarkable. In speaking of a picture of "Hercules and Omphale," she ran the former word into two syllables, and the latter she pronounced as if it was Umfle; she made a wild shot about Columbus, and spoke of him as an Englishman, which was queer, taking into account both her American and Spanish experiences; and she confounded Mary Tudor and Mary Stuart in a manner that was, to say the least of it, singular in a person of her station and presumed education. Frank caught her blunders and led her on. He got her to pity beautiful Mary Stuart for Philip's ill behavior, and then for his death; to condemn her treatment of her younger sister, Elizabeth, and to be not at all astonished that the queen should avenge the princess and cut off her head, with Calais engraven on her heart. In a word, he gauged her, and he found the measure shallow enough. And all the time poor madame was vaguely conscious that things were going wrong, though she made heroic efforts to right them, and if she showed her ignorance, showed also her cleverness.

She left on Frank a composite kind of feeling. He distrusted her, and yet he admired her. He felt as if he had seen her before, but her true personality evaded him. She was not an educated woman, but her manners were graceful and her habits those of one accustomed to refined society. She had a subtle tinge of something worse than Bohemianism in her appearance, but nothing could be more modest than her looks and conversation. She was evidently guarding a secret while she seemed to be most candid; and when she was apparently on the point of giving a clue the end broke and the thread was lost. She was a mystery—of that he was certain—whether an evil mystery or one only unfortunate he had no means to discover; still, she was a mystery, and that was more than North Aston wanted.

"Well, Frank, what of Madame de Montfort?" asked the mother when the evening was over and the family had collected together to discuss how it had gone and the like. "Who is she, my dear?"

"That is hard to say," Frank answered. "Who she is not is pretty evident: she is not an educated woman, though she is in some things a lady. It seems to me that I have seen her somewhere, but I cannot tell where, and I don't wholly like her looks. There is something *louche* about her, and I would have you all take care of her."

"Oh," said Josephine, "and she is so nice!"

"So is the vampire-bat, my dear, when it fans you to sleep and sucks your great toe," replied Frank. "Mind, I don't say she is bad, and she may be the widow of the Marquis de Montfort, for anything I know: that is a fact easily verified. But, widow or no widow, she is queer; and if I can read faces she is both false and artificial."

"I cannot think why you should say so, and on only once seeing her," remonstrated Josephine.

"But if Frank does say so, he is likely to be correct, with his experience," said Fanny.

"And it is just what we and mamma have always told you, Josephine; but you are so infatuated about this woman!" said Maria.

"Then why do you ask her to the house if you think her so bad?" urged Josephine, almost in tears.

Whereat her sisters rebuked her for impertinence, as their manner was.

"No," said Frank, drawing her to him

kindly; "she is only logical without knowing it. If we did the absolutely right thing, we should decline to receive her here without credentials; but," shrugging his handsome shoulders, "who of us does the absolutely right thing? And one may be too hard on the poor sinner—if sinner she is—as I should say she was by her looks."

Whence it may be seen that Frank did not add much to the enlightenment of his mother's perplexities, and that he left the question pretty much where he found it. Nevertheless, though he never committed himself to an opinion as to who madame really was, he stood stoutly to his major proposition that she was queer, also that he doubted and distrusted her; and he always ended by vaguely counseling his people to be wary of her and careful not to get entangled with her too deeply. This done, he would go off to Lionnet and do a little bit of delving on his own account. But Madame de Montfort was as clever as he; and he merely lost his time when he attempted to dig out from the secret recesses of the fair stranger's past any information she had made up her mind to withhold.

"Which proves she has something to conceal," said Frank, lawyer though he was unmindful of the legal maxims which rule that no man is bound to criminate himself, and that all accused are to be held innocent till proved guilty.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"THE TRUTH ABOUT MADAME RATTAZZI." *

WHETHER as the Princess de Solms or as the wife, and now widow, of Italy's eminent statesman, on whom fell the mantle of the great Cavour, Madame Rattazzi must take her place as an historic personage. No chronicle of the Second Empire will be complete if it omit the name and career of this member of the

Bonaparte family, whose eccentricities, imprudence and poisoned shafts aimed at the empress Eugénie rendered imperative her banishment from her imperial cousin's court. In Florence, as in Paris, she has been a social power, it not being denied that the marked sympathy with French policy that has of late years swayed the Italian government is mainly due to this feminine potentate behind the

* *La Vérité sur Madame Rattazzi*. Par L'Inconnu. Deuxième édition. Paris.

throne. Madame Rattazzi's enemies having painted her portrait in the darkest colors, and sent it broadcast through the world, it is due to the equipoise of history that her friends should now hold the brush, their enthusiasm, as will be seen in the following sketch, presenting us with a rare combination of the Muse, the Grace and the angel.

Madame Rattazzi, *née* Princesse Marie Bonaparte Wyse, is the daughter of an Irish gentleman, Sir Thomas Wyse, during many years British envoy at Athens, and his wife, the Princess Letitia Bonaparte, daughter of Lucien Bonaparte, prince of Canino. At a tender age Marie was the pet of the brilliant coterie that gathered in Madame Récamier's *salon* at the Abbaye-aux-Bois. Chateaubriand taught her to read, and her first song was hummed to her by Béranger as she sat on his knee. Perched on a footstool at Madame Récamier's side and watched by her maternal eye, this little attentive, serious creature of nine years was an exquisite study, her pose one of ecstasy as Chopin improvised an intoxicating mazourka, as Lamartine read a strophe, or the tragic Muse Rachel declaimed *Iphigénie*. Balzac, Sainte-Beuve, Nodier, were her friends, and, surrounded by such illustrious men, the child quickly developed the soul of a poet, the sensibility of an artist, presenting a touching contrast to the grave thinkers and worn men of that *coenaculum*, whose gloomy, wrinkled brows she smoothed by melodizing on the piano in her own peculiar way, reciting verses the inspiration of the moment, or giving a scene from the comedy then in vogue. "She is the last joy remaining to me," said Madame Récamier, who smiled no more after the death of her lover-friend. At fourteen years of age Marie spoke several European languages and translated Virgil and Cicero, pursuing also scientific studies.

With the revived fortunes of the Bonapartes, Louis Napoleon having been elected President, suitors for the hand of the Princess Marie were not slow in presenting themselves, and when only fifteen, and without her own inclination

being consulted, she was married to Count Frédéric de Solms, a true gentleman, a man of the world and a wit, but of a cold and reticent nature, incapable of any real sympathy with this young girl, intoxicated with enthusiasm, fervid in passion, eager for the ideal. After the events of December, 1851, the Princess de Solms fell under grave political suspicion, and was ordered to quit France. Society does not like the hero, of which it feels itself incapable; and Count de Solms siding with the world, the brave woman set forth alone.

It is inevitable that all superiority, all distinct individuality, must run the gauntlet of hostile criticism, and Madame Rattazzi has not escaped this penalty of renown. Extolled as a goddess by the acclamations of enthusiasts, she has been slandered by the Lady Tartuffes of every country and caste and of both sexes, not to speak of the secret, spiteful stings inflicted by imperial order. But public opinion is now the sovereign judge, and poets, scientists and politicians may be called as witnesses in favor of our heroine. Let us place Lamennais, so austere at all points, on the stand. A short time after her marriage he writes to the "universal Muse," as Viennet calls her: "Will you generously sacrifice half an hour in reading to me your charming verses, the autographs of which I dare not claim? Will you grant me the happiness of once hearing you sing? of seeing you at your easel? of attending a play in which you enact the principal rôle? I am eager to know your buried talent before your departure or mine shall separate us for ever." Lamennais, a subtle, penetrating mind, at once sounded the depth of domestic sorrow concealed by her brilliant life. He again writes: "Surely you must be suffocated with incense. You are so beautiful, so innocent, that adoration is offered to you as to a goddess. Who will be bold enough to substitute for courtesy the unwelcome words of frank sincerity, to approach you with good advice? Do not think that your wonderful gifts, this surfeiting adulation, will exempt you from the need of candid counsels. The divine Jesus Himself had a mother to guide

His human youth. Let me replace your absent mother. Let us discuss politics and religion when we pass an hour together. I know your factitious life, your lonely, hungry soul. Yes; our eyes, that no longer note the surface of the sea, can yet fathom its abyss. After this outburst you will give me my dismissal should you prove merely a frivolous, aristocratic princess, and not my fellow-creature humanly speaking, my co-religionist politically. Do you accept me as true friend, or prefer that our intimacy shall prove merely an ephemeral sentiment, a variety in your monotonous succession of triumphs?"

This affection of Lamennais was not a hackneyed infatuation, nor was it merely the reminiscence of a quasi-paternal tenderness, inspired by the child and confirmed in womanhood. Let us quote a few words from his ardent letter to Eugène Sue: "The youth, uprightness of mind and conduct, the misfortunes of Madame de Solms, infamously driven from France, have, I know, been a passport to your kindness. I may seem too proud of her, too enthusiastic, yet with a rational, well-grounded conviction I declare this child to be simply the finest character I have ever known, inspiring me with respect, with a holy compassion. A mere girl, her sentiments are not only elevated, but sublime—her actions at this tender age not only sagacious, but heroic; a patriot, as some of us were twenty years ago, dear Sue; a republican and Girondist like Charlotte Corday. Nobility of heart, scrupulous pride, silent self-denial, stoical devotion, — all are there; and I could cite deeds performed by this young creature that would move you to tears. With the learning of a German scholar (she writes and speaks Latin better than I) and a wonderful combination of talent, she is also the most seductively agreeable woman. Her candor may seem hypocrisy in one so flattered, but no soul is more frankly loyal. Now that this last sweet, pure consolation of my age has been snatched from me, a great void has opened in my life, for Madame de Solms will never re-enter France, and I shall see her no more. Love her for us

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both, protect her against the wicked, and, above all, against herself, and believe, dear Sue, in my fervent gratitude."

The appeal of Béranger was not less eloquent: "It is through the medium of a fairy that I recall myself to your memory, my dear Sue, and through this sprite apprise you of the enchantments besetting all who approach her. She is the most gracious and lovely personage of our age; and I warn you, my friend, that no one escapes her magic. Young men and old, women and children, pedants and poets, adore her, beginning with my old Judith, who reserves her most delicious tarts and confections for this enchantress. A rare intelligence, a heart of gold, a poem incarnate, she is seduction itself. In chatting with her our worthy Fély grows soft and gentle: she has the art of rendering even Ballanche amusing, while Chateaubriand in ecstasy called her a genius. This creature has lived in an ideal world, up in the clouds, with savants and poets—a little also with her old song-maker; and one day she was launched by marriage into the torrent of luxury and official life, into which we poor old poets could not follow her. Sometimes, in going to a ball, this fairy would alight at my door. Lamennais would be quickly summoned, and the queen would trail her satin robe in my poor den, illuminating it with the sparkle of her jewels. The fête would escape her thoughts; and, throwing her diadem of pearls in a corner, she would make some execrable coffee, spilling half of it on her exquisite toilette that was to have dazzled the embassy: then off she would go, leaving us poor old fellows overcome with sleep, but electrified by the resplendent apparition. We had looked for the advent of a new Madame Roland, more poetical and womanly, when suddenly the imperial government became alarmed by this young girl, and she is in exile; but she has a will of iron, the stubbornness of her grandfather Lucien, and she will no more return than Hugo or yourself. You will love her as a father, I as a grandfather, and when together send a thought sometimes to the old song-writer."

Eugène Sue in turn yielded to her fascination. A thinker who delighted in the type of a superior woman breaking the fetters imposed on her sex, he became enamored of this courageous, poetic nature, and dedicated to her his novel *La femme séparée*. Let him speak for himself: "Pitilessly expelled from France by her merciless cousin, Madame de Solms decided to separate from her husband, who in this emergency had deserted her, his feudal prejudices naturally allying him with the party of oppression. . . . I was less struck with her exquisite beauty than her tact, good taste and the energy and hot indignation with which she described the events of December—not in the attitude of a victim, but depicting with heartrending emotion the sufferings of those deprived of their natural protectors. Arguing from the known to the unknown, rarely at fault in my moral diagnosis, I attempted a formula of the princess. I saw in her a sensitive, even timid nature, a horror of hypocrisy, a bold loyalty, generous to excess, essentially gentle, but never condoning injustice—an impersonation of armed goodness. She was both musician and author; she painted like Rosa Bonheur and rivaled De Mirbel in her marvelous miniatures, and if not a great lady of rank would make her fortune as an artist. One day this message came to the exile: 'Not only is Paris open to you, absence from which is killing you, but in virtue of your imperial relationship you will take rank at court as Princess Marie, as Madame Demidoff, your cousin, also separated from her husband, is Her Imperial Highness. All the difficulties attending your domestic status that you take so much to heart will disappear; and these privileges are yours if you will ask pardon.' At this insolence she shrugged her lovely shoulders and returned this spirited reply through the Belgian journals: 'Certain efforts have been made to induce me to ask pardon of my cousin the emperor, with the gracious promise of imperial benefits; but I shall ever refuse to return to my country at this price. A woman may well be courageous in holding to her opinions when this honor is declined

by so many men. A free government can alone restore me to France. Until our liberties shall triumph I accept exile, but protest against all insinuations that I shall ever, under whatsoever stress or extremity, yield to the decrees of an ignoble despotism.' Madame de Solms, though attracted to the Republic by the aspirations of an elevated, ideal nature, is not a partisan, but she utters, with all the energy of her generous soul, her opinion of the infamous *coup d'état*. She was overwhelmed by that physical and moral torture, homesickness, feeling keenly her banishment from Paris, the unique centre of letters and art, and the renunciation of her *salon*, the throne that would have been hers by right after the death of Madame de Girardin and the Princess Liéven. The uprightness and dignity revealed by this action of Madame de Solms riveted the esteem that forms the basis of my friendship for her—an affection as honorable to her who has inspired it as to him who feels it. Each day I congratulate myself on being able to appreciate one who holds so marvelous an empire over many noble minds and hearts. Expelled from France, Madame de Solms was welcomed by the king of Sardinia with the utmost deference, and a studied courtesy offered seemingly to the victim of a brutal despotism. Death suddenly overshadowed the House of Savoy, the queen-mother, the young wife of Victor Emmanuel, his son and brother, being carried off within a short interval. On this sad occasion the Princess de Solms expressed her sympathy and tender gratitude in a dirge, several strophes of which are marked by a sustained style, poetic grace and religious fervor. This young princess, with her invincible horror of perjury and love of holy liberty, dedicated some spirited verses to Gioberti; and one evening, robed in white cashmere fastened at the corsage and caught at the shoulders by rare cameos, her lustrous hair coiled in braids around her *spirituel* head, which, with the Grecian regularity of her features, gave a classic character to her beauty, amidst a brilliant circle she recited this tribute to the patriot

with an agitated utterance, an inspired physiognomy, the memory of which still sways my soul."

We give the concluding lines of this sympathetic offering to Italian liberty:

Du palais en palais, de ruine en ruine,
Du Tibre aux Apennins, de Venise à Messine,
Un brillant météore apparaît dans les airs,
Il embrase le ciel, la plage et les deux mers.
L'Italie est debout, s'appuyant sur son glaive:
L'ivresse du triomphe exalte ses esprits.
O prodige! O bonheur! Non, ce n'est point un rêve,
La liberté rayonne au seuil des saints parvis.
Le forum retentit d'une clameur nouvelle:
Les pompeux monuments de la ville éternelle,
Ses dômes, ses palais, son cirque, ses tombeaux
Se couronnent de fleurs, de pourpre, de flambeaux:
Le veuve des Césars, debout sur ses collines,
Porte un globe ombragé par des palmes divines.
L'Italie affranchie accomplit son destin,
Et groupe ses drapeaux sur le Mont Palatin.

"In a recent interview with M. James Fazy, president of the Swiss Council of State," continues Eugène Sue, "this eminent man exclaimed, 'Your visit was needed to calm my fury against these imbeciles who invent absurd and odious calumnies against a noble young princess worthy of all esteem;' and with the blush that such insults should bring to the brow of honest men, he repeated to me the latest slanders against Madame de Solms. A beautiful woman endowed with remarkable talent is necessarily a target for envious shafts; but, however unscrupulous society may be, there is still a limit with the well-bred, and we knew these insinuations to be smeared with the mire of the police, who had received orders from the highest source to vilify Madame de Solms, her loyal nature strengthening her to brave the penalties of exile and to publicly declare her inexorable rupture with the Bonapartes, crowned or not. But it is impossible to affix a stain to a woman dedicating her exile to study and art, living in an exclusive circle, making a noble use of her wealth. The tittle-tattle of cliques fell to the ground, but the police denounced the Princess de Solms as an *audacious adventuress usurping an illustrious relationship*. The intensity of belief attained by senseless gossip and mendacity is incredible when the merit of the victim excites envious hatred, but, while doubtful individualities may be prudent-

ly guarded in a twilight of reserve, a character such as Madame de Solms's should be placed in the full glare of truth. At Milan and Florence she lived in the blaze of society, was fêted by an exclusive, grave and reserved aristocracy; and so at Turin this *adventuress* was welcomed with distinction by the royal family and received into their intimacy. Yet her life, at Aix especially, was laborious, occupied from eight to ten hours each day with art, reading and a correspondence with the most eminent persons of Europe. In the splendid salons of the Casino, flooded with light and resounding with delicious orchestral strains, the whirl of a ball, the animation of the throng, this young creature, with the innocent delight of a girl in her beauty, her toilette and jewels, seeks relaxation from the nervous tension of varied studies, change from silence and solitude. With erect head and the smile of a pure conscience, her very ignorance of the infamous slanders and the sweet serenity of an irreproachable soul are imputed as fresh crimes by her untiring enemies. In my youth I saw much of the world in its diverse phases, and thought to have sounded the depth reached by fury provoked by malice, but I was mistaken, for the indignities offered to this young princess surpassed even my imagination."

Eugène Sue's narrative furnishes us many pages of eloquent appreciation of his lovely *protégée* and of her first book, *Nice, ancienne et moderne*, which had the honor of thirteen editions in Italy: "The historical portion testifies to her researches and the laboriously acquired data that clearly place the principal events in skillful relief, united to a rigid sifting of logically stated facts and a concise, sober and often glowing recital. For instance, after painting the gardens of Nice in artistic colors, she continues: 'You grow ecstatic, and thank the poetic proprietor for offering this delicious oasis to the nightingales, for the intoxicating atmosphere, the floral loveliness, that transplants you to Armida's enchanted gardens. But be not so imprudent as to cull a single rose: restrain your impious hand. Roses are plucked by bushel mea-

sure and sold by the hundredweight; violets are not gathered, but mowed; these delicate treasures of perfume will be converted into greasy pomade and sold by the pound. And learn, most naïve and innocent tourist, that in this favored spot nightingales are not songsters, but *game*: they are not listened to, but eaten. Even the sparrow does not escape this gastronomic fury. The groves are mute, the rising sun no longer is saluted by these winged musicians, now, alas! roasted and devoured."

In the midst of her correspondence, social demands and constant homage, Madame de Solms found time for music, the theatre, even science, publishing ballads, novels, historical and political studies, and preparing a *Flora of Savoy*, a patient, conscientious work valued by specialists. Thanks to her presence, Aix became neutral territory, whereon science and imagination, politics and the Académie, gracefully met. A journal was issued by these brilliant *intimes*, from which the Paris press copied liberally. Persons came even from Florence and Vienna to witness the representations at the private Théâtre du Chatelet, of which Madame de Solms was at once queen and first subject, and to which Alfred de Musset, Feuillet and the hostess contributed original witty impromptus, animated in dialogue, perfect in taste and sentiment. Dumas there made his court to the presiding genius. Ponsard, her assiduous guest, improvised *Les Charmettes*, in which he summons the shade of Rousseau to these scenes in which he had loved Madame de Warens, now graced by a fairer presence.

In 1855 the princess laughed and trilled gayly, but the laugh and mirth were factitious. Let us again hear Eugène Sue: "Madame de Solms long struggled silently with a consuming enemy: her rebellious pride fought bravely, but the terrible malady of homesickness preyed on her superb strength, and she fell alarmingly ill. She passed her days in solitude and a darkened chamber, her sleepless nights in perverse dreamings over her sorrows. I was one day admitted to her salon; and as she entered

on the arm of Mademoiselle Nencini, moving with difficulty, enveloped in white draperies, I thought it was her ghost. 'You find me greatly changed?' I was choked with emotion, and could not reply. 'Ah! I always told you that I should die pining for France,' she said, bursting into a passion of tears. There was but one opinion held by her friends—that the dying exile could only be saved by a return to France. But in vain was she urged to request this favor from an all-powerful tyrant. 'My dear Marie,' said a friend, 'you are dying of homesickness: would not even a short sojourn cure you?' 'Ah, yes! merely to breathe its air would restore me to fresh life.' 'Will you authorize me to ask this restorative from the government?' 'Never! not even in the pangs of death!' 'Consent at least to the journey at your own risk and peril.' 'It is perhaps a cowardly act that the fear of death induces me to commit, but I consent.'"

At the intimation of her intended incognito escapade, M. Paillet, the eminent lawyer, austere citizen, and the president-elect of the Paris bar, thus writes to her: 'What good news you send me! With what impatience I await September, that is to bring you by stealth to Paris! I think unceasingly of your hospitality at Aix. To see you, listen to you in your Coppet one month of each year, will be the poetic holiday of which the old pedant will dream. My admiration for you equals my sympathy: I dare not write *tenderness*, yet it is *tenderness* with which you inspire me, adorable child. Hugo is right when he exclaims, 'A woman like Madame de Solms is a masterpiece of God, and it is thus that He is verified.' My heart, I confess, is tortured. You will return to your snow-covered villa and pass the winter alone with your pencil, books and music: my heart aches at the thought. When will this life of renunciation cease? No doubt Dante, Corneille, Montaigne, Mozart are noble friends, but shall you not weary of them some day? Come back to Paris—not *en escapade*, but for ever. Remember, you are a woman, not the leader of a party."

"Thanks to the devotion of M. de Pomereu, equal always to the most delicate or difficult crisis, a false passport was procured, and in plain garments, a little black hat, false blonde hair, under which the lovely princess was hardly recognizable, the journey was safely made. She was rapturously welcomed by her friends. Ponsard gave up to her his modest lodging, and in this home of the poet she received Béranger and other illustrious men, who vied in their homage. 'Would you believe it,' writes the princess to me, 'in the vitiated, corrupt air of Paris I revive, I am born again? This air, which should suffocate me, I inhale in large draughts. It restores my strength, my life. O Patria!' After three weeks' sojourn in Paris her presence became known to the authorities: she was tracked from refuge to refuge, until, unable longer to endure the fatigue and anguish of persecution, she capitulated to the enemy. In a special railway-carriage, attended by police-agents, she was conducted to the borders of Savoy with the respect due to a lady. In the Sardinian journals was this notice: 'Madame de Solms, who had re-entered France without authorization from the imperial government, has again been banished.'

"She wintered at Geneva, where her salon became a political centre, and thence proceeded to Florence, where she was again dangerously prostrated by home-sickness, being tenderly nursed by one of Italy's most distinguished women, the Countess Orsini (*née* Medici), who to brilliant rank and beauty added every gift of heart and genius. The physicians ordered the exile to Cairo, hoping much from its equable mildness, but the steadfast princess wrote to me, 'The doctors insist on my trying Egypt. I will not go. If die I must, I wish to be surrounded by those dear to me, with my eyes fixed on that France I so dearly love, and which I one day hope again to see.' This hope will surely be realized. Time and tide are for ever changing, and empires fall. Madame de Solms is young and Nature's resources are inexhaustible."

At this period the eyes of all Europe turned with intense interest to Italy, shuddering beneath Austrian despotism, and naturally Marie de Solms embraced the cause of liberty ardently and proudly. With the patriots Gioberti and Manin she maintained a close correspondence, dedicating to the Venetians an *Essai biographique sur Daniel Manin*. When the hour of Italian independence sounded the princess engaged actively in political movements, and may be said to have exerted a direct influence on the affairs of the Peninsula. A fervent admirer of Garibaldi, she addressed some verses in his favor to Victor Emmanuel; and after Aspromonte the celebrated general wrote her an admirable letter, in which he justly says that by Nature Madame de Solms is the friend of the vanquished and oppressed. Savoy and Nice had been annexed to France, by which strokes of war and diplomacy the princess found herself once more on French soil. Strictly, as repeating the offence of re-entering French territory without permission, she was liable to an invitation to pass a season at Cayenne, but clemency is a grace in the hands of victorious power; and though Italy had not been "freed from the Alps to the Adriatic," the government was content with its glory, and no restriction was placed on the princess, who now returned to Paris. To the sorrows of proscription succeeded the joy of triumph and popular favor. The drawing-room of Lucien's granddaughter once more received all the notabilities of the capital of the intellectual world.

It was at this period that M. Urbain Rattazzi, since the death of the great minister Count Cavour undeniably the most eminent statesman of Italy, solicited the hand of Madame de Solms, free through the death of her husband. The beautiful widow listened favorably to the man whom Cavour himself admirably characterized in these words: "Rattazzi has always been the most conservative member of the cabinet, the most decided upholder of the principles of authority: the king and the cause of order have not a more devoted adherent. He is a lib-

eral from conviction, possessing an intelligence of the most elevated cast, with a keen, accurate judgment. No one apprehends a subject more quickly and thoroughly, his appreciation being rarely at fault, whether it be a question of politics or state. All that Rattazzi does himself is well done: all that he has been compelled to confide to others has been wrong." M. Rattazzi was exceedingly in love with his wife, which happy condition, it seems, needed the prelude of royal enlightenment, the revelation that it was not love at first sight being thus made with grace and humor by Madame Rattazzi: "It was under singular circumstances that I made my husband's acquaintance, and I was far from foreseeing our subsequent relations; for at this period M. Rattazzi was among the number of those who, if not enemies, loved me but little. I came to Turin on business relative to my sojourn at Aix. There was an imperative necessity for seeing the minister of the interior, to whom I twice wrote without the favor of a reply. Tired out and indignant, I presented myself to the king, who, listening to my story with his accustomed kindness, said smilingly, 'What! Rattazzi has so little gallantry? Never mind, do not be worried: I will see him, and he will be delighted to place himself at your orders.' Quite reassured, I left His Majesty, but several days passed, in which, like sister Anne, I saw 'nobody coming.' I wrote to the king: 'Sire, your minister is resolved not to see me, but has been good enough to send in his stead his secretary to tell me that His Excellency has sore eyes; which information, however interesting or important, does not advance my affairs one iota. I shall leave Turin.' His Majesty had the kindness to reply: 'Remain; and since my request must be changed to an order, Rattazzi will be with you to-morrow.' The next day His Excellency appeared, and was icily cold in manner. He was tall, distinguished in bearing, elegant in figure, refined in feature, with an open forehead, fair hair, white teeth, thin, mocking lips and incontestably aristocratic hands and feet. I had not, it ap-

pears, made an equally pleasing impression, as I learned from the king in a letter which I have preserved and placed under glass in my husband's study, that he may not forget the gracious opening of our acquaintance. His Majesty had seen his minister, on his return from the interview, wearing a discontented, supercilious air: 'Well, you have seen Madame de Solms: do you find her beautiful and very clever?' 'Pooh! not at all, Your Majesty. She is very thin, and smells of bread and butter, and her cleverness is nothing wonderful. She has an astonished look that is almost silly: besides, she spoke little, and her business is not clear even to herself.' 'Forgive my friend Rattazzi, madame,' continues the king: 'he is from Casala. I will refer you to Foresta.' I met M. Rattazzi again at a court ball in honor of the Princess Clotilde's marriage, he being then president of the Italian Parliament. Several years passed. I fell dangerously ill; and the rumor of my death being spread abroad, M. Rattazzi felt strangely moved, coming to Paris to ascertain its truth. I was living, was out of danger; and twelve years after our first interview at Turin, day for day, I was married to the man who under the pretext of sore eyes had so persistently evaded me."

Although the government would never acknowledge the fact, the result of this marriage was to strengthen French policy in Italy. Nevertheless, it did not decrease the rigor exercised toward the writings of Lucien Bonaparte's granddaughter, and her novels, *The Marriages of a Creole* and *The Marriages of this Century*, were placed on the French *Index Expurgatorius*. The imperial régime could not accustom itself to the sincerity and independent expression of a writer who had dared to lift the veil prudently thrown by loyal functionaries over some curious facts respecting the career of a certain illustrious lady. Madame Rattazzi, weary of these increasing annoyances, decided to leave Paris and transfer her court to Florence, where she was speedily surrounded by devoted friends and passionate admirers. Among

her eminent correspondents was Babinet, the celebrated and no less agreeable astronomer—*rara avis*—who, while equally learned, is less pretentiously tiresome than Leverrier. He writes in 1862: "Noble Napoleonic princess and charming child: . . . You are quite right: I do allow myself to become stultified by what is called science, but I cannot resist telling you that after forty years of patient and obstinate research I hold the solution of an astronomical question—or, I have lost my entire life. Should my calculations prove true, I shall *pity those who are happy*—*Fortunam ipsam anteibo Fortunis meis!* I have not dared to noise abroad my gilded hope, fearing its flight from Pandora's box. *A propos*, you could make a charming picture of this delicious myth—the Goddess of Consolation repelling the swarm of human ills with imperious gesture of the left arm, while with the right hand she beckons to the timid, frightened man with a smile of encouragement. Perhaps humanity would be more gracefully represented by a man and woman, as symbolizing love's power over misfortune. But you, with your kindly nature, must be the central figure seated on the edge of the fatal chest; the number of evils here below could not possibly be contained in a box beneath a woman's arm: they would require Noah's ark. . . . Let me speak of your poems, which I know by heart. Receive my homage as a true poet and beneficent muse. I have recited these patriotically inspired stanzas to many notables capable of appreciating you. For the hundredth time we are astonished that so gracious a fairy should possess so strong an individuality: I would say *personality* were the word not often used in a wrong sense. Frankly, princely young Grace, do you know many people who can say, '*I am*'? It has often amused me to maintain against persons infatuated with themselves the argument that really they do not exist, but it would be easier to endow a fool with intellect than to persuade him that he has none. A clever woman who had drawn me into sustaining this ungallant thesis replied, 'In spite of all that, I do

exist: I am certain of it from the hatred with which your arguments inspire me.' You compliment me on my spirit and animation, of which *you* are the inspiration. Surely you will not live: you have too much wit, without recounting your physical and moral perfections. The greatest of problems for the old astronomer is that you should seek him, the antipodes of imagination, worldly pleasures and social triumphs. Adieu, sweet and good child. With the homage of which you are so worthy, will you accept this quatrain?—

Sans cesse vous briller de charmes imprévus;
Près de vous on ne peut jamais manquer de verve;
Car vous avez les attrails de Vénus
Avec les talents de Minerve."

Another intimate friend of Madame de Solms was Gérard de Nerval, that discouraged heart which ceased to beat in so sad and melodramatic a fashion—that noble poet too proud to bend the knee in making sonnets and talking nonsense to opulent princesses who held in their hands pensions, crosses and sinecures. He sends this touching appeal to Madame de Solms: "Dear, beneficent fairy, I have something to propose to you—a good action. I see you start with joy, most enchanting of benefactors—you who by silent and ceaseless charities replace the happy love not vouchsafed you by Heaven—you whose existence, so extravagant yet austere, is so void, whose heart is so hungry. In a garret, Rue Saint-Jacques No. 7, a father, a mother and seven children crouch in nameless misery, without fire, light or bread. By a curious chance I found myself there, and gave them my all, a cloak and forty centimes. Then I told them of a queen seventeen years old who would soon appear in their den of wretchedness laden with clothing, bread and gold: I even possibly promised pearls and diamonds. They thought me mad, but began to smile and weep. Quick, then, my little saint! hasten with your wand, your great soft eyes, and realize for these sufferers the angelic vision. Adieu, little queen, until we meet in the garret of *our* poor. I am proud to write these words. There are, then, in the world some poorer than my-

self. Adieu, darling, sweet pet, providence of the afflicted! *Mignonne*, so gentle, so dainty and free from pride, put on your robe with a long train and your boots with high heels, a princess more powerful than all the powers of earth, though they will not believe it when they see your youthful smile. But I prattle. Adieu, mignononne. Pardon me, madame!"*

In 1868, amidst enthusiastic crowds, *evvivas*, deputations and continuous fêtes, M. Rattazzi and his wife made a triumphal journey to Naples—a fortnight of ovations. Their appearance at the opera was the signal for frenzied applause, while flowers, poems and graceful flatteries were showered alike by aristocratic hands and the populace on this lovely stranger. A chief incident of the remarkable "progress", was a banquet offered by the *élite* of Naples, the feature of the occasion being a little speech made by Madame Rattazzi, who for the first time in public spoke the language of Dante. Being toasted by a deputy with fiery enthusiasm, Madame Rattazzi rose, greeted by salvos of applause, a murmur of sympathetic admiration running through the assembly. Her face was radiant with expression as in a clear, vibrating voice she said that "while glory in every aspect had been honored in the noble speeches just uttered, one tribute alone had been omitted, that to the Neapolitan heroines, who in every age had rivaled the men in genius, courage and patriotism—the illustrious women who had been the glory of ancient Parthenope, whether, like Leonora Pimente, they had laid down their heads on the scaffold, or, like Laura Mancini, had been content to strike the poetic lyre. She raised her glass to every heroine of Naples, living or dead."

A statesman so pre-eminent as M. Rattazzi, a woman so renowned as his wife,

* Among the infinity of tributes from celebrities to Madame Rattazzi is a glowing poetic one from Sainte-Beuve, the superscription being this quatrain, an epigram, unless indeed it were a regret:

A vous, ou Muse, ou fée et la grâce elle-même
Qui savez, souveraine en ce jeu de beauté,
Comme on a mille fois aimé loué, chanté:
Mais savez-vous bien comme on aime?

could not escape the shafts of envy, and stupid nullities discharged their spite by diatribes as unmannerly as they were idiotic against the tourists. The municipal authorities and influential residents of various cities, roused to wrath by these flagrant inventions, published throughout the Peninsula an eloquent denunciation of the slanders, and unanimously offered fresh honors to their distinguished guests. That Madame Rattazzi should continue to be the target for every species of unclean absurdity was accepted by her friends as an evidence of her merit, slander being usually aimed at the worthy; her serenity and apparent indifference to these libels arising from the belief that they were inspired by women whose jealousy of her bordered on madness. Conscientious chroniclers aver, however, that the storm was brought to a crisis by the imprudent freedom with which in several novels Madame Rattazzi depicted the curious status of Florentine society; which delineations, being perhaps at least *ben trovato*, raised an aristocratic whirlwind that at last drew M. Rattazzi himself within the vortex. Friendly precautions to keep him free of the imbroglio being vain, he prepared to inflict summary chastisement on the defamers of his wife; but, happily, wise counsels prevailed and averted this compromise of his dignity.

The fall of the Empire and the death of her illustrious husband have restored Madame Rattazzi permanently to Paris. Emerging from the seclusion of her widowhood, she has reassumed her leadership in the capital of the world. Giving a last touch to some musical inspiration, directing under a pseudonym an hebdomadal review, perchance writing a new book, she yet finds leisure to receive the notabilities, native or foreign, who throng her salon in the Aquila palace. Legitimists, Orleanists, members of all parties, diplomatists, artists, the newly-fledged poet and the suave laureate, feuilletonists and great journalists, all are there. Madame Alexandre preludes like St. Cecilia on the organ: an hour later Thérèse is rapturously applauded, eclipsed in turn by the *diva* from the Italiens or Rachel's

successor at the Française, these diverse social elements being fused into harmony by the hostess, who in tact, quick perception and grace of conversation is a high-bred Parisian, seductive in the kindness, sympathy and ready memory which place her guests at ease and display their individual gifts to advantage.

In her novel *Louise de Kellner*, Madame Rattazzi, while tracing with a masterly hand the portrait of her heroine, unconsciously sat for her own: it is at least her living photograph: "Tall, slender, her figure is exquisitely shaped, with softly-rounded shoulders and broad chest; her arms are modeled after the antique; her hands worthy of a queen or fairy; the mouth is perfect in contour, the seductive smile revealing the pearly teeth

beneath the coral arch; the straight nose, with its transparent quivering nostril, is spirituel, even severe, while her jet black hair frames a noble forehead and brilliant complexion." If Madame Rattazzi's beauty is Italian in sculptured outline, her soft dreamy blue eye is that of a daughter of the far North, a Valkyrie from Odin's paradise. In repose she is a goddess escaped from Olympus: she speaks, and is a woman whose irresistible magnetism is not surpassed among women. To quote one of the most noted writers of France, "Whoever has merely seen Madame Rattazzi cannot forget her, while one privileged to be near her cannot escape the intoxicating charms of her presence."

CAMP-FIRE LYRICS.

VI. — EVENING STORM — NIPIGON.

UPON the beach the low quick mournful wail
 Of weary waters shuddering at our feet,
 And far beyond a bar of golden light,
 For ever brighter in its narrowing span,
 Shares not the sadness of yon grim wood-wall,
 Whose dark and noiseless deeps of shadow rest
 Sullen 'twixt golden lake and golden sky.
 Shine out, fair sky! in yellow glory shine!
 Fast fades thy lessening day, and far beneath
 The tamarack shivers and the cedar's cone
 Uneasy sways, while fitful tremors stir
 The tattered livery of the ragged birch;
 And over all the arch of heaven is wild
 With tumbled clouds, where fast the lightning's lance
 Gleams ruby red and thunder-echoes roll;
 Whilst yet below—sweet as the dream of hope
 What time despair is nearest—lies the lake.
 Fast comes the storm, spiked black with pattering rain;
 The darkened water gleams with bells of foam;
 Fast comes the storm, till over lake and sky,
 O'er yellow lake and ever-yellowing sky,
 Cruel and cold, the gray storm-twilight's rest;
 And so the day before its time is dead.

EDWARD KEARSLEY.

THE STORY OF A CONSPIRACY.

LETTER I.

From Mrs. Temple to her Stepmother, Mrs. Harrington.

NEW ORLEANS, June 20, 1874.

DEAR MAMMA: You will be sorry to hear that Archie has been very ill since I wrote to you last, and in consequence of this illness I fear I cannot pay my visit to you as soon as I expected. The doctors tell me that I ought to take him to the mountains, so I shall start in a week or two for the Warm Springs in North Carolina. Can you not meet me there? Fanny might find it pleasant, and I could go home with you when the season ends. Write and let me know what you think of the plan. General Develin will not accompany me. He is obliged to take one of his daughters abroad for her health. He will probably return in October, and we shall be married soon afterward. He is exceedingly kind, and I really like him very much. If this sounds moderate, remember that I have outlived the time of romance. I played once, as you know, a part in the comedy—which often becomes a tragedy—of "all for love, or the world well lost." It is a part which no one ever plays twice. Tell Fanny that Oscar Develin—my future stepson—will be at the Springs, and I should like her to meet him. He is young, good-looking, wealthy, and already in love with her photograph. If she married the son while I married the father, it would complicate our relationship, would it not? Forgive my nonsense, and let me hear from you soon. Archie is better, but still very pale. He sends his love and a kiss to you and to Fanny. With love to the latter, I am

Affectionately yours,

MARION TEMPLE.

LETTER II.

Mrs. Harrington to Mrs. Temple.

THE HEIGHTS, June 25, 1874.

MY DEAR MARION: I have just received your letter, and answer it in some uncertainty. I should like exceedingly

to meet you at the Warm Springs, and if I considered my wishes alone I should certainly do so. But, unfortunately, there are several other things that I must consider—one thing specially of *paramount* importance; that is, Fanny's interest and happiness in life. You will wonder, perhaps, how visiting a watering-place could greatly affect this. I will tell you.

I believe I mentioned in my last letter that she has lately caused me a great deal of anxiety by the manner in which she has been encouraging a very undesirable admirer—a certain Mr. Savage, who is at present visiting the Bryans in the neighborhood. Charley Bryan picked him up somewhere, and introduced him—very inexcusably, I think—into society. He calls himself an artist, and I believe his business is to make illustrations for magazines and newspapers. I have steadily discouraged his attentions to Fanny, but you know that your father's will gave me no legal control over her, and if she married to-morrow in defiance of my wishes, I could not alienate from her a dollar of her fortune. This is a dangerous degree of liberty when a girl is headstrong and an heiress. Of course, Mr. Savage—whom I believe to be a *designing fortune-hunter*—knows that my opposition counts for nothing in a practical point of view. At present, I am sure that Fanny does not want to marry him, but he amuses her, and she may end by wishing it if she sees much more of him. Therefore, it is above all things imperative that she should not be thrown with him.

It chanced that he was here when I received your letter this morning. Fanny recognized the handwriting, and asked if you were coming. I said that on the contrary you were going to the Warm Springs, and wished us to meet you there, adding, "What do you say? Should you like to go?"

She hesitated, and while she hesitated Mr. Savage spoke: "Pray say yes, Miss

Harrington. That French Broad country is magnificently picturesque and well worth seeing. Oddly enough, I am engaged to go there this summer on a professional tour. If you go, imagine how pleasant it will be!"

He absolutely had the audacity to say this before *me*! Of course I did not for a moment believe that he had any professional engagement to go to the French Broad, but I understood at once that if we go we shall meet him there.

To show you how Fanny encourages him, I will tell you what she answered: "Are you really going, Mr. Savage? That changes the aspect of affairs altogether. If I went through a picturesque country alone, I should not know what was worth admiring and what was not—for I am horribly uncultivated, as you have probably found out by this time—but with a knight of the pencil to direct my admiration into proper channels, it will be like an education. Mamma, my mind is made up: let us go to the Warm Springs."

"My mind is not made up, however," I replied coldly. "There are several things to be considered."

You see, now, my dear Marion, what these things are. I repeat again that I should like exceedingly to spend a month or two at the Warm Springs—which is really the pleasantest place of resort I know—and I may also add that I should like Fanny to meet young Develin, who would be in every respect a suitable match for her; but I fear the result of the association with the other which would certainly ensue. I have placed the matter clearly before you: let me hear what you think of it. If you can propose any plan by which the former object can be secured, I shall be glad to hear it.

With my best congratulations again on the brilliant prospect of your marriage with General Develin, I am yours affectionately, ELLEN HARRINGTON.

LETTER III.

Mrs. Temple to Mrs. Harrington.

NEW ORLEANS, June 29, 1874.

Poor mamma, I am sorry for you! A headstrong daughter and an ineligible

admirer form a terrible combination. But I am determined that an army of Savages shall not prevent your visiting the Warm Springs. I have taken Oscar into my counsels, and we have formed a plan in which your passive co-operation is alone necessary: the active part of it will be with us. This is the order of our conspiracy: You must cease to show any active disapproval of Fanny's flirtation. Without absolutely encouraging Mr. Savage, treat him with that suave courtesy in which you excel, and make your preparations for the summer campaign as speedily as possible. If he waylays you on the French Broad—as of course he will—don't be disquieted. He cannot *marry* Fanny in those wilds, and you will have faithful allies near at hand. When you reach the Springs, Oscar will at once take charge of the rebellious demoiselle, while I will devote myself to her "knight of the pencil."

Are you surprised? It is true that I am a widow, it is true that I am engaged, and above all it is true that I am probably several years older than the gentleman in question, but what of these things? I am still handsome—men's eyes would tell me that if my mirror did not—and I think I may say with due regard to strict veracity that I am not so thoroughly out of practice that I do not still remember how to make myself fascinating. Trust me to do my share of the work. Trust me that Mr. Savage will have little time and attention to devote to Fanny after I have known him twenty-four hours.

As for Oscar, I think he will do *his* share equally well. Besides his interest in Fanny—which is already very marked—he will be on his mettle. It will be a point of honor with him not to fail. Nor do I think he will. He has every attraction that could possibly win a girl's heart. Few men in his own rank of social life can hold their own against him: it is scarcely likely, therefore, that Mr. Savage would be able to do so, even if I were not a lion in the path.

You see how excellently we have arranged everything. Therefore, I beg you to dismiss all anxiety and pack your trunks. Tell Fanny to bring her prettiest

toilettes: she will need them all. I shall start to-morrow for North Carolina, and shall engage your rooms as soon as I reach the Warm Springs. Write to that place and let me know when to expect you. Affectionately, M. T.

LETTER IV.

Edward Savage to a Friend.

ALEXANDER'S, on the French Broad, }
July 18, 1874.

If you could see the place where I am staying, if you could see the nook in which I am at present writing, it is safe to say that you would be devoured with envy. With what an infinite and condescending pity I think of you, sweltering on city pavements and between brick walls! Here a man need never know what heat is unless he chooses to set out and climb a mountain at mid-day—an amusement which I should not recommend, although if any one had a fancy that way there are mountains enough to keep him employed for an indefinite number of days. The house—the quaintest, cleanest, quietest of old-fashioned hostelrys—is set immediately against one of these mountains, with the French Broad sweeping majestically in front, not more than twenty yards distant. Probably you know nothing about the French Broad, or what a refrain it chants as it cuts its impetuous way through the mountains along the rocky channel which it has made in the course of countless ages. Just at this point the current is comparatively placid, but the restless music of its voice is never still. I hear it as I sit now in a vine-shaded corner of the upper piazza, leafy depths of greenness around, the sunlight striking the great cliffs across the river and bringing out their splendid tints, a sense of inexpressible coolness, freshness and repose spread over everything.

But I can hear you asking why I am resting on my oars in this manner. For one thing, because the chief part of my work is done: for another thing, because I received a note a few days ago to the following effect:

"DEAR MR. SAVAGE: I believe I promised to let you know when we left home, so that you might, if possible, join

us on our way to the Warm Springs, in order to tell me what I ought to admire. We start to-morrow, and shall probably reach Asheville on the 18th. We shall rest there a day or two before attempting the journey down the French Broad. I hope you are enjoying the country, and that you are prepared to play cicerone. *Au revoir.* Yours sincerely,

"FANNY HARRINGTON."

I fancy the long whistle with which you will say to yourself, "Now the murderer's out!" Yes, a woman is in the case, and a very pretty one. I have seldom seen a more *séduisante* beauty than Fanny Harrington. Complexion of a wild rose, eyes like violets, a prettily rounded figure, a neat foot and a gay laugh. These are the outlines: you can fill them in. She is the style of woman to be an arrant flirt, therefore I am by no means sure that coquetry is not at the bottom of the favor she has shown me. Indeed, I strongly suspect that it is, otherwise I might give you cause to say, "How dost thou, Benedict, the married man?"

Am I in love? Not a whit! My brain never acted more rationally, my pulse never beat more coolly. The "fever called loving" is a youthful disease, and I am no longer very young. When a man is thirty years old, and has survived several desperate fits of passion, the heart should certainly be in subjection to the reasoning faculties. Nevertheless, Fanny Harrington has pleased me exceedingly. She is pretty, thoroughbred, sparkling, and—best of all, my dear fellow—an heiress.

Now you elevate your eyebrows. You say, "Is this Savage who is writing—Savage, who formerly denounced *mariages de convenance* as the worst invention of the devil?" Even so; and what is more, I claim the virtue of consistency. I still think that for a man to marry a woman whom he does not love for the sake of her fortune is disgraceful to himself and unjust to her. But I never held that a *mariage de raison* was a bad thing, or, in other words, that a man should not marry a woman who pleased and satisfied his taste because she chanced to

possess the additional charm of a fortune. If you cannot perceive the distinction, you are more obtuse than I give you credit for being.

In truth, I am daily more impressed by the profound truth contained in the remark of Dickens's stagecoach driver: "Poverty is no disgrace to a man, but it's devilish inconvenient." I am tired of grubbing for bread and raiment and being tied hand and foot. If a charming woman—you should see her dimples when she laughs—is ready to put out her hand with a golden gift in it—a gift which means freedom, ease of mind and a thousand other things—should I hesitate to take it?

Yet my mind is not entirely made up. I shall join her mother and herself as they pass here on their way to the Warm Springs. When I reach the latter place I shall probably let you hear from me again. Until then take care of yourself, and if heat and dust grow fairly insupportable, buy the last number of the — *Magazine* and cool yourself by studying my sketches of this region.

Yours,

E. S.

LETTER V.

Miss Harrington to a Friend.

WARM SPRINGS, JUNE 24, 1874.

MY DEAREST NELLIE: We reached this place a few days ago, and I write according to promise, to let you know how I like it. I am *perfectly charmed*! You will be astonished, perhaps, to hear this, but you would be still more astonished if you could see what a *beautiful* and what a *fashionable* place it is. The situation is simply superb. None of the Virginia Springs can *compare* with it. Mr. Develin says it is very like Ems. If so, Ems must be lovely. Fancy a valley— But I must begin at the beginning and tell you about our journey here.

We rested in Asheville a day or two—for mamma was very much fatigued by the journey over Swannanoa Gap—and I received a note from Mr. Savage, telling me that he was staying at Alexander's, on the French Broad, and would join us as we passed down. I told mamma, and she received the news more

quietly than I had anticipated. Indeed, she changed very much in her manner to Mr. Savage before we left home. I believe I remarked this to you, and you suggested that perhaps she thought I was going to marry him, and meant to make the best of it. This made me draw back a little, and think that I might be committing myself too far. *As you know*, I had by no means decided to marry Mr. Savage. What is the good of being a woman who is *not ugly* if one may not enjoy one's self a little before one settles down for good?

Well, we met him at Alexander's. When the coach stopped, I was delighted to see his face at the door, for, after all, he is pleasant and really quite handsome. Besides, one needs an escort in traveling. Mamma greeted him cordially, and when he asked me if I would not come on the top of the coach, saying that it was a shame to travel down the French Broad shut up in the inside, she did not object, as I fully expected she would. So I was hoisted up on top, and oh, my dear, it was heavenly! The gorge is *perfectly splendid*, and Mr. Savage was charming! I wish you could see that magnificent river whirling and foaming over its rocks, and the great cliffs towering overhead hundreds of feet. I never imagined anything so wild or so beautiful.

The journey to the Springs takes a whole day, and during this time Mr. Savage was very entertaining—so much so, in fact, that I am not at all sure what my answer would have been if he had asked the question. Luckily, he did not, probably because the driver was just in front of us and heard every word of our conversation, in which he seemed much interested. When we reached the Springs we were met by my sister, Mrs. Temple: you have heard me speak of her. She is my half-sister, and a great deal older than I am—fully thirty-five, I should think. She was a great beauty in her day, and married for love a man with no fortune at all to speak of. He left her a widow with one child, and now she is engaged to General Develin, who is one of the richest men in Louisiana.

I said that she was a great beauty in her day. My dear, I don't believe *widows ever grow old*. She is just as pretty now as she ever was, and just as fond of admiration. I saw *that* at once.

Of course I was jaded and tired when I arrived—who would not have been after sitting on top of a stagecoach all day?—so I did not look pretty, and I felt absolutely incapable of saying a decent word for myself. Therefore I did not bear a comparison with Marion very well, who looked *perfectly lovely* in gray silk, black lace and jewels. She went in to supper with us, though we were late, and I saw that Mr. Savage did little besides look at her. She was as pretty as a picture, certainly; *and she knew it!* She did not notice him much, but once or twice, when she turned and spoke, it was in a way that I can't describe, but that men would probably consider fascinating.

After supper, when we were leaving the room, she put her hand in my arm and told me that "Oscar"—this is her future stepson—was desperately anxious to meet me. "But I know how one feels after traveling," she said, "so I told him he must restrain his impatience. Now, do you feel equal to a toilette to-night, or will you go to your room and rest until to-morrow?"

I decided to go to my room; in fact, I had no alternative, for I had been jolted and banged about until I ached in every limb. Not even the music from the ball-room could inspire me with any desire to make a toilette. But, although I was tired, I was not sleepy, especially since my room was on the ground floor, and the hotel was echoing with sound and movement. My window overlooked the long piazza, up and down which people were passing. Hearing voices and laughter and rustling dresses so near, I grew restless. I could not sleep, and presently (my light being out) I opened my blinds a little, and amused myself by observing the passing couples. After a while a lady and gentleman came round the angle of the building and advanced toward me. As they passed, the light streaming on them from several open doors and windows showed Mr. Savage

and Marion. I was amused, and thought I would listen to their conversation, which I had ample opportunity to do, for they were walking very slowly. This is what I heard:

Marion (in that low voice of hers which seems charged with sweetness and meaning). "So you are an artist? What a pleasant surprise! I like artists so much—those whom I have known—and I dabble a little in art myself. That is, I try to sketch from Nature."

Mr. Savage (in a tone expressive of the deepest interest). "Indeed! The surprise and the pleasure are mine, then, for sketching is the most beautiful as well as the most interesting accomplishment a lady can possess." (N. B. I cannot forbear inserting here that he told me one day, when I said I could not draw two sticks, that amateur sketching was "a simple abomination from an art point of view." So much for *men's sincerity!*) "I should like very much to see your sketches, if you will allow me."

Marion (laughing softly). "I shall be very happy to allow you, and to receive your candid opinion of my capabilities. There is no use in spoiling paper if I can never hope to do more than caricature Nature. My latest and, I think, my best sketch is of a scene up Spring Creek. I will show the sketch to you to-morrow, and then, if you like, we will go to the place represented, and you shall tell me how I have succeeded."

Mr. S. (eagerly). "I shall be delighted."

I did not hear any more than this, for they passed out of earshot, but I thought what I had heard enough. I closed my blind, and said with Mr. Weller, "Beware of vidders!"

The next morning I looked my best; and you know what my best is! I wore that lovely blue organdie which is so becoming, and a chip hat trimmed with blue silk and pink roses. Notwithstanding this captivating attire, I saw a change in Mr. Savage at breakfast. He endeavored to look and talk as usual, but his attention wandered, especially whenever any one entered the dining-room. This occurred so often that finally I told him Marion was always the latest of risers,

and he need not look for her. He started, colored, disclaimed of course, but still I saw the preoccupied look in his eyes and heard the preoccupied tone in his voice.

After breakfast we went out on the piazza, and then he asked me if I would not walk down to the river. I declined. "It is too early for exercise," I said nonchalantly, "and I should advise *you* to reserve yourself for the walk up Spring Creek with Marion."

You should have seen how surprised he looked! But before he could say anything Marion herself appeared, attended by a young man who proved to be Mr. Oscar Develin.

My dear, there is a vast deal of truth in the old statement that "birds of a feather flock together." I discovered very soon that Mr. Develin and myself are birds of a feather. Although it was too early for exercise, it was not too early to go out on the lawn and sit under a large tree, with the splendid river rushing and chafing by, and compare our respective tastes and sympathies. We found that they were very much alike. Perhaps I was growing a little tired of Mr. Savage. At all events, I consider Mr. Develin the most agreeable man I know *at present*, and he dances delightfully. There are numbers of other agreeable men here, however, and I can choose my cavaliers among them, for I am—let us put it in capitals—THE BELLE OF THE SPRINGS! Congratulate me, and believe that I remain your loving FANNY.

LETTER VI.

Savage to his Friend.

WARM SPRINGS, August 6, 1874.

I should have forgotten altogether when I wrote to you last from what place or on what subject, if your letter, which reached me to-day, had not recalled it to my memory. Do not suppose that any impulse of friendship makes me answer it so promptly. There has simply come to me one of those abnormal times when a man feels that he must speak or die. You are the only person to whom I can speak. Therefore I seize your letter as an excuse to do so. Lunatics re-

cover their senses after an outbreak, it is said: regard this as *my* outbreak, and believe that I shall try to recover my senses as soon as possible.

You ask if I have accomplished my arrangement *de raison* with Miss Harrington. I can answer that question in few words. Fanny Harrington is at this moment the belle of the Springs, and I have not given her a thought for two weeks. The reason of this is not far to seek. You will say at once, "Another woman." I reply, "Just so."

This other woman is Miss Harrington's half-sister—Mrs. Temple. She is a widow with one child, she is beautiful, and she is fascinating as only a few rare women—and those women of the world—know how to be. That sounds sane enough, does it not? It was my opinion the first evening I saw her, therefore I look back to it as an opinion correct in the main, for since that time I have been incapable of judging Marion Temple with anything approaching to coolness. On our first acquaintance she met me with very gracious kindness, and I don't think that I withstood her charm twelve hours. Before the sun of the next day went down I was madly in love with her.

Not so madly, however, that I did not recognize the full absurdity of the situation. I had joined Fanny Harrington with the determination to marry her, if possible, and, lo! like a school-boy of nineteen, I surrendered my heart to another woman as soon as my eyes rested on her. Once in our lives we all wander in a fool's paradise, and are glad to be fools in order to enter there. You may imagine, however, that this was something of a surprise to me, who fancied I had burnt out all power of emotion. A fever of passion took possession of me—so suddenly and so completely that I resigned myself without a struggle. What is the good of fighting when bonds are sure? If ever a woman understood how to secure these bonds, that woman is Marion Temple. She commits herself in no slightest degree by word, look or tone, neither is there anything of ordinary coquetry in her manner, but be with her out among the hills in the gold-

en afternoon, or by the river in the silver moonlight, and you will feel her spell in every fibre.

I will not bore you by describing in detail the drama of the past ten days. In all the throng of people I have seen but one face, been conscious of but one presence. And that face has smiled on me most kindly, that presence has been with me during long hours in some green gorge or on some towering hillside. The only third person who ever accompanies us on these rambling expeditions of ours is Archie, Mrs. Temple's little son. You know I had always an odd power of attracting children and dogs. I made no unusual effort to attract Archie, but the child soon attached himself to me as if he had been a spaniel. In some respects he is a veritable *enfant terrible*, but always bold and frank, and with a look of his mother in his face that makes it easy for me to bear with him. I think Mrs. Temple knows that I like him genuinely, for she trusts him with me more than with any one else, and Archie at least is my staunch friend.

I say "Archie at least," for I begin to think that his mother is little more than a brilliant, heartless coquette. Why she has chosen to single me out so markedly for her favor I cannot tell. Meanwhile, there is a young Develin—a sufficiently ordinary specimen of the *jeunesse dorée*—who has been devoting himself to Miss Harrington. I took no possible interest in the young man until Archie—who does not like him—enlightened me this morning on his probable relation to Mrs. Temple. I was out sketching, and had taken the child with me. Some remark of Develin's as we passed him on the lawn seemed to rankle in Archie's memory. Presently he said, "I hate him, Mr. Savage, and I don't ever mean to like him—not even when he comes to be my brother."

"You mean your uncle, don't you?" I asked, for I fancied he was thinking of Miss Harrington.

"No," he answered—"my brother. Mamma says he will be when she marries General Develin, but I don't think brothers can be made that way, do you?"

It was curious how my heart seemed compressed suddenly by a strong grasp, and how I felt the blood forsaking my face. I had heard nothing of this before, yet it steadied me as a great blow often does. I looked at the child calmly enough. "When your mother marries General Develin?" I said. "Is she going to marry him?"

"To be sure she is," he answered. "Didn't you know it? She's what they call 'engaged' to him. But I don't like him, and I hate Mr. Oscar. I wish she was going to marry *you*, Mr. Savage. I told her so yesterday."

"Ah! What did she say to that?"

"She told me not to talk nonsense."

"Nonsense!" The word stung me even on the child's lips. The thought of marrying me could only be nonsense—me whom she had led from fancy to passion, from passion to downright infatuation, by every art in her power! And all the time her faith—such as it is—is pledged to another man! Well, the story is old and stale enough. Women do such things every day, and feel no more remorse than you or I when we shoot a bird. My heart was nothing more to her than a trophy of her power. I had been a fool: in that all was said.

I returned to the hotel and found your letter, which I am answering by pouring my egotism upon you. But, as I said in the beginning, there are times when one must speak or die. My madness has reached its culminating point. This afternoon I am to take Mrs. Temple out on the river, and I shall ask her to marry me. Of course she will give but one answer. That answer, however, will serve to end this folly. When one is drunk, a plunge in cold water often sobers: I am ten times drunk, and therefore it may sober me to see how coldly a woman of the world will utter her disdainful "No."

Evening.—She has uttered it, but not disdainfully. Whether or not my plunge has sobered me, I do not know, but at least I am cool enough. The frenzy is over. When a man finds that he has been tricked and deceived—that he has been not only a victim, but also a dupe—it is

time for his manhood, if not his sense, to assert itself. I am steady enough to write out the scene. It may not interest you, but it will be a relief to me to put down in black and white the words still ringing through my brain.

We went out on the river just before sunset. A little below the hotel commences what is known as Still Water. The river, lately so noisy and impetuous, grows smooth and calm as a lake; instead of rocks, green islets dot its channel, and the great cliffs recede a little, so that they do not directly overshadow it. As the boat shot out into the centre of the stream, I looked at the fair face of the woman before me, and determined in my heart that she should not return until my suspense had been ended and all was clear between us.

We floated down stream, and as we neared one of the islets she began to speak of the Cherokee tradition which placed here a siren who lured hunters to destruction by the sweetness of her voice. "I suppose this Indian Lorelei fled away when the rude Anglo-Saxons came," she added.

"Perhaps she is here yet, and only silent," I said. "Sing, and see if the spirit of rivalry will not make her break her silence."

Of course this was only an excuse to hear her voice, for she sings divinely. She smiled—I wish you could see the slow sweet smile that shines in her eyes before it curves her lips—and began that song so fraught with the spirit of hopeless passion, "Ask me no more." Whether coquetry or carelessness made her choose it, I do not know, but she sang it with a meaning that might have thrilled a statue. Do you remember the last verse?—

Ask me no more : thy fate and mine are sealed :
I strove against the stream, and all in vain :
Let the great river take me to the main.
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield :
Ask me no more.

As her voice floated out over the water every sound in Nature was stilled. We were all alone with the gentle river, the lovely islets, the great heights on which the last rays of sunset light were resting.

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The boat seemed floating on a glorified stream in a glorified world of light and color. And when at last her voice sank into silence I spoke.

What I said I do not remember, but there was something like sadness in her eyes—a trick of fascination, no doubt—as she looked at me and answered, "I am sorry, Mr. Savage, that you should have said all this. I am still more sorry that it has been my fault that you have done so. Often in my life I have had cause to cry *mea culpa*, but never before so much cause as now. I don't ask you to forgive me, for I cannot forgive myself. I ought to have stopped you before this, and I meant to do so. I never meant to be forced to tell you that I am engaged to another man."

I knew it, but none the less it sounded from her lips like a death-warrant. For a moment the certainty seemed to stun me: then I remembered how she had led me on for this poor, empty triumph, and my soul leaped up in scorn. "Perhaps you will pardon me, or at least you will understand me," I said, "if I beg you not to trouble yourself to express a sorrow which cannot be sincere. You have seen long before this—a woman of half your knowledge must have seen—that I loved you. Has the knowledge changed you one whit? Have you not still held to my lips your cup of Circe, and by every art in your power encouraged me to hope that which seems presumption? And now you coolly end everything by a few expressions of regret, and the announcement that you are engaged to another man! Happy man! I should congratulate him, if I knew him, on the possession of such inestimable faith."

You imagine, perhaps, that she flashed out upon me for such words of insult, as almost any other woman would have done. On the contrary, her eyes fell, her color rose, she clasped together the hands lying idly in her lap. "You are right," she said in a low tone: "I have acted shamefully. I cannot, I do not pretend to justify myself."

"But you shall!" I said. "I have a right to ask why, out of all the men as

sembled here, you have chosen me alone for the subject of your cruel sport?"

Then she glanced up again, with something like a flash in her eye, "Did not *you* choose Fanny Harrington for the subject of a fortune-hunter's scheme?" she asked.

Then I saw it all as one sees a landscape in a flash of lightning. What a blind dupe I had been! The realization seemed to annihilate all things. From first to last every smile, glance, tone, had meant deception. Not one of them had been given to *me*, but only to the fortune-hunter whom it was necessary to remove out of Fanny Harrington's path. Everything had been arranged, and Mrs. Temple had simply played her part as any accomplished actress on (or off) the stage might have done. She had succeeded admirably, and no doubt there were many besides Mrs. Harrington and Mr. Develin to laugh over the clever *ruse*—many who had watched my infatuation and would now exult at my discomfiture.

All these things came to me with a force that was overwhelming, and I marvel now that I was able to answer as calmly as I did after a time: "I owe you thanks for your candor. I understand everything now, and I congratulate you on the admirable manner in which you have played your part. Whether or not it is a part which you will be glad to remember hereafter, I leave for yourself to determine. For myself, I can only say that if you desired to cure me you have chosen the best means to do so, and that in a matter of this kind I had rather suffer as the one who is duped than triumph as the one who duped."

"You forget what terms you are using," she said, flushing haughtily.

"Pardon me: I neither forget nor mistake," I answered. "But I am not likely to transgress again the courtesy to which a woman holds herself entitled, even if she has robbed a man of all that makes life worth having, for I shall never willingly see or speak to you again."

She looked at me with a startled, appealing expression which could not have been altogether art. "Have I really robbed you of anything that you will miss?"

she asked. "I never dreamed of that: I thought you were like other men—too careless and selfish to love. I fancied you would amuse yourself by flirting, and that would be all. I have been sorry for some time that I ever attempted anything of this kind: I am more than ever sorry now."

I was in little mood for poetry, but Shakespeare suits all times and conditions of one's life, and I found myself muttering between my teeth—

The offender's sorrow sends but weak relief
To him who bears the strong offence's cross.

In almost perfect silence we rowed back to the landing-place and parted at the door of the hotel. I have not seen her since.

To this record there is nothing to add except that I shall leave the Springs the day after to-morrow. "Why not to-morrow?" I hear you ask. Simply because pride counsels me to stay. I have promised to take an active part in an excursion to Paint Rock, which is to take place to-morrow, and those who triumph to-night shall see that their triumph has not broken my heart. After that the deluge! I shall go away and try to forget the fair, fatal face of Marion Temple. *Such* a face! It is looking up from the paper into mine as I write, and the eyes are wistfully sad as when I saw them last.

[This letter breaks off here abruptly.]

LETTER VII.

Mrs. Temple to a Friend.

WARM SPRINGS, August 12, 1874.

MY DEAR STEPHANIE: "Those who play with edged tools must expect to be wounded." These were your words when we parted: do you remember? I remember so well that I have thought of you and your warning a great deal lately, and at last I feel in a measure compelled to tell you how it has been justified by events.

Your memory is good, I know, therefore I need not repeat the story which I told you when we saw each other last—the story of the ineligible admirer who was threatening to make a *bouleversement* of the family plans for my pretty half-sister, Fanny Harrington. I told you

also that I intended to throw myself into the breach and attract the ineligible admirer—which I had vanity enough to fancy that I might do without effort—in order to give Oscar a fair field with Fanny. You condemned the plan in the words quoted above. But to me it seemed very good, and I proceeded to execute it as soon as the admirer in question arrived on the scene.

But now comes something singular. Mr. Savage yielded even more readily than I anticipated to my fascinations—so readily, indeed, that I cannot help fancying he was never seriously *épris* of Fanny—while I was rewarded for my duplicity by finding him one of the most agreeable men I have met in an age. Rewarded, do I say? Punished, rather, for *you* know that I am by no means a heartless coquette, and when I began to entertain a kindly liking for the young man, to find him a most pleasant companion and charming cavalier, I suffered not a few twinges of conscience in reflecting how I had entrapped him, and in fearing that our association might not prove so harmlessly agreeable to him as to me.

In short, I saw that he was on the brink of a *grande passion*, and I was seriously concerned, and in doubt what to do. I did not desire to punish him too severely for the very ordinary crime of seeking to marry a girl for her fortune; but it is easier to raise a fiend than to put him down again, you know; and while I was deliberating how to end the matter without letting it come to a culmination, the culmination burst upon me.

You will blame me, Stephanie, but you will believe me also when I say that I never suffered keener self-reproach than in listening to the avowal of his passion. Poor fellow! He made it with so much simple earnestness—when a man feels strongly he is always simple—that it went straight to my heart, and made me feel that I had been cruel and dishonorable. I expressed my sorrow, but words in such cases are always poor, and mine seemed doubly poor just then. He was very indignant. Well, he had

cause to be. I did not blame him for that, nor for some bitter words, which I bore patiently, feeling that he had a right to utter them. At last, however, I am sorry to say, I lost my temper. He demanded to know why I had selected him as the "subject of my cruel sport." I answered by asking why he chose Fanny Harrington for "the subject of a fortune-hunter's scheme." No sooner were the words uttered than I repented them. But their effect was even greater than I anticipated. I shall never forget the expression of his face. What he said it is not worth while to repeat. He spoke more moderately than I deserved: I felt that then, and I feel it now.

When we parted I did not expect to see him again, but the next day an excursion had been planned to Paint Rock, and to my surprise he appeared, and even came up and addressed me as we were on the point of starting. "I have just seen Archie in a state of great distress because you refuse to let him go, Mrs. Temple," he said. "Will you permit me to intercede for him, and say that I shall willingly take charge of him if you will allow him to accompany the party?"

I have neglected to say that Archie has conceived the most violent attachment for Mr. Savage, which the latter has returned by a great deal of kindness. He really seemed *disinterestedly* fond of the child. Nevertheless, I was unprepared for such a proposal as this, remembering what had occurred between us the evening before, and I looked at him in astonishment. "You are very kind, Mr. Savage," I said, "but I cannot think of letting you trouble yourself with the charge of Archie. It would prove a greater charge than you imagine, for no monkey was ever more devoted to climbing, and there would be real and serious danger for him on those terrible rocks."

"It will be no trouble, but a pleasure, to me to have the child with me," he answered. "I will take the responsibility of keeping him out of all danger if you will allow him to go."

After that what could I say? You may imagine that I was averse to deny-

ing him any favor, and I had trusted Archie with him too often to fear that he would not take good care of the child. I gave my consent as graciously as possible, therefore, and soon after we set out.

Mr. Savage lingered behind, and I saw nothing more of him until we were on the Paint Rock, with the beautiful blue world spread below, and at our feet the French Broad with its fairy islets. Then he joined the party (Archie with him), for we were to take luncheon on the top of the rock. He did not come near me—which was natural enough—but amused himself with the nonsense that poured unceasingly from the tongue of a pretty belle in the party. Champagne flowed in profusion, as it usually does on such occasions, but in the midst of all the gay talk and laughter and popping of corks I saw Mr. Savage suddenly look round. Then he glanced at me for the first time. "Do you know what has become of Archie?" he asked.

"He was here a minute ago," I answered, looking round also. But in that minute the little wretch had vanished. Mr. Savage rose at once, leaving the champagne and the lively young lady, and went quickly toward the part of the mountain which overlooks Paint Creek. "Archie was anxious to get some flowers growing on the rocks here," he said. "He may have gone for them." I followed, but did not gain the edge of the cliff as soon as he did. As I reached his side and was about to look over, he turned suddenly with a face so white that I knew in an instant something dreadful had occurred. I suppose I was about to scream, for he laid his hand over my mouth. "Forgive me," he said in a low voice, "but if you utter a sound he may fall."

"Where is he?" I asked in agony.

"He is on a ledge of rock below us. If you are sure you will not utter any exclamation, look over and you will see him."

I did look over, and my very brain seemed to reel. There, on the face of the precipice, was Archie, perched on a narrow, jutting ledge of rock, and looking round uneasily, evidently uncertain

how to get out of the precarious position in which he had placed himself. "For Heaven's sake, speak to him!" I said, for I knew I could not trust myself to do so.

"Draw back out of sight," he said.

Then he leaned over and spoke as coolly as if the child had been by his side: "Archie, how did you get there?"

Archie looked up, ashamed, yet plainly relieved. "I climbed down," he answered. "I came along there;" he pointed to several points of rock. "It's easy enough if you don't turn dizzy."

"Are you dizzy?"

"My head swims a little, but it'll get better after a while."

"Don't stir from your place, nor look down more than you can help: I'll come after you."

He was pulling off his boots as he spoke, and said to me, "Send some one to receive the child when I get him near the top. There's not more than tooting for a monkey on some of those points, and near the summit, where the crag juts out like a shelf, it will be very difficult to get him up unless some one is there to receive him."

"Will not I do?" I asked.

"You? No," he answered. "Send a man."

I did not need a second bidding. I hurried back to the party, and called Oscar Develin. He came at once, and several other gentlemen. They could not help Mr. Savage—for, as he said, there was not more than footing for a monkey on some of the points—but they gathered about the edge and watched him. I watched him too, though at another time I should have shrunk from witnessing such a feat. He was very active, and descended lightly from one jutting escarpment to another until he reached the shelf where Archie stood. He only paused there a minute to say a few words to the child, and then commenced the ascent. He did not attempt to carry Archie, but merely assisted him from point to point. How the terrible thing which happened at last occurred I can give you no clear idea. They were very near the top, and in some manner—in his efforts to give Archie safely

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into the hands of those above—he lost his footing, grasped vainly for a support, and—fell.

I did not faint. Is not that saying a great deal? I only felt as if I had fallen with him, and were lying stunned—dead, perhaps—on the terrible rocks below. I say, "dead, *perhaps*." But there was no *perhaps* in our thoughts at that awful moment. Not one of the lookers-on had any hope of finding him alive. I read that in their faces as they put Archie into my arms, and rushed away to follow a path which led round to the foot of the cliff.

I followed them. We found him senseless, but alive. His head was terribly cut, his arm was broken, his shoulder dislocated, but he was alive. I breathed after they assured me of that, and kneeling there by his side on the earth which might have been his deathbed, I registered a vow in my heart that if he should recover I would repay him as far as lay in my power for all that he had suffered through me and mine.

We carried him in slow procession back to the Springs. There he was delivered into the hands of the doctor, who says that he will recover after a time. Meanwhile, he suffers greatly, and I do not see him. I knew how people would talk if I visited him, but I asked, nevertheless, if I might do so, and he declined "the honor." Archie is with him constantly, however, and from his accounts I judge that he is mending. When he is well my time will come.

Dear Stephanie, what do you think of it all? I throw myself on your charity. I have played with edged tools and received some wounds; and another is wounded worse; and I must try to make an amende to him that will be large enough to satisfy for all. I am making up my mind to a great sacrifice, and yet not a very unpleasant one. I shall write soon again and let you know everything.

Your faithful

M. T.

LETTER VIII.

Save to his Friend.

WARM SPRINGS, August 21, 1874.

[The first part of this letter is omitted,

since it relates to what Mrs. Temple has already told.]

I have now been for three days (the length of time since I left my chamber) the lion of the hour in this small world, all because I fell down a cliff and narrowly escaped a broken head. Thus easily is renown sometimes purchased! Nothing can be easier than to fall down a cliff, but the consequences are unpleasant. Even yet my arm (the left one, luckily) is in splints, and my head, besides being shorn like a convict's, is exceedingly tender to the touch. I have written of myself and my disasters sufficiently, however. Now I will give you the closing page of my *affaire du cœur* with Mrs. Temple.

She has been since my accident, as in duty bound, kind and gracious in the extreme. She even offered to come and see me—an honor which I declined—and not a day has passed that I have not received something from her hand in the way of fruits, flowers, books, etc. You understand, of course, that I did not refuse these things. That would have been churlish, and too much as if I flung back her efforts to atone. When I appeared in public she was the first to meet me with a cordiality that I cannot describe—every look, word, tone, was full of a gratitude too subtly expressed to be disclaimed, yet thoroughly unmistakable. I bore this for two days. On the third (yesterday) we chanced for the first time to be alone for a few minutes, and then I said, "Mrs. Temple, you must pardon me if I tell you that the gratitude you are good enough to feel toward me is misplaced. I am sincerely attached to Archie—for his own sake, not because he is your child—and, if you remember, on that day at Paint Rock I had the special responsibility of having taken him on the excursion, and pledged myself for his safety. Under those circumstances was it any great feat to go down a cliff for him? And as for the fall, my awkwardness alone was to blame for that."

I felt almost sorry for having spoken so brusquely when she looked at me with a world of reproach in her eyes. "So

you will not even let me be grateful?" she said. "That is hard, Mr. Savage. Surely my gratitude does not harm you."

"Harm me! no," I answered, "but it is absolutely without ground. It was the merest accident which made my act seem an important one."

"At least you have suffered greatly through Archie, and through me," she said in a low voice.

"Through my own carelessness alone," I answered a little impatiently.

She rose abruptly at this. Her eyes were shining like stars in her face—shining with the light, as it seemed, of some sudden passionate resolve. "Will you come with me for a few minutes?" she asked. "I shall not detain you long. I have only a few words to say, but I cannot say them here, where we may be interrupted at any moment."

"I am at your command," I answered, rising also: we had been sitting on one of the long piazzas. She led the way, and we went across the lawn to the bridge over Spring Creek, a stream which flows in the rear of the hotel. You cannot conceive a lovelier spot than this. Green depths of arching shade droop over the bridge, crystal water glides swiftly underneath past picturesque boulders of lichen rock. It is a scene that would delight a landscape-painter. Here she paused and stood, a beautiful, stately figure that I shall carry in my memory, if not in my heart, always.

"Mr. Savage," she said hastily, yet with the same proud resolve in her tone that I had already seen shining out of her eyes, "I want to tell you again that I regret more than I can express the heartlessness of my conduct to you, and I should like you to believe that I never—never for one instant—dreamed that it would prove such terrible earnest, or that you would be—what I have found you."

I could not help frowning a little. It was the last subject, I thought, upon which she should have touched. "Is this necessary?" I asked. "One must believe all that a lady asserts, but it is not wise, Mrs. Temple, to tax one's gallantry too far."

A tide of eloquent color came into her face. She laid one hand down on the wooden railing of the bridge. "You do not believe me," she said calmly. "Well, I cannot blame you for that. But you *will* believe me, perhaps, when I tell you what test of sincerity I am ready to offer; what amende I am willing to make."

"Pray spare me," I said, "and spare yourself. Surely there have been more than enough words wasted on such a commonplace story."

"Words? Yes, more than enough," she answered. "It is time now for deeds. Two weeks ago you asked me to marry you. I refused to do so then. Now—Do you see my hand lying here? I tell you to-day that you may have it if you like."

Do you wonder that I was struck dumb? For a moment the world seemed whirling around me. Then suddenly things steadied again, the shadows flickered, the water rippled, and I stood looking at Marion Temple's hand—the hand she did not offer and I dared not take. Finally I said, "Is this gratitude? Do you possibly fancy that you owe me any debt for which I could accept such a payment? There is but one thing on earth could make me take your hand. That would be the knowledge that you loved me."

"I like you exceedingly," she said: "I like no one better."

"But do you love me?"

"Since you force me to answer—no. I never loved but one man, and he is dead. I shall never love another in *that* manner."

"And the man to whom you are engaged?"

"I like and respect him, but I intended to marry him for Archie's sake. The romance of life is over for me: I thought it would be well to make the best of its husk. General Develin is rich and kind and generous. He will do everything for my darling: I mean, he would have done everything."

"And you would sacrifice all this for me—riches, power, Archie's future? And yet you do not love me!"

She faced me fully, her beautiful eyes

glowing in her pale face. "I have wronged you," she said, "I like you very much, and you have saved Archie's life."

I took her hand then—the soft white hand I had so often admired and longed to possess.

"And you think I would accept such a sacrifice as this?" I asked. "I should scarcely feel free to do it if you loved me. Since you do not, all is said. Keep your hand, dear lady, and blame yourself no more for anything I have suffered. I

shall not suffer long. I believe that you are true in intention, and meant no harm. God bless you! and God grant that when you give this fair hand to some more fortunate man, so tender and generous a heart may go with it!"

I kissed and gave the hand back to her. She said, "God bless you!" then broke down in tears; and so I left her.

To-morrow I shall leave this place and her finally.

E. S.

CHRISTIAN REID.

A DAY IN CHINATOWN.

TO all dwellers in the Atlantic and Middle States who have not yet made the overland trip to California nor visited North Adams or the New Jersey washhouses, the Chinaman is an object of curiosity—a *lusus nature* to be stared at, but rousing no other emotions. Here, on the Pacific slope, however, he is looked upon with scorn as an outcast and a pariah. Let us, however, as visitors without prejudice, take a stroll through the Chinatown of San Francisco, timing our visit early in the month of March, while Chinatown is in its best clothes to celebrate the New Year. The epoch is the beginning of the year 4511 of the Chinese era, which is *anno mundi* as well, for China is the world, and the rest of us are but barbarians.

It is to no Aleppo, no Jews' quarter or Five Points, that the pigtail is banished. The Mongol hordes have settled down, like an immense swarm of flies, upon four or five blocks of Dupont street, and have spread also laterally about the breadth of a block each way from Dupont along the cross streets. Now, Dupont is by no means an ill-favored street: it is narrow, but it is well and compactly—even handsomely—built, with tall buildings of brick and stone, iron and mastic, with due outfit of elaborate cornice and ornamental shop-front. Evi-

dently, it was built with a view to Caucasian occupancy and the retail trade. Perhaps it dropped a point or two behind in the race for position as a fashionable thoroughfare, and so the Tartar hordes descended, under some Genghis Khan of trade, and marked it for their own.

In saying that Dupont is a handsome street I do not mean to intimate that the Chinaman is always clean, or that he has not marred its former splendors, and given it that indescribable look of the shabby-genteel, the seedy air of decayed grandeur, that so sadly hangs about all buildings and places that are diverted from their original occupancy and intended use. Twenty thousand Chinamen crowded into the space of six or eight city blocks must leave their finger-marks. And in the back alleys where they crowd the thickest, and where the poorest of them live, the Chinaman fairly reeks—reeks with a strange Mongolian foulness very unlike the foulness of the Five Points, but slimy, grim and terrible.

There is an unusual glitter of gilding, red paint, flower-pots, signs, lanterns and Chinese characters along Dupont and Jackson streets to-day. Balconies, window-ledge, awnings, and even cornices, are covered with pots of the jonquil or narcissus flower in fullest blossom. This

is a point of Chinese New Year etiquette, or possibly of Booddhist superstition: the narcissus must bloom on New Year's Day, or John loses his good standing with his fellow-citizens or with the spirits of the air. The restaurants have all newly painted their fronts and balconies. Here is a building of white stucco completely framed with a deep, gilded border of ornamental woodwork, its double balconies a blaze of fresh red, green and yellow, while perpendicular signs, gilded dragon-tails and a profusion of lanterns almost cover its front. All available external space besides seems filled with the fragrant white narcissus flowers and globes of goldfish. You think the balconies are already overlaid, but see! there are three or four China girls stepping out among flower-pots and goldfish, cheeks and lips of a deeper red than the paint on the balconies, tunics of blue or purple buttoned with gold, hair fearfully and wonderfully arranged, and each small figure of corrupt humanity as scrupulously and marvelously neat as if cleanliness was a long remove from godliness.

But here comes one along the sidewalk, and we can have a nearer view of her headdress. Just see those great wings of black hair that stand out on each side of her head, and that immense rudder of it that projects aft like a steering paddle! On top of her head, too, is a great bow of hair, also running fore and aft, and—by all that is beautiful!—*gilded!*—not as our ladies sprinkle with gold-powder the fashionable fluffiness of their disordered tresses, but gilded on a smooth surface, as signs or frames are gilded. As the poor creature shuffles by look at the beauty of the silken fabrics she wears and the spotless whiteness of her stockings. The perfect neatness of everything about her is very pleasing—more so than the very *Chang-and-Eng* cast of her brightly painted face—though possibly it is not symbolic of her morals and character. Still, she is decorous as modesty itself, and not one of her countrymen so much as looks at her as he passes.

Here is a group of well-dressed men, with long robes, gold-threaded shoes, blue

broadcloth tunics and gilt buttons, freshly-braided pigtails down to their heels, freshly-shaven heads, and the skull-cap, with its scarlet button, surmounting the figure. They hold their large red visiting-cards in their hands, and are evidently making New Year's calls. This custom, like so many modern European and American inventions, is Chinese in origin and hoary with antiquity. They all tramp into the open door of a shop, each bowing low and repeatedly, and shaking his own hands with cordial warmth: the host too shakes his own hands with hospitable fervor, kow-tows, bends low, backs, protests his infinite unworthiness, the great honor done his squalid roof, and so on through the whole exaggerated persiflage required by the "rites" of Chinese etiquette. Let us look inside: they will not mind or even notice us. There is a table of sweetmeats, each cake painted with a Chinese character, tea on constant tap, and in some places even champagne, gin and cordials; these last perhaps out of deference to the customs of the land they live in.

The street is full of these groups of visitors, and the doorways full of the bowing heads of the deferential and highly-honored hosts. In the windows we see painted paper figures, perhaps of gods or spirits, with rosettes and ornamental flowers in gilt and colors; and in some of the humbler places the table, with its showy load of New Year refreshments, is placed in the window to flaunt its abundant chow-chow before the passer-by.

Hark! what tremendous uproar is happening in the next street? Is it a Chinese Fourth of July as well as New Year's? Yes: that is to say, it is a national as well as chronological festival. And, by the way, it seems also to unite the peculiarities of several of our holidays. It is like our New Year's Day in its being the first of the year, in its custom of fashionable calls, its universal presentation of bills, and—though I do not know that the parallel is here unbroken—in the prompt payment of the same. It is like Christmas in its religious character and universal present-giving; like Thanksgiving in its feasting and gathering to-

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That reminds me that an outrageous fusillade has just broken out, and that by going to the next corner we may see the only true, original and proper method of firing crackers. I am afraid most readers will be pained to know that America is as yet in the infancy of this noisy business, and that our youth are far too quiet and subdued in their celebration of the glorious Fourth. But such is the fact. The Chinese never pull a cracker from its bunch to explode it singly and alone, as we do. Here is a flag-pole run out horizontally from an upper window, and from this pole hangs a long red banner—a banner of fire-crackers, four, five or more bunches wide and countless bunches in length. Just above the street this banner is fizzing and spluttering with fire, and the crackers explode in continuous crash, single reports indistinguishable in the general roar. The banner is continually lowered to keep about the same explosive point, and it is reeled off and fed and renewed, so that it keeps its infernal din going for hours at a stretch. This only means that some Chinaman has paid all his debts, and starts the New Year with a clean record and full credit: this is at once his sign of solvency and his method of rejoicing, and, for all I know, to the contrary, of thanking an omnipotent Joss at the same fell swoop. It makes an awful row in Chinatown when two or three are thus rejoicing simultaneously, especially if many bombs adorn the cracker banner, the bomb being a greatly exaggerated cracker—with more than the explosive force of artillery I should say. Now, reckon that out of the twenty thousand Chinese in San Francisco nearly all are solvent, and celebrate in this same quiet way, and do you not begin to understand that the din here on China New Year's is enough to make our Fourth of July seem peaceful and silent, with almost the hush of the quiet tomb, in comparison? Come here later in the evening and your foot will fall as softly, your carriage make as little noise

on the cobble-paved street, as if in a tanyard. The street will be muffled inches deep with the soft red-paper debris of bursted crackers.

The Chinese chop-houses or restaurants are open: you may go in if you like and eat if you dare. I did both, though I did not eat very ravenously, and I have not the remotest idea of what. We were ushered politely up stairs, where in a large room were many little tables, about which the heathen were pretty thick. Waiters were running to and fro, not very unlike their civilized counterparts, and shouting the orders, the "one fishball" or the "rat and pumpkin seeds," of Celestial diners-out. Chinese pictures on the walls, wicker furniture, lacquered ware, bronzes, dark carved woodwork,—everything very Mongolian indeed. And near the balcony, among the jonquils, a bevy of brilliantly painted girls making music. Such music! One slapped with broad pliant bamboo sticks what looked like a large polished skull, and with a force and resonance that made us jump at every blow; another sawed a one-stringed fiddle with a one-stringed bow, producing strains capable of curdling the blood of a professional saw-filer; all squalled together in voices many keys above the most ear-piercing fife. These were a few of the methods by which they wooed the dulcet Muse. Yet through it all there was a time, a swing and rhythm that suggested harmony, and made it evident that the concord of sweet sounds was the object aimed at.

But our dinner has come up and been placed before us: let us inspect it. Tea, that is pretty plain, and to be taken at the scalding-point and without cream or sugar: it is uncompromisingly sloppy and poor. Try some of this unbaked biscuit with the red letter painted on top. It is a sort of pallid doughball or dumpling filled with dark and finely cut meat: it certainly does not look edible, and its faint flavor suggests—well, nothing at all: it is entirely negative. Then here is a block of pure white marble two inches square, and on its polished top again the red-painted character: this is fairly artistic in its perfect resemblance

to a block of stone with clear-cut edges and sharp corners. It is some preparation of rice flour, about the consistency of stiff jelly or blanc-mange, and is of a pleasantly sweetish taste and fairly good, or at least very unobjectionable as food. We are getting reassured and bold: let us try a sample of this yellow affair. It is round like a biscuit, but a brilliant saffron-yellow in color, with of course the omnipresent red character painted on its top. Shut your eyes and bite boldly. Dust and ashes! what can this be? Do they use the sacred dust of their ancestors as food to feed the barbarian on? Bah! this mouldy medicinal taste, this mouthful of dry yellow ashes, is positively nasty. No more, thank you! and please pass the sweetmeats: let us forget in the familiar taste of ginger this tidbit from the tombs. Finish, if you like, with the dried sweets and the pelucid and cloying syrups: I have had enough, and shall be glad to get out.

Now, if you feel religiously disposed or want to be forgiven for your dinner, we might enter the sacred portals of this josh-house. The alley is pretty foul, and we must go up a flight or two of rickety and dust-laden stairs. The temple-doors open wide upon the balcony. Enter! On each side the doorway two huge pasteboard giants, clad cap-à-pie in complete suits of paper armor, guard the door with brandished clubs or spears. Before us is a large wooden screen of carved and gilded work. Look at a lady's sandal-wood fan or ivory card-case, and you will see exactly the sort of ornament that covers this screen. But pass around it: as you do so speak with bated breath, for the place whereon you stand is holy ground, and Josh is before you.

High moral worth, rather than personal beauty, must have distinguished Joshua when in the flesh, unless his wooden photograph does him gross injustice. If he looked even approximately like this image, however, I think I do not exaggerate in saying that he was unfortunately plain. And obese and misshapen as he seems to have been, I question the taste displayed in the cut of his clothes — *décolleté* to the waistband, no shirt,

bare feet, and several like eccentricities of costume. A beautiful face excuses a dress that would otherwise be absurd or out of taste: you and I, reader, would no doubt look well in anything, but Joshua evidently was not the man to afford such marked departures from the accepted canons of propriety. However, there he sits, grim and unconscious, in a dim religious light, a silken canopy over his head, and in front a long table or altar on which are bronze and china vases and braziers. These vessels are filled with sand, into which the faithful stick little red candles, long slow-matches and painted sticks. These burn and smoulder, filling the air with a faint smoke and an incense-like perfume, and unquestionably go far to induce the apathetic Josh to do what is right by the offerer. Here is a devout Chinaman about offering up the sacrifice of two sticks and a red candle in behalf of his future happiness. After planting them he bows reverently, humbly, lowly toward the entirely unmoved Joshua — a process which he repeats again and again as he backs toward the door.

We can now take a look at the next apartment: it is a trifle darker, but in other respects very much like that we have just left. But the deity here enshrined is own sister of Joshua's, as you will at once note from the strong family likeness. Here a woman worships, bending low and most beseechingly. She is an expectant mother, and prays that her child may be a boy, and to this end asks the gracious intervention of the august sister of the still august Josh. I confess I can see here no longer anything ludicrous, only the pathos of it. No wonder the almond eyes are full of tears and the poor heathen face sadly in earnest. A worse fate than to be born a Chinese of the weaker sex could hardly befall her child. Woman's position is low enough in China: here in San Francisco she is an outcast among outcasts, a slave of pariahs, persecuted alike by the white man's law and the white man's injustice.

Well, we will leave her to her religious pleadings, and saunter out. Or let us first take a look in at the priest's private

den. Is he priest or proprietor? I believe it is simply a mercantile venture throughout. The priestly owner receives the money offerings of the faithful, he sells the votive candles and josh-sticks, and now he wants you and me to try our luck in his sacred lottery. This lottery is very simple—merely a pretty vase filled with little smooth flat sticks, on each of which is a word or sentence: you pay the price, shut your eyes and draw one out. What does it say? does it promise good or bad luck? If it is not to your mind, buy another and draw cuts again, and so on till suited. A very religion of commerce this—a most literal application to matters spiritual of the pay-your-money-and-take-your-choice principle. And, if you like, barbarian as you are, you may purchase the whole establishment, idols, giants, screens, sacred bells and all: that shrewd old priestly fraud will gladly sell if you will only offer enough.

We have engaged a policeman for the evening round through Chinatown, and as the twilight is already fading into dusk as we leave the temple, we cannot do better than look into the busy haunts of the Saxon for something more substantial than our Chinese dinner, and so fill up the interval as well as the inner man at the same time, then an hour or two later report ourselves at police head-quarters for our escort.

Here we await patiently the coming of the hour and the man. Both at last arriving, we put ourselves in the hands of the latter and sally forth. He takes us first to Jackson street, which is perhaps denser with Chinese than any other part of the city. The sidewalks are thronged with passers, who all seem to know the officer, for they jump aside and bow with unfeigned respect. The officer now and then hails one, and sometimes pauses to carry on a short conversation. You will note that he speaks Chinese with all the volubility and fluency of the born Mongol. I had an old impression that this was a language that no foreigner ever mastered; but it is a mistake. All the police-officers whose "beats" of duty lie near Chinatown speak the language easily, and there is no lack

of interpreters for the courts or other places when needed. I even notice that corner-grocery-men and small traders pick up the spoken tongue quite freely.

"The court of petty thieves" says the officer with the tone of a panorama-exhibitor as he ushers us into a dark entry. We pass through and out into a slimy open court, whose four enclosed sides are formed by tall shabby buildings, with outside galleries at each story. We stand near a smoky oil-lamp at the foot of a gallery staircase while the officer points to windows and doors and shows a remarkable familiarity with the lives and history of the occupants. And as we talk a dusky figure now and then flits by us, and him the officer reaches out for and seizes, probing his tunic for plunder, and asking what he has stolen to-night in the same tone he might use in inquiring after the health of his family. Presently we go down to the brick floor of the court and grope about in the darkness, while the policeman here and there opens a door and lets out a little smoky light, and occasionally ushers us inside. Then he points out some dingy sleepers or opium-smokers lying on dingier bunks, and tersely catalogues them like natural specimens: "Here, Ah Chung, get up: Ah Chung is a thief; class, hen-roost; generally in cahoots with domestic servants, who let him in; chickens never squawk again; takes them to nearest sand-heap, bleeds, cleans and plucks feathers, which he buries; chickens for sale in market next day. Soon Chew is *my* boy, an informer and spy on the others;" and he secretly hands Soon Chew some small coin. "Ah Mien, thief; department, kitchen clocks. Ah Sam, pickpocket, and the smartest one in California, if not in the whole country. Kin Pang, thief, the biggest on earth;" and the official's eyes soften with admiration as he freely uses his cane to stir this sample up among his dirty blankets: "been hamstrung, too, in his own country—one of the regular punishments there; imported especially for this business. Ah Lung owns this room, charges the boys a *bit* for their bunks and a percentage of what they pick up—sort of

lodging-keeper and *fence* combined; scar on the back of his neck is where he has worn the *cangue* in China, another gentle corrective;" and so the officer goes on till we tire of thieves and sicken of close air and opium-fumes. Naturally, this is the police idea of seeing the Chinese quarter, but we prefer what is curious and strange to mere crime.

So the officer, rather wondering at our taste, pilots us to a restaurant. It is just such a one as we dined in, the same howling waiters and the same exacerbating music and painted, flower-crowned performers. But now, under police guidance, we penetrate to the kitchen, and this is really curious. White aprons, saucepans, ladles,—these are like our own; and they have even adopted the barbaric *range* from Troy, New York. But the vegetables are all strange to us, though they are evidently all fresh and California-grown. A cook's assistant is chopping up a vegetable that is, externally, a cross between a cactus and a cucumber, but when peeled is manifestly turnip, except in shape. This kitchen is really reassuring: everything is scrupulously clean, and the sight of the raw material, fresh, undisguised and fragrant, inspires confidence. At any rate, it is free from the dreadful mystery that shrouds the finished dish as it is brought to you in the dining-room.

But we are not going to dine again, so let us get on; or first let us look into this pretty, quiet little room and see the opium-smokers. Cleanliness, prettiness, wooden screens, marble tables, pictures,—it is certainly snug and attractive. The smokers lie on low wooden lounges, with a small table between each two: on this table a lighted lamp, pipes and opium. With the head supported on a bamboo pillow the devotee takes a small wire, coats the end of it with the pasty opium, which he rolls to the size of a pea: with the wire he holds this on the small opening of the pipe-bowl, and in this position places it near the flame of the lamp and inhales. Once, twice! The opium is exhausted, and the smoker feels better. You may ask him about it, and he will explain cheerfully and show how it is

done; and if you stay long enough you may see him repeat the process till his eyes look glassy, his face ghastly, and he is in the seventh heaven of drunken enjoyment.

Our next stopping-place is but a few doors away, at a drug store—Heaven save the mark! and save us, too, from the drugs dispensed there! If any one hesitates about consulting the great Dr. Li-po-tai, or has only a half faith in his wonderful cures, let him visit the drug store at the south-west corner of Dupont and Jackson streets and take a look at the Celestial *materia medica*. The police-officer escorts us in: we each draw and swallow a cup of hot tea from the urn that seems to stand ready for all comers, and without so much as "By your leave" to the gentlemanly druggist in attendance. The skillful compounder of medicines stands by and beams upon us with hospitable smiles, and when at last we look up at him bows and shakes his clasped hands at us with real courtesy. This politeness is wasted, at least upon the police-officer, who passes behind the counter and introduces to our notice the drawers and shelves, the latter well filled with vials and gallipots. The externals of a drug store are at any rate well maintained—the little bundles of chips and sticks, like slippery elm and liquorice, the drawers and the jars, are, with a little mental substitution of gilded Latin for red Chinese letters, suggestive of the deadlier portions of the civilized drug store, omitting, of course, the innocent toothbrush, perfumery and soda-fountain elements of the latter. The officer now takes out a drawer, which he places before us: it is divided into four equal compartments, one containing partially charred bones of lions and tigers; another dried bugs—not blistering cantharides, but genuine beetles and tumblebugs; a third, some lentile-like seeds; and the fourth, small fragments of bark. These four compounds when ground and mixed form a simple which either corresponds with the four elements or powerfully affects the fourth department of a wholly visionary and imaginary humanity.

Imperial edicts and dire penalties have

for countless ages forbidden all inspection of the human body beneath the skin. Medical science has therefore been driven to evolve from its own inner consciousness a theory of bodily structure which is ingenious and symmetrical, but wholly unlike the teachings of our own physiology. We saw a medical chart of the human interior in which something not greatly unlike viscera were plentifully arranged in regular rows of parallels, and generously piled up almost to the chin. For such an internal economy no doubt the mixed tigers' bones and tumblebugs are tonic and effectual.

But the officer is exhibiting several other drawers. One of them contains rhinoceros-horn shavings, saffron, dried leeches and soapstone for its four mystic elements; another, dried centipedes, elephant's skin, verdigris and goat's beard; and so on through the list of the healing drugs. And the gallipots—quaint little earthen vessels with red labels in character—contain such sovereign remedies as alligator's gall, ass's glue, the flesh of dogs, and many other specifics that a scientific mind alone could appreciate. We looked and wondered with such faith and reverence as was in us, and then glanced into a small back room where a druggist's apprentice, naked to the waist, was compounding some witch's brew of such direful potency that we closed the door with a bang and ran howling to the open air.

My readers will after this be prepared to learn that Dr. Li-po-tai, No. 737 Washington street, near the Plaza, has an immense business, and is one of the rich men of San Francisco, and that his practice is not at all among his fellow-countrymen, but exclusively with the outside barbarians—of the class, no doubt, that patronizes so munificently our own enterprising physicians who advertise. And Dr. Li-po-tai is but one of many here who advertise in English, and practice exclusively among such as wear no pigtailed and who never saw the Central Flowery Kingdom.

We might as well finish the night at the theatre, though here the Chinese depart less widely from our known stand-

ards than in their medical systems. We can enter at any hour of the night, or indeed of the morning either, for the play will not close before three o'clock A. M. The pit and galleries are dimly lighted, but sufficiently so for practical purposes. The body of the house is well filled, and a broad smile is extending those usually melancholy faces. In the galleries there are perhaps a hundred women, congregated in an especial corner set apart for them, where their inferiority may not mar the enjoyment of the greater man. The smile bursts into a very genuine and hearty laugh. The actor in front, who is speaking in the strange mixture of nasal and guttural sounds called Chinese, is evidently a comedian. His face and expression are plainly humorous, and as a great stroke of wit his nose is enlarged and painted chalk-white. I suppose the fun of anything from a man with a large white nose takes on a shade of added waggery, but the face of this actor would be humorous enough without the adventitious aid of a comic nose. I recognize in him at once a counterpart of the conventional comic servant of the standard English drama; and as he addresses with mock humility and real impudence his apparent master, the audience waits hushed and expectant or bursts into peals of merriment.

The stage here is wholly without side-scenes or curtains. It has no footlights, and scarcely any ornamentation except at the back, where the orchestra or chorus, whichever it may be, sits under some lights and among pictured hangings. This orchestra once in a while seems to fulfill its mission by throwing in, unexpectedly and suddenly, a dismal strain or piercing wail, but it is mainly considerate and silent. There is much conversation going on before the audience between actors in dresses of varying splendor, in which we as visitors can take no possible interest, as there is absolutely no dramatic action to throw the faintest light upon the proceedings. Female characters presently appear, but add no interest to the dull monotony of the piece, merely continuing the even dialogue in a shrill falsetto, for they are but

men in the disguise of women. After an interminable amount of this has gone on without exciting an emotion or rippling the surface of the audience, two supernumeraries bring each a light frame similar to a civilized clothes-horse. These placed near each other receive light curtains of dragon-tailed silk, and behind are placed two chairs. Behold a curtained couch, to which one of the ladies now retires, alternately chattering and yawning, and, finally pulling the curtains about her, disappears from view. The other, left alone, feebly chatters in soliloquy a while, seating herself in a chair and yawning, and then she too, through a series of nods, finally falls asleep. This, though it is at last definite and recognizable action, is not of so exciting a nature as to keep alive our flagging interest, so we get up to go out. A gentlemanly Chinaman in the audience respectfully jogs my elbow, and suggests in pigeon English that if we will wait till two o'clock we can see a stage-combat: at least this is the construction we put upon his polite "Two clock, you savee, makee war." Even the promise of war fails to stimulate us now, for the

hour grows late and the day's tramp has been fatiguing.

I should think the genuine Chinese drama might weary the most devoted theatre-goers. Dramas in twenty acts, each act lasting in representation from seven o'clock P. M. till three A. M., and the play consequently running through twenty nights, must tax devotion and interest sadly, to say nothing of the expense.

The officer now says he has nothing more to show us, as the Celestial gaming-houses are no longer open to the curious. A recent determined police effort to break up these places has at least resulted in getting them out of sight, and the approach of an officer is so quickly known that all signs of gambling are put away before he can enter. No disguise or violence has since enabled the police to discover or entrap the wary gamblers. So we are obliged to give up seeing one of the most curious sights of Chinatown, and one of the most characteristic phases of Chinese life. There is nothing left for us, therefore, but to part from our escort and go home to dream of our day in Chinatown. J. W. AMES.

THE LARGEST RETAIL STORE IN THE WORLD — THE BON MARCHÉ.

FEW Americans visit Paris who do not sooner or later find their way to the gigantic dry-goods store known as the Bon Marché. This enormous establishment has taken its place among the sights of Paris. Even those who do not go thither to make purchases generally pay it a visit out of curiosity. It is indeed a world within itself. Its spacious rooms, its myriad departments, its wide staircases, swarming with people at all hours of the day, its regiment of employed, its army of shoppers, combine to make up a very impressive picture.

Somebody once said, somewhere, that "A thousand people doing anything simultaneously is a grand sight, even though they should be doing nothing more important than eating their dinner." And so twice a thousand shoppers form an imposing spectacle in themselves, without counting the thousand men and women that are employed in waiting on them.

As regards mere bulk, the Bon Marché as a building is probably surpassed by Stewart's, though, not having the statistics relative to the comparative dimen-

sions of the two edifices at hand, I am unable to speak positively. But as far as business goes the Bon Marché is undoubtedly the leading dry-goods establishment on the face of the globe. Its transactions, which are wholly retail, amounted last year to the sum of sixty millions of francs (twelve millions of dollars). Fifteen years ago the annual transactions of the house amounted to thirty thousand dollars merely. It was then established in a shop of comparatively contracted dimensions near the corner of the Rue de Bac and the Rue de Sèvres. In 1862 its present proprietor, M. Aristide Boucicaut, became a member of the then existing firm. Under the influence of his energy and enterprise the business soon assumed new developments, the store was enlarged, and matters took a different phase entirely. Yet some years passed before the growing establishment became firmly fixed in public favor. Gradually, however, it came to be known as a place where goods could always be purchased at reasonable prices, and where great bargains might occasionally be met with. It was first celebrated for the beauty and cheapness of its ribbons. Then people who went there to buy sashes discovered that silks and velvets could be purchased as reasonably and of as fine quality. The shop enlarged its dimensions. One adjoining establishment after another was absorbed, story after story was added, till now the great store stretches for one full block from the Rue de Bac to the Rue Velpeau along the Rue de Sèvres, extending laterally nearly as far. Here everything that a woman can wear, with the exception of her bonnet and her boots, is exposed for sale in unprecedented quantities—silks enough to carpet a continent, ribbons enough to stretch clear across the Atlantic Ocean, gloves by the million, neckties by the thousand, made-up dresses by the hundred. The umbrella department alone brought in last year four hundred thousand dollars, and its transactions this year will amount to one hundred thousand more. Forty wagons and eighty horses are engaged in the work of conveying home the pur-

chased articles. The wagons are gay vehicles, richly decorated with black and gold, and the horses are noble animals, worthy of our own Adams Express Company. The porters, drivers, etc. of the establishment wear a livery consisting of a light-blue coat with brass buttons, and a glazed cap with the words "Bon Marché" inscribed on the front in gold letters. None of the employés of the store are permitted to solicit or accept the traditional *pourboire*. A number of young girls are employed as saleswomen. They are required to dress in black cashmere, and any exuberance of ornament is strictly curtailed. When any article is purchased, its name and price, and the name of the employé who has sold it, are inscribed upon a small piece of paper. Purchaser, seller and package must then find their way to one of the immense cash-counters on the ground floor, where some dozen solemn officials sit enthroned. The salesman or woman then reads off the contents of his or her paper, which are copied by one of the presiding clerks in a book before him, the article is paid for, the change given, an invariable "Merci" is pronounced, and the seller goes his way, first sticking his paper on one of a number of files that extend along the front of the desk. Articles purchased may be sent home to be paid for on delivery, but that is the utmost extent of credit given, the transactions of the house being invariably conducted on the cash principle. At the end of a stated period the filed papers are examined, and every seller in the establishment receives a percentage upon the sales he or she has personally effected. Each department is under the control of a chief, who receives a percentage upon all increase in the business of his department over that of the preceding year.

Among the peculiar features of this vast beehive of commerce must be mentioned the reading-room, the buffet and the picture-gallery. The first is a large and handsome apartment with ceiling and panels of dark carved wood. A long table extends down its centre, with copies of all the prominent French daily and weekly papers, the *Revue des Deux*

Mondes, and a sprinkling of English and American newspapers. Writing materials are there in profusion, and a letter-box is placed just outside the door of the room, which is under the control of the Parisian post-office, so that any letter written on the premises may be mailed immediately. Along the sides of this room reading-desks are placed, which support huge bound volumes of photographic reproductions of the pictures in the Louvre and the Luxembourg, and of the Salons of the past four years. Thus, an hour or two may be very pleasantly passed in this cool, quiet room when the brain is wearied of much silks and ribbons and of many gloves. Beyond it extends the picture-gallery, a vast and gorgeous hall, brilliant with gilding and gay-tinted frescoes, and with a superb fireplace of scagliola marble that took a prize at the Industrial Exhibition last year. The pictorial attractions of this gallery form rather a movable feast, as they are sent here on sale by their creators or their owners. It must be confessed that the dauby school prevails, though the prices asked are invariably high. Sometimes, however, works of real merit are to be found here, such as a landscape by Chintrevit or Corot or a drawing by Vibert. Occasionally, M. Boucicault lends some one of the gems of his own private gallery to add attractiveness to the public one. Thus, at the present time Bouguereau's exquisite Holy Family forms the main feature of the exhibition. The value to rising and unknown artists of such a place for the display of their works may be estimated from the fact that over sixteen thousand dollars' worth of pictures were sold from here in the period of three months. The house derives no benefit from these sales. The buffet is a small room with a marble counter, where any wearied or thirsty shopper can obtain a cake and a glass of syrup and water, or even a glass of wine, without the subsequent annoyance of paying for it. When this refreshment-room was first established a whole plate of cakes was put before each guest, but the thrifty French came in such numbers with their children to partake of this

gratuitous luncheon that each consumer is now limited to a single cake.

But the most singular features of this huge establishment are those which are hidden from public view. Few of the many persons who go thither to purchase gloves and dresses imagine that behind the scenes of this busy and crowded store a restaurant and a lodging-house for hundreds of people are to be found. The employés of the house number fifteen hundred. All these are fed on the premises, and one hundred young girls and fifty boys sleep here, and in fact find here a permanent residence. These last are from the provinces, and have no relatives in Paris. They are not allowed to leave the establishment without a special permit from the chief of the department to which they belong. The sleeping-rooms of the young girls are neat, and quite as spacious as the bed-rooms at one of our fashionable watering-places. The furniture comprises an iron bedstead, two chairs, a washstand, a good-sized wardrobe in stained wood, and a curtained row of pegs against the wall. The young girls have a pleasant parlor allotted for their use in the evenings, neatly furnished and containing a piano. The boys have a brilliantly lighted billiard-room, with tables for any kind of game at which they may choose to play, except cards. Chessmen, checkers and dominoes are supplied to them. The dining-rooms are seven in number, one of them accommodating three hundred persons at a time. The men and women are not permitted to take their meals together. They eat in installments, and the rooms are filled and emptied three times before all are served. The food is good and plentiful, the bill of fare for breakfast on the day of my visit consisting of radishes, mutton-chops, string beans, bread and butter, cheese and dessert. For dinner there was to be soup, fish, roast veal, potatoes, macaroni, salad and dessert. Each person is entitled to a quart of wine a day—a pint at breakfast and as much at dinner. The kitchen was a sight to be seen—vast as a hotel kitchen, all glistening with cleanness, and with a railroad running round it

whereon the great boilers full of meat and vegetables are pushed to and fro. The drivers and porters of the establishment do not have a regular dining-hour, owing to the irregularity of hours induced by their occupations. When at liberty they present themselves at a sort of bar, above which on large slates the bill of fare for the day is written. They receive their portions, carry them into the dining-room, stopping at the wine-room *en passant* for their pint of *vin ordinaire*, and so take their meal.

For the daily use of the employés a large lavatory has been established on one of the upper floors. Twelve stationary washstands (a luxury unattainable in French palaces) are supplied for the cleansing of hands and face. The adjoining room is the hairdresser's department: an experienced artist in that line is in attendance every day from eight o'clock till one to shave the men and to arrange the tresses of the women. Nor does the paternal care of M. Boucicault confine itself to food and lodging and the outward appearance merely. Every evening is devoted to study. French, English, German and music are taught gratuitously by competent professors, and concerts are given by the employés once every three months, for which free tickets are issued to the customers of the house. Some really fine voices have been developed under this system, one of the porters in particular having bloomed forth a splendid baritone. These concerts take place on the upper floor of the store itself, the part devoted to the sale of underclothing, which, cleared of its counters and shelving, makes quite an imposing hall, notwithstanding the lowness of the ceiling. The choral society

of the Bon Marché takes rank among the other choral societies of the metropolis, its superb gold-embroidered velvet banner forming one of the decorations of the reading-room. At the benefit recently given at the Théâtre Lyrique for the victims of the inundations this society rendered considerable and attractive service.

A physician calls every Monday, remaining for some time, so that any of the employés who are not well may consult with him. A separate room is furnished to which those who are indisposed may retire, and M. Boucicault has control of a certain number of beds in one of the great hospitals for those who may fall seriously ill.

As for the store itself, it is conducted in a manner calculated to give the greatest possible satisfaction to all customers. The employés are civil and unwearingly obliging, nor is the shopper pestered to purchase, as in the other large Parisian stores. All articles are marked with the price in plain figures and in the most conspicuous manner. Any purchase may be taken back and exchanged, or the money paid for it will be refunded, at the purchaser's option. Every grade of goods, from the costliest and most elaborate fabrics down to the simplest and the cheapest, may be found there, and almost invariably at lower prices than elsewhere. The employés are not permitted to make false assertions respecting the washing or wearing of any of the fabrics. Taken altogether, the Bon Marché may be pronounced a model establishment, both as concerns its employés and its customers.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

A SWISS MUSICAL CONTEST.

THE eminently social propensities and tastes of the Swiss find two great and special opportunities for manifestation and enjoyment—meetings for friendly competition in rifle-shooting and meetings for competition in part-singing. The assemblies for both these purposes are eminently well calculated to give a traveler a good and correct, as well as a favorable, idea of the people among whom he is traveling. No year passes without numerous local gatherings for either purpose, but only once every three years there is a grand national and federal meeting of the different singing societies established in nearly every town in Switzerland to compete for the prize of song. These meetings were regularly established about half a century ago, and the sixteenth festival, which has just taken place at Bâle, has been perhaps the most brilliantly successful and numerously attended of the whole series. Bâle is a very wealthy town, and was determined to do the thing well and liberally. The town committee for the reception of the expected guests erected a building which seemed absurdly large for the purpose. It was capable of comfortably accommodating five thousand persons, but it turned out to be so much too small for the demands made upon its capabilities that the tickets for the performances had to be raffled for, and a vast number of persons were unable to obtain admittance. The next time Bâle has to receive musical Switzerland it will no doubt build a hall large enough for twenty thousand. The Swiss are great hands at running up these temporary buildings of wood, and giving to them much more of the beauty of a more pretentious architecture than would readily be imagined. As far as pleasing the eye and the attainment of a graceful symmetry of outline are concerned, it would not be easy to surpass the effect produced by a long range of columns of slender tree-trunks spirally

garlanded by thick cords of moss, and the arches they carry made to appear as if they were formed of the fragrant young sprouts of the brilliantly green spruce-fir. Very skillful, too, are the Swiss in throwing these arches of wood and of a very light construction over a span of very large proportions. Their constant practice in the art of throwing wooden bridges of the boldest conception over their great rivers and the ravines of torrents makes them adepts in it. To all the gay and cheerful greenery thus produced add a *quantum suff.* of color in the form of painted escutcheons of the arms of all the cantons and streamers of their several flags, and the mason and bricklayer would be puzzled to produce a building more perfectly adapted to the purpose for which it was intended.

Fifty-six societies from all parts of Switzerland attended at the Bâle meeting. But the different degrees in which music is cultivated, and the social pursuit of it practiced among the different races which make up the composite nationality of the Swiss cantons, are curiously illustrated by the proportion of these societies furnished by the different parts of the country. Switzerland is composed of German-speaking, French-speaking and Italian-speaking cantons; to which may be added those districts in the Grisons where the Romansch is still the vernacular tongue. Now, of the fifty-six societies which competed for the prize at Bâle, fifty-one were German, four French, one Romansch, and to Italy, the "land of song," not one belonged. In fact, throughout Germany societies for the cultivation of vocal music, especially of part-singing, are universal. Very few, if any such—possibly one or two in the largest cities—could be found in France; and in Italy, musical Italy, not such a thing from Etna to the Alps! In fact, part-singing may be considered a Teutonic specialty, from which the Latin taste and nature is altogether averse. And the inquiry how and

why this should happen to be the case might lead perhaps to some curious speculations in ethnological character. At Bâle the other day, for example, it was the rule that the tenors about to compete in the match must drink no beer for a certain length of time before the match was to come off, nor even speak for so many hours. Where would you find an Italian or a Frenchman who would submit to such discipline? He would do exactly what he happened to wish to do at the moment. There would be no *esprit de corps*, no loyalty toward the society, to induce him to sacrifice his own personal desires. He would feel himself in subjection to the person, whoever it might be, who made the law, and the sentiment of such subjection would be resented. Then, again, the man of Latin race would in the performance of his part be sure to think much more of self-exhibition than of the successful execution of the piece as a whole by the entire society. The vanity or love of approbation which in the Teutonic man would find its gratification in the consciousness that "our society"—the Cecilia Verein of Zurich or the Liedertafel of Berne—carried off the prize, would in the man of Latin race be dissatisfied unless the individual "I" were prominent and the observed of all observers.

Singers are wont to consider the nightingale as the special object of their emulation, but one would have said that the melodious assembly at Bâle had taken the lark rather as their prototype. For the Seven Sleepers themselves would have found it difficult to continue their slumbers in that city on Sunday, the 11th of July, beyond the hour of five in the morning. At that hour, to a minute, a salvo of twenty-two guns declared the opening of the festival, and gave the welcome of the good city of Bâle to its guests. A ceremonial for the reception of the different competing societies had, however, taken place on the previous Saturday. The great day, the Sunday, is opened by the performance of some choral music in the open space in front of the cathedral. At half-past six those societies assemble which intend to compete for the

prize of "Volksgesang," or popular singing, for the entire festival and competition is divided into two parts—the competition in popular singing, and the competition in "Kunstgesang," or artistic singing. The former competition began at seven o'clock, and was bound to end at eleven. Now, as fifty-six different societies were to compete, the rule that each should sing not more than two verses of the song selected for their performance was a very necessary one. Immediately after the end of this competition the festival-hall had to be cleared, that the servants might in all haste place the tables and convert the music-hall into a banquetting-hall. Three cannon-shots announce the opening of the banquet-hall at half-past one. At this festal banquet seats are of course reserved for the singers in the first place, who are bound to attend at the mid-day meal, at the supper on the Sunday, and at the mid-day on the Monday, on pain of being excluded from the competition in case of non-compliance. But when seats shall have been provided for the members of the competing societies the public also is admitted at the moderate price of three francs, including a flask of wine. The price of tickets to the public for admission to the singing is three francs in the best places and one franc in the second places for the competitive singing, two francs and one franc for the general rehearsal, and four francs and two francs for the general performance, in which all the voices take part, on the Monday.

There must be no lingering at table: time is precious. At half-past two, three cannon-shots give the signal for the diners to rise from the table and leave the hall, for it must be prepared in all haste for the "Kunstgesang" competition, the great event of the meeting, which is to begin at three in the afternoon. The competitors for this prize were, as might be supposed, less numerous than the popular singers. Sixteen pieces were sung by as many separate associations, and it very soon became apparent that the first prize would go to Zurich. But it was not equally clear which of the two societies coming from that thriving city

"by the margin of Zurich's fair waters" would carry it thither; for two rival associations, the Männerchor and the Harmonie, came to the festival from Zurich, and there could be no doubt that, whichever of these might take the first place, the other would take the second. The contest was a very close one, but eventually the umpires decided in favor of the Männerchor, who sang with admirable expression and *ensemble* a charming little ballad, of which I venture to send you the following translation, which has, if no other, the merit of being exact in rhythm and sense:

THE KING AND THE SINGER.

Two coffins side by side the crypt of the minster keeps:

King Othmar rests in the one, in the other a minstrel sleeps.

The mighty king once sat on high upon his throne:
The sword was in his hand, and on his head the crown.

Hard by the monarch proud the singer finds his rest,
But in his death-cold hand his harp alone is pressed.

Castles and towns are falling, for war sweeps over the land.

The sword, it moves not ever, there in the monarch's hand.

Flowers and balmy airs are breathing the woods among,
And the singer's harp awakes its own eternal song.

All applause, whether on the part of the fellows and rivals of the singers or of the public, was strictly forbidden. Otherwise, this song of the Zurich Männerchor would have set every hand in the hall a-moving. On the whole, there was at this "Kunstgesang" competition a large amount of very admirable singing, and it was a great treat to listen to it. Perhaps it ought to be mentioned, for the sake of readers who are not acquainted with the practice of part-singing as it is used in Germany, that the voices are unaccompanied by any musical instrument whatever. The prize on the present occasion consisted of a flag of blue damask silk, with the federal cross, a crown of laurel leaves and other ornaments very richly embroidered on it in silver. It was a large flag, some five feet by four in size, and was of the value of fifteen hundred francs. It was the gift of the ladies of Bâle, and will be added

to the other trophies which ornament the assembly-room of the Männerchor at Zurich with much pride. This is the third festival running at which the Zurich Männerchor has carried off the first prize, and the members declare, with a degree of self-complacency which is perhaps excusable under the circumstances, that they do not mean to compete at the next festival. "It would not be handsome," they say. "It will be more generous to stand aside and let others have a chance." But the Zurichers wish to sing, though not to compete, and this is not permitted, according to the present regulation of the festival; and negotiations are now on foot with a view to the modification of this.

And then came the supper, the "Fall-to" announced by cannon-firing, and the "Hold, enough!" proclaimed in the same manner. Monday was devoted to a concert, executed by all the singers of the different bodies together. And this also was a treat of rare excellence. Then there is "mid-day eating" again, and then the solemn proclamation of the award of the umpire and the distribution of the prizes. From this it is specially ordered that no society shall absent itself. Another banquet in the festal hall, where the ornamentations are beginning to look somewhat less fresh than on the opening day, closes the festival.

Altogether, there is something very pleasant about these Swiss festival-meetings, and about the spirit in which they are conceived and carried out. There is a general fraternal republicanism about them which seems to be the special and peculiar growth of these mountains. The men who come from Zurich and Geneva are probably well-to-do merchants or professional men, with the education and manners of gentlemen. Those who come from some poor and remote valley of the Grisons to contend for the prize of song in their ancient dialect, which still lingers, like a fossilized relic, among those fastnesses of the mountains, are to all intents and purposes peasants, whose most civilizing culture comes from the practice of song. But the absolute sameness of the footing upon which all stand is not only

unmistakable, but is utterly free from any affectation on either side, and from any secret consciousness that this equality is a sham and a pretence. For all social purposes it is a true and genuine reality. And those who have partaken of a "festal night-eating" in a Swiss musical hall will have no doubt upon the subject.

T. A. T.

OLD FRIENDS WITH NEW FACES.

MOST curious of the many curious things noted by the student of dramatic literature is the perpetual reappearance of old situations. New and startling effects are very rare. Fresh combination of old material seems generally to be the best our modern playwrights can achieve. The dramatic invention even of France, the modern home of theatrical excellence, appears wellnigh exhausted. The production of almost every new play by M. Sardou is sure to be followed by accusations of plagiarism. Whenever a play of Scribe failed, that fertile dramatist merely smiled and said he would write it over again next year. The acquisitiveness of Dumas père is well known: like Molière, he declared, "Je reprends mon bien où je le trouve," and like Ben Jonson, he asserted that he did not steal—he conquered.

Friedrich von Schlegel considered easy clearness of intrigue to be so entirely the property of the Spanish dramatists that he declared himself justified in assigning a Spanish origin to every play possessing this characteristic. In like manner, the American critic of to-day is almost authorized to impute a French paternity to every play in which symmetry of construction is united with originality of situation.

But even the French are not above deriving hints from foreign sources. Much of the work of Dumas père was taken from the German. The first act of M. Sardou's *Agnes* was adapted from a play of Madame Birch-Pfeiffer, the authoress of the adaptation of Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre*, from which Mr. Ayres derived the version so successfully played here by Miss Charlotte Thompson. A one-act German play, *Dr. Robin*, was

elaborated by M. Mélesville into *Sullivan*, afterward the basis of Robertson's *David Garrick*, while the original German play was turned into English under the title of *Dr. Davy* by Mr. James Alberry. From this same *Dr. Robin* Mr. Boucicault derived some hints for his *Fox-Hunt*.

The late Watts Phillips was always careful to acknowledge the source of his inspiration. He was a student of old English literature, as well as of modern French. The dénouement of his *Lost in London* is identical with that of Heywood's *Woman Killed with Kindness*. The strong situation of the second act of the *Huguenot Captain* is avowedly taken from Beaumont and Fletcher, who had improved on a situation in a Spanish play by Calderon, who had adapted it from an episode in a story by Cervantes. Of Watts Phillips's other plays, the first act of *Joseph Chavigny* was taken from a story by Soulié; part of *Maud's Peril* was from *Le Forçat*, a novel by Charles de Bernard; while the great situation at the end of *Camilla's Husband*, where the wife, pointing to her villainous husband, cries to her lover, "Kill that man!" was possibly suggested by the "Va te battre!" in the last act of *Le Gendre de M. Poirier* of MM. Augier and Sandeau. If the situation was Watts Phillips's, it did not long remain his, for Mr. Boucicault put it into the *Rapparee* to keep company with a water-scene from John Brougham's *Emerald Ring* and a fire-scene from M. Victor Séjour's *Madone des Roses*.

Mr. Boucicault's racing play, the *Flying Scud*, produced in 1867 at the Holborn Theatre, London, was derived in part from *Clement Lorimer, or the Book with the Iron Clasps*, a novel by Angus B. Reach. A few months ago another racing play, *Newmarket*, by Mr. W. Parr Isaacson, was brought out at the same Holborn Theatre. The critics at once pointed out many similarities in *Newmarket* to the *Flying Scud*. Mr. Isaacson thereupon proved that *Newmarket* was but a new and slightly altered version of *Alice*, a play by himself, first produced in 1841. The two or three leading effects of *Newmarket* which were in the *Flying Scud*

were also found in *Alice*. Thus, Mr. Boucicault making use of Reach's novel, unconsciously plagiarized from Mr. Isaacson's play.

The well-known play, *Les Pauvres de Paris*, by MM. Brisebarre and Hus, has had even more transmigrations than *Alice*. There are at least three English versions of the piece: *The Streets of New York*, by Mr. Boucicault; *Fraud and its Victims*, by Sterling Coyne; and *The Pride of Poverty*, by Mr. J. B. Johnston. In addition, Miss Braddon has used some of the episodes in her novel *Rupert Godwin*, and Mr. Charles Reade has derived from it valuable hints for *Hard Cash*.

That the invention of new effects and new situations is not impossible in spite of Solomon, is proved by the startling end of *Yorick*. The great error lies in the fact that authors too often substitute crude "realism" or high-flown "emotion" for the logical development of passion and character. If the stage is to be a mirror of the world, it must reflect our hearts, and not our hysterics or our clothes. "Realistic effects" make a good line on the playbill, and therefore authors and managers will cling to them. It is more especially the obvious machinery of everyday life which they seek to show upon the stage. It is Mr. Crummles and the real pumps again. It would be interesting to know how many times steamboats have been put on the stage since Mr. Boucicault's *Octoroon*. *Kit, Pomp* and the *Golden Age* have each a steamboat. And the railroads are yet more numerous: witness *Under the Gaslight*, *After Dark*, *Pomp, Neck and Neck*, *Across the Continent*, *On Hand*, and half a dozen others. The epidemic has even reached Paris, where M. Dennerly in *Le Tour du Monde en quatre-vingt Jours* has a Pacific railroad train attacked by savages with moustaches, and defended by United States troops in rebel gray. Still more recently a real locomotive formed the chief attraction of *L'Affaire Coverley*.

These certainly are novelties, but most of the "sensations" of the modern stage are not. Not only are the situations old, but the language also. Perhaps the rec-

ollection of these repetitions and robberies adds point to a striking little sketch by M. Grévin. An actress is talking to a dramatist while putting the finishing touches to her complexion. Then this dialogue; "*She*: I'll say your joke, of course. It's rather funny. But don't you know you have got it off before, in another piece? *He*: What! It's my own, then? And I thought I was stealing it from some other fellow!" J. B. M.

EARLY PROPHECIES CONCERNING AMERICA.

COWLEY in his *Book of Plams*, printed in Latin in 1688, and translated into English by M. Tate and others in 1711, speaking of America, says:

Your rising glory you shall view:

Wit, learning, virtue, discipline of war,
Shall for protection to your world repair,
And fix a long, illustrious empire there.

Late destiny shall high exalt your reign,
Whose pomp no crowds of slaves, a needless train,
Nor gold (the rabble's idol), shall support,
Like Montezume's or Guanapaci's court;
But such true grandeur as old Rome maintained
When fortune was a slave, and virtue reigned.

These lines circulated in the *Essex Gazette* of 1775, and in other papers of the time, as a prophecy concerning America. "Gold, the rabble's idol," is very suggestive in view of the actual condition of things.

The following prophecy was first printed in 1684:

When America shall cease to send out its treasure,
But employ it at home in American pleasure—
When the New World shall the Old invade,
Nor count them their lords, but their fellows in trade.

Sir Thomas Browne, writing of this, says: "That is, when America shall be better civilized, new policed, and divided between great princes, it will come to pass that they will no longer suffer their treasure of gold and silver to be sent out for the luxury of Europe and other parts, but rather employ it to their own advantage in great exploits and undertakings, magnificent structures, wars, or expeditions of their own. When America shall be so well peopled, civilized and divided into kingdoms, they are like to have so little regard of their originals as to acknowledge no subjection unto them: they may also have a distinct commerce

between themselves, or but independently with those of Europe, and may hostilely and piratically assault them, even as the Greek and Roman colonies after a long time dealt with their original countries."

CEYLON PEARL FISHERY.

THE renown which the island of Ceylon once possessed for its precious stones—its diamonds, rubies, garnets and topazes—has long since passed away. So few of these are now found there that they are hardly worthy of mention. The same may almost be said of the pearl fishery, which once brought in a revenue of \$80,000 per annum, and which at present yields not more than about \$8000. The government of the island has a large share in this fishery. About three hundred boats are still engaged in the business. Each boat is provided with a crew averaging twenty-three men, including ten divers. The most important individual on these boats is the "conjurer of sharks," whom the government pays well for his services. No diver will venture into the water until the conjurer has operated, but when the spell has been laid he descends boldly, rope in hand. He remains at the bottom about a minute, and then returns to the surface with his "catch" of oysters, varying from fifty to two hundred. The diver is paid about two dollars a day for his work, and receives besides one-fourth of the oysters he secures—a perquisite which yields him, on an average, eight dollars more. The process of sale of the pearls is by a species of lottery. The oysters are ranged in small piles, and these piles are sold at auction, some of the oysters containing pearls and others not. The purchaser is thus compelled to take the chances. The divers have a curious superstition regarding the pearl, which is that the oyster containing the precious commodity is one that has ascended to the surface during a rain and has absorbed raindrops, which eventually become pearls. A peculiarity of the pearl-oyster is that it emigrates, going nobody knows whither, and returning at its leisure, at longer or shorter intervals—a circumstance that

renders the fishery precarious. The length of time required for its full development is not known with certainty, some accounts fixing it at three years and others at seven.

COSTLY PERFUMES.

DR. REBATEL of Lyons, who traveled in 1874 in the regency of Tunis, makes mention in the narrative of his tour of two very costly perfumes that are manufactured at Sfakés, a Mediterranean coast-town of that country. These perfumes are the essence of rose and the essence of jessamine, the flowers being obtained from the gardens of the surrounding region. An ounce of the former, even at the place of manufacture, sells for from twenty to thirty dollars, while the same quantity of the jessamine essence costs forty-five dollars. Nearly two hundred and twenty pounds of roses and about five hundred and fifty of jessamines are needed to make an ounce of these essential oils. The principal markets for their sale are Tunis and Constantinople, where they are purchased for the use of the inmates of the harems of those cities. Our belles, we fear, must continue to sigh in vain for these forty-dollars-an-ounce perfumes.

NOTES.

SOUTH of Galicia is the minor Austrian province of Bukowina, inhabited by a mixed population of Germans, Poles, Slavonians, Armenians of Transylvania and other races of the empire, besides Roumanians from Moldavia, Ruthens from Galicia and Lipowanians from Russia. A little more than one hundred years ago—that is, in May, 1775—Bukowina was ceded to Austria by Turkey. At that period it formed a part of Roumania. The emperor Joseph II., in order to nationalize the new territory, established colonies there composed of representatives of all his people. At the time of the cession the population consisted of but 12,000 Roumanian families, numbering 75,000 individuals. With the lapse of years Bukowina rapidly developed in wealth and importance. One hundred years ago only one-fifth of its

land was under cultivation, the rest consisting of prairies and forests. Its hundredth anniversary as an Austrian province finds it, however, in a flourishing agricultural condition, and with a population of 502,000. The Moldavians emigrated to Bukowina to escape Turkish oppression; the Ruthens dropped down into it from Galicia to avoid the military recruiting, from which Bukowina is exempt; while the Lipowanians came to it as fugitives from Russia. Bukowina, therefore, seems to be a happy, peaceful province, the asylum of the persecuted and of non-combatants, and for its remarkable progress it certainly deserves a centennial.

NOTWITHSTANDING the liberal and progressive government of Dom Pedro of Brazil, and that sovereign's personal interest in the question of the advancement of education among his subjects, the standard of learning in the empire is, it must be acknowledged, very low. The census of 1872 showed that the population of Brazil was at that time 10,200,000, of whom about 8,700,000 were free, and that the 4404 schools in the entire country were attended by only 176,020 scholars, 123,390 of the number being boys and 52,630 girls. Even the capital, Rio de Janeiro, appears to be given over to ignorance to a large degree. With a population of 271,972 (223,033 free and 48,939 slaves), its illiterate free class numbered 126,877. The children between six and fifteen years numbered 41,514, and of these 31,468 were not school attendants. So much for the city, or "neutral municipality," as Rio is called. The province of Rio de Janeiro, outside of the capital, exhibits only 16,771 scholars in a population of 1,050,000, of whom 744,000 are free—a showing which, bad as it is, is far more favorable, in proportion, than that of any of the other provinces.

M. PAUL SOLEILLET, a French traveler in the Great Desert, is about to undertake—if indeed he be not already *en route*—one of the most perilous journeys on which a European could venture.

His line of travel will be from Gadames, in the south-east corner of the Algerian French possessions, to St. Louis on the western coast of Africa, near the mouth of the Senegal River, including Timbuctoo in his itinerary. Returning to Algeria, he will pass by the town of Insalah in the oasis of Tuat, which on a previous occasion he had an opportunity of inspecting from a distance, but which he was not permitted to enter. M. Soleillet's route will thus take him twice across the Desert of Sahara, and if he should survive to relate his experiences, he will have succeeded where many other ambitious or devoted travelers have failed even to preserve their lives. He will also, after leaving Timbuctoo, traverse the north-western part of the Soudan. The Chamber of Commerce of Lyons has voted \$1000 to the traveler, and the Geographical Society of the same city is engaged in collecting subscriptions for the daring enterprise. Other French chambers of commerce are expected to assist in enabling M. Soleillet to start under the most propitious auspices. So little is known of the regions which M. Soleillet proposes to visit that his presence in those strange lands will be almost that of a pioneer of civilization among the wild tribes of the desert.

A COMPARISON of the social freedom of to-day with the social subjection of barely three-quarters of a century ago is not without its moral, especially in these Centennial days of American ideas, which have done more than all else besides, through the influence of our republicanism, to level the feeble prejudices that so long survived extinct feudalism. It would seem very surprising indeed in our time to call a respectable tradesman and his wife to account for dressing as finely as their taste or means might suggest, and for sending their children to boarding-schools to learn, among other things, music and dancing. So late as the year 1800, however, we find in the *Gentleman's Magazine* an indignant voice raised to berate the London tradesman for powdering his head, and so decorating himself outwardly with good clothes

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that "you would suppose him a gentleman," and also for hardly condescending to attend to his business. The tradesman's wife is charged with the offence of "spending her time in preparations for copying the dress and manners of a rank which she has no pretensions to imitate;" and it is also noted as something unwarrantable that the children of the aspiring couple should be taught music, dancing, etc., "instead of being brought up consistent with that class of society they were originally designed for." This "originally designed for" is very good indeed.

If recent statements regarding the condition of morals in Berlin are to be credited, that city is paying dearly for its increase of population and of metropolitan dignity in becoming the capital of the German empire. In 1867, when its population was about 650,000, the criminal convictions for various offences numbered 75,641. Since 1871 both criminals and convictions have notably increased with the increase of inhabitants. During the last six months of 1874 the city was so infested with robbers of various kinds that many honest citizens deemed it prudent to avoid the streets after nightfall. In the same period the police registers contained the names of 33,000 women under police surveillance, or about four per cent. of the entire population. In a speech delivered by him a few months ago, Herr Wachter declared that this looseness of morals in Berlin was due to the evil influence of the popular theatres, where all the most sacred associations of religion, morality and marriage are turned into ridicule. "All this," he said, "goes on under the eyes of those whose first duty it is to watch over the public morals, but who do nothing to suppress this abuse. All classes of society, from the most educated to the vilest elements of the populace, greet with applause the turpitudes that are represented at the theatre."

UPSALA, the seat of one of the two universities in Sweden, is a delightful city of ten thousand inhabitants, situated

at the entrance to the plain of Upland, about two hours by rail from Stockholm. In addition to its famous university, it has a handsome old cathedral, built by Étienne de Bonneuil, the architect of the church of Notre Dame at Paris, and it is the residence of the sole archbishop of Sweden. Upsala, furthermore, is noted for the severity of its winters; and so violently does the north wind blow around the venerable walls of the cathedral that the inhabitants can explain the circumstance only in this wise: One day the Devil and the North Wind, while traveling in company, passed through Upsala. "North Wind, my friend," observed the Devil, "take a walk around the cathedral for a little while and wait for me, while I drop in on my friends, the theologians of the University of Upsala, and discuss with them a few points of casuistry." This of course occurred very long ago, but from that time to the present, as any old gossip in Upsala will tell you, the North Wind makes the tour of the cathedral while the Devil is paying his respects to his good friends of the university.

RUSSIA, which, through her rich traveling and touring nobility, makes half the fortunes of the French, German, Swiss and Italian spas and watering-places, is to have winter resorts of her own. Of these the most notable will be the town of Yalta, situate in the Crimea, on the Black Sea, where casinos, baths and hotels are to be erected by a French company organized at Odessa, while superb villas, belonging to princes, generals, marshals and rich commoners, are in process of completion. Russian taste is exacting, however, and if the Odessa company wishes to attract the wandering *boyars* from Monaco and other specially fascinating resorts, they must give the "green cloth" a due place in their programme, while not forgetting the substantial pleasures afforded by a generously-supplied *table d'hôte*.

THE horrors of servantgism in most parts of the South, where colored female servants are the only reliance of the housekeeper, have been greatly aggra-

vated since the war by a circumstance which to the housekeepers of Northern households will seem almost as fanciful as a page from the *Arabian Nights*. The trouble in this case, it appears, arises from the profound belief of the negro population in the "conjuring" powers possessed by each other, and which may work mortal injury if aroused to action. Thus it is an awkward fact, as Southern housekeepers find to their cost—in Virginia at least—that if a lady discharges her colored house-servant or cook "for cause," she will find it almost impossible to replace her if the fact of her dismissal be known to other applicants for the place. This difficulty will not be due to any race-anger or sympathy with the discharged servant, but will arise simply from the fears of the would-be applicants, who imagine that the vengeance of the dismissed party will fall on them; in short, that they will be "conjured" (accent on first syllable, if you please) by the *congé-d* Abigail.

ONE of the best-kept secrets (of Nature) has been the exact locality of the sources of the great Brahmapootra River of India and Thibet. But this secret, which Nature preserved so well for six thousand years, more or less, from the prying curiosity of explorers, a learned Thibetan has at last discovered in the wilds of the Himalaya Mountains, by ascending to the very spot where rise the springs that feed the head-waters of this noble stream. Our knowledge of the greater part of the region visited by this Thibetan is derived from Chinese documents, and, as may have been expected of that exaggerating if not deceiving people, our Himalayan traveler found—to drop into a Hibernianism—localities in quite other places than where, according to Chinese geographical dictum, they should have been.

AUSTRALIAN statistics show that insanity of a violent kind prevails to a frightful extent on that continent, especially in South Australia, with its population of 200,000. In 1861 there were 161 inmates

of asylums in that part of Australia, being 1 to 750 inhabitants. In 1870 they numbered 307, and at the close of 1871 there were as many as 324, or 1 to 524 of the population. These figures do not represent the entire list of the insane, but include only madmen and other inmates of the asylums. The cause of this great prevalence of insanity can only be surmised, as no authoritative explanation of it is given. Dr. Paterson, director of the insane asylum at Adelaide, does not think that alcohol is the principal cause. One explanation advanced is, that it is produced by the weakening effects of the climate, and by the restless, anxious lives led by the English colonists, who are often made mad by repeated failures in business.

BULL-FIGHTING in Spain has its statistics of mortality, as well as other kinds of fighting in that belligerent country. The year 1874 was no exception to the years that have preceded it on the score of lives sacrificed in this brutal sport, nineteen *torreros*, or bull-fighters—included among whom were *matadores*, *espadas*, *bandilleros* and *picadores*—having been killed in combats with bulls. In any civilized country but Spain this excessive loss of life would probably induce the passage of a law relegating the "diversion" of bull-fighting to its proper place among dead and extinct barbarisms.

THERE is a vast district of Northern Siberia, lying between the Yenesei and Lena rivers, of which little is known, and no point of which has had its latitude and longitude fixed. Two travelers, Tchekanowski and Müller, for some months past have been exploring these bleak regions lying within the Arctic Circle, and recently the St. Petersburg Geographical Society voted the sum of three thousand rubles to enable them to continue their travels, the exploration of this tract being considered indispensable to a correct knowledge of the Russian possessions in that quarter of the globe.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

A Summer in Norway; with Notes on the Industries, Habits, Customs and Peculiarities of the People, the History and Institutions of the Country, its Climate, Topography and Productions. Also, an Account of the Red-deer, Reindeer and Elk. By John Dean Caton, LL.D., Ex-Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of Illinois. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.

Although the title-page of this book is a somewhat formidable one, the intending reader need not, we are happy to say, feel any serious alarm in regard to the amount of information of which he is expected to become the recipient. The doses are not too large for ordinary powers of assimilation, and they are judiciously alternated with such records of personal adventure—including the perils and discomforts of a voyage on the North Sea and hairbreadth 'scapes from the impositions of boatmen and carrio-keepers—as form the staple of modern works of travel of a lighter and more fugitive character. The author, it is but fair to state, makes much less of his individual grievances than one might have expected after learning that he is six feet high and weighs two hundred and fifty pounds. Even when he has to tell us that he slept in beds "not over eighteen inches wide and five feet three inches long, with huge sideboards" to prevent his rolling out, he does not attempt to harrow our souls by a description of the torture he must be supposed to have endured, but passes over the matter with a humorous suggestion to the reader to "think of the last letter of the alphabet" as an aid to realizing the situation. He appears, indeed, to be a thoroughly good-natured person, subject to fits of irascibility only on the grossest provocations, as when he beheld his own hired carriage taken possession of by a party of Norwegian ladies and gentlemen, who, when he "rushed out frantically, bareheaded, and with a loud voice and wild gestures stated in English that it was my carriage which I had hired of Mr. Rose, and that they must not take it away, and all that," only "smiled benignly," and went off "at a spanking pace, while the crowd that had gathered seemed to enjoy a quiet smile at my expense." What rendered his indignation the more justifiable was that he had all the while in his pocket

a contract which he had himself "reduced to writing, had rendered into Norwegian and signed by Rose," though, from a forgetfulness which but for his condition would have been inexcusable in an "ex-chief justice," it did not occur to him to produce the document till after the *corpus delicti*—if that be the proper legal term—had rolled off with its bland but treacherous occupants. Then, recovering his presence of mind, he rushed back into his hotel and exhibited the contract to the landlord, who had been a spectator of the scene and had drawn the singular inference that his guest was an escaped lunatic. Now, however, after reading the contract, he uttered the word "So!" which, we are glad to hear, "means a little more than the word means in English," and "is pronounced with a peculiar intonation which is soft and winning as well as approving, spiced with something of surprise." Such being the case, we are not astonished to learn that the utterance in the present instance had a magical effect. The runaway carriage was overtaken at the next station and brought back in triumph; justice, after a brief though violent aberration from its orbit, resumed its course, and we are only disappointed at finding that Judge Caton, with a leniency which, we fear, deprived the law of its rightful terrors when he presided in the courts of Illinois, sums up the case in a manner entirely too favorable to the defendants, declaring his belief that the whole affair was the result of a mistake, and not of "any intentional wrong on the part of any one."

But we must turn to the more solid matter of the book, which, however, is far from being heavy or unentertaining. And first of the author's motives for the journey. Norway, it appears, has hitherto been a *terra incognita*. "Although not hidden away in the interior, like most other European states [Bohemia, on account of its seaports, ought perhaps to have been specified as the exception], but swept on its western border by that great ocean stream which, beginning at Central America, and carrying with it the forest trees of the tropics to the arctic regions of Norway [where, it should have been added, they are admitted free of duty], and within a few days' sail of the most commercial nation of Europe, still it seems to

be wrapt in seclusion, and its natural features and characteristics escape that notice which other countries receive." We have indeed some faint notions of the country. "We know that Norway has a history, but little of it is accessible in our language. We know that they [*sic*] were once a powerful people in war; that they had liberal, yes, democratic institutions, and were more advanced than many of their southern neighbors in the science of government. . . . We know there was a time when the Sea-Kings of the Norsemen left their midnight sun and swept down upon the more benighted regions of Ireland, Scotland and England [the order of the names, it will be observed, is beautifully descriptive of the curve performed in the sweeping process], overcame the natives, and placed rulers over their settlements; crossed the Channel, drove the descendants of the Gauls from all the coasts of Normandy, and colonized it with their surplus population; gave it a new name, commemorative of their origin, and their descendants still hold the lands their fierce ancestors wrested from weaker hands. We know that these later descendants of the Northmen, not content with their continental possessions, in the person of William the Conqueror crossed the Channel, conquered England, and established there a great dynasty, which, with slight interruption, has ruled that great nation ever since." Judge Caton does himself injustice. If he knows all this he ought not to place his knowledge on a level with that of the rest of mankind, to whom, we venture to say, most of the information he here communicates will be absolutely new. We regret, indeed, that he has not told us in what age the Norsemen swept down upon Ireland; how much of Scotland and England they conquered; from what point they crossed the Channel to Normandy; why they found there only *descendants* of the Gauls, and what had become of the Franks; what new name they gave to the province; how many coasts it then had; which are the particular lands that their descendants still hold, and that their fierce ancestors, at a still earlier period of course, had wrested from weaker hands; how many of these later descendants, who still hold Normandy, recrossed the Channel in the person of William the Conqueror; and, above all, when the slight interruption to the still continuing rule of the Norman dynasty in England occurred. However, these are questions to stimulate further investigation, for, as Judge Caton most truly observes,

"Whether it be of times, of peoples, or of countries, if we know but little, our curiosity is excited, our interest is awakened, and we wish to fill up the measure of our knowledge. The human mind is ever striving after something new; and the higher the culture the stronger this desire. With the known we are already satisfied, and stretch forward to the unknown. We feel less interest in the perusal of a book which we have already read, or the story of which has been already told us."

The desire, therefore, to "learn some new thing," combined with a sense of the general ignorance in regard to Norway—ignorance rendered more deplorable by the fact that "its western islands are washed by the same ocean that laves the shores of our own land," and that "a waif thrown from our Southern keys may be dashed upon the rocks by the Maelstrom, or swept beyond the North Cape"—was the impelling motive that sent Judge Caton forth on what proved to be a weary search. The question at once arose, how to get to a land of which so little was known. It does not seem to have occurred to Judge Caton that by launching himself into the Gulf Stream from one of our Southern keys he might have hoped to be carried with the waifs and the tropical trees, if not to the mainland, at least to one of the western islands. Yet, his first idea, though more commonplace, was not a bad one. "When," he writes, "enticed by the charm begotten by a little knowledge only, I resolved to visit Norway and see for myself the country and the people, see what they did and how they lived, I was embarrassed to find out how to go, so I went to London." His object was to make inquiries about the route which he had contemplated when starting—one which, if he had pursued it, would have entitled him to rank with Odysseus for ingenuity in making "the longest way round the shortest way home." "From the imperfect information which I had received I supposed a line of steamers sailed from England around the North Cape and into the White Sea, to Archangel, and that thence I could find comfortable conveyance by water and by rail across Russia to St. Petersburg." The only objection we can see to this route—supposing the line of steamers to have existed—is that it would not have carried him to Norway. It would have carried him round it, indeed, and left him on the east instead of the west of it, perhaps with favorable opportunities for ultimately bearing down upon it from the lee side.

But as the experiment was not made, the issue remains problematical. "I spent two days of diligent inquiry in London, without success. I visited the offices of Cook, Bradshaw and Murray, but they could add nothing to my stock of information. Norway was out of the beaten track of travel, and so had not commanded attention." At this critical moment one of those fortunate coincidences which have so often opened a path to the spirit of enterprise came to the aid of our explorer. He fell in with a fellow-countryman who, he writes, "had been several months in pursuit of the very information which I desired," and whose persevering inquiries had—through what obscure channels we are left to conjecture—elicited the startling intelligence that there was a line of steamers sailing on alternate Thursdays from Hull "direct across the North Sea for Trondhjem," and that "one would sail the next Thursday evening." With admirable promptness Judge Caton telegraphed at once to Hull for state-rooms for himself and party. But here a new difficulty arose: all the rooms had been engaged long beforehand. This would no doubt have damped the ardor of ordinary travelers; but Judge Caton, as the reader must already have perceived, does not belong to this class. "I again telegraphed to Hull that I *must* go on the Tasso—that I learned was the name of the steamer—and so would go to Hull on Wednesday. And we did go, trusting to good fortune for an opening." Need we add that the opening was made—that, gracefully yielding to her dauntless assailant, Fortune, in the person of two gentlemen and a lady's maid, retired from the state-rooms to "take their chances on the settees in the dining-saloon, although all these were already engaged." The last statement, however, scarcely prepares us for that which follows it—"So we were all fixed," as some of the passengers would seem to have been decidedly *unfixed*.

Of the horrors of the voyage we can only say that Judge Caton's description confirms us in the belief that the passage by the Gulf Stream would have been preferable. "It was indeed a terrible night. The little steamer seemed to stand first on one end and then on the other, and then she would lay on either side alternately." "The motion was absolutely murderous. The jerk of the propeller, as we toppled over the waves, would throw me up clear off the floor every minute." The propeller itself being seasick, the condition of the pas-

sengers may be easily imagined. We prefer, in fact, to draw a veil over it, reproducing only the touching reflection at the close of the account: "Then is the time when all the incidents of life are reviewed in a moment; when the loved ones at home present themselves as if for the last time, and a last adieu is thought amid the anguish of despair."

But these poignant emotions were exchanged for others more agreeable, though not less profound, when at length the voyage ended and our discoverer set foot upon the shore to which he had been so wonderfully guided. He must again speak for himself, even though his style suggests a fear that it too had been shown up by the propeller: "Here we were in Norway at last. The land of myths and mysteries, of ghosts and hobgoblins, of giants, of ghouls, of fancy forms and of fairy tales, and a thousand mystic charms with which the imagination had clothed their islands and their fjords, their mountains and their streams, and their people too. We thought not of the night, but strained our eyes in the dim twilight to see how looked their lands, their fences and their houses, their boats, their dresses, their forms and their faces. For the latter we need not have been so anxious, for we had seen some of them at home." Still, the anxiety to see more of *them* "and their people too" was of course only whetted by the reminiscence, and one singular trait made an immediate and deep impression. It appears that the common mode of salutation with Norwegians of the male sex is to remove the hat—if it happens to be on the head—and even to bring it "down to a level with the breast," and that this ceremony is followed by a bow. Struck with admiration, Judge Caton resolved to acquire the habit, with the view of introducing it at home, believing, as he says, that "we should then occupy a higher plane in civilization than we now do." His first attempts were of course not very successful. "The hod-carrier," he writes, "could do this with so much more grace and ease than I could command, that I was really ashamed of my awkwardness, although I never before felt the deficiency." Why should he, when, as he remarks, the Norwegians owe their perfection in the art to "constant practice from childhood, with careful training by the mother"? Englishmen in Norway do not, he tells us, imitate this national custom. This is probably because there is no injunction to that effect in Dr. Johnson's "ancient ballad"—

As, with my hat upon my head,
I walked along the Strand,
I there did meet another man
With his hat in his hand—

which ends abruptly, leaving the two methods optional. Judge Caton, however, persevered until he acquired some facility, and was even able after removing his hat to hold it in his hand for a considerable time. Another method which he hit upon for at once conciliating the inhabitants and studying their character and habits shows his great natural qualifications as a traveler in strange lands. Arriving at Bodo, he observed "a good many children in the streets, from the infant in its little carriage to boys and girls a dozen years old." A "happy thought" occurred to him. "I directly made a raid upon a candy-shop and filled my pockets." It subsequently appears that he emptied them again during his progress through the town, but before telling us this he lets us into the secret of his proceeding and its complete success: "I soon proved that the children of the far North have tastes similar to our own, but they were decidedly more courteous and well-behaved than those to be met with in any American town." This we can easily believe, but we are dismayed at learning that in point of "smartness" the Norwegian boys and girls, despite their deficient opportunities, are almost on a level with Young America—a fact which does not appear to have made the proper impression on Judge Caton. "They were smart enough," he writes, "to try to cheat me a little in a very pardonable way, for I soon observed that after receiving my candy in one street, some of them would throw themselves in my way in another street, in company with new associates, and *looking* as if they had had no candy that day; and a few managed to get a third supply, but I was careful not to let them know I recognized them, for that would have made them unhappy, and my object was to make them all as happy as possible, for so did I promote my own happiness. . . . But, above all, I learned their habits." We are not surprised at being further told that during the performance even "the adults seemed anxious to see how I looked, for I could see the mothers and grown sisters slyly peeping around corners or through doors ajar to gratify their curiosity." The "wind-up" of this striking scene was not less admirable, and is told with a spirit that well prepares us for the abrupt transition at the close: "After I had shaken

hands with most, if not all, the little children in Bodo, I took off my hat and made the last as proper a bow as I knew how, waved my hand as a final adieu, and went down to the shore of the fjord, where a fisherman was cleaning his fish, and I admired the operation."

An honest readiness to admire seems, indeed, to be one of his most amiable qualities, and, combined with other characteristics, will sufficiently account for the sunny and evidently broad smiles which everywhere greeted him. On rare occasions only did his profuse amenities fail of a corresponding return. One of these affords a fresh exemplification of the "cuteness of the Norwegian children. At the edge of a brook in front of some cabins he was joined by "a stout little lad, about three years old," who made him understand that he wished to be carried across. Of course the good-natured judge complied with the request, but he was somewhat astonished to find the ingenuous youth clinging to him persistently on his subsequent ramble, stopping when he stopped and walking when he walked, till suddenly a female voice, "sharp and commanding," was heard from the rear, and though the boy at once set off down hill, and "certainly made good time for one of his form and years," the mother—for such Judge Caton "presumes" her to have been—did "with long and rapid strides" overtake the fugitive, "and caught him up and made several impressions on him with her brawny hand." Luckily, she did not put Judge Caton's gallantry to the test by an attempt to produce any similar impressions on the innocent and unwary accomplice, who assures us, with an earnestness which leaves no doubt of his good faith, that he "did not suspect that the boy was running away till the irate mother thus suddenly burst in upon the scene."

Having told enough to indicate the ardor, tact and shrewdness of our traveler, we will not further anticipate the reader's enjoyment by recounting the particulars of the journey. Suffice it to say, that having started with a determination to behold the spectacle of the midnight sun from the North Cape, he did *not* carry out the stern resolve, but stopped short at Hammerfest, where he could both observe the midnight sun—which after a while, we are sorry to hear, became an absolute bore—and study the Lapps and the reindeers. Yet he could not but feel some regret at the failure to carry out his original design, though

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nothing to what arose from his inexplicable neglect, when setting out for Europe, to pack the flag of his country among his equipments. His patriotic remorse when the Fourth of July came upon him thus unprovided gives occasion for one of the most pathetic and passionate outbreaks in the whole book. It is too long to quote, and an abridgment would do it no justice. What made the recollection absolutely heartrending was that "afterwards" (ah, that fatal word!) "when unpacking her trunk, one of the ladies found a flag which, though but a toy, would have then been held above all price." Another mischance—the possible consequences of which cannot but excite a shudder—occurred on the way home. Here is the thrilling relation: "In the dépôt at Paris, some light-fingered gentleman, perhaps thinking he could make better use of my notes of the journey than I could myself, managed to relieve me of my notebook, so that I have had to depend principally upon memory in giving the incidents and observations above." What chiefly alarms us is the suggestion as to the "better use" which the light-fingered gentleman may have made of his plunder after recovering from his first amazement at its nature and magnitude. Suppose, for example, he has parted with it to Jules Verne, and the latter should put forth the narrative as a travesty of his own invention? We fear that in such a case Judge Caton would have some difficulty in proving property, especially as he seems to have somewhat dim notions as to the contents of the stolen notebook. When recounting the incident he adds that "perhaps the reader should not regret the loss, for probably it has shortened the account;" but in the preface he tells us that the attempt to supply the place of the missing book has "resulted in the more voluminous record contained in this volume." Without deciding between the two statements thus offered for our choice, we can safely say that the record as it stands is not too voluminous. It could not, in fact, have been compressed into a smaller number of volumes without the risk of vanishing—a result which we should have had reason to deplore. It is full of information of a kind that never oppresses the memory. It has moving passages, some of which we do not hesitate to confess we have been unable to peruse without a moistened eye. The moisture was of a sort of which no one need be ashamed, springing as it did from those hidden depths of our nature where the sources of smiles and

tears dwell side by side. We congratulate the author on his brilliant performance, and part from him with feelings such as he so often read on the countenances of his Norwegian entertainers, or, as we ought rather perhaps to say, the Norwegians whom he entertained.

Log-Book of a Fisherman and Zoologist. By Frank Buckland, M. A. Illustrated. London: Chapman & Hall.

Mr. Frank Buckland is beyond question the liveliest, and consequently the most successful, of the writers on natural history who seek to popularize the study, or, speaking more correctly, to convert it into a recreation. This is, in fact, beginning at the proper end. The curiosity and wonder of the child or the savage are the initial step and primitive impulse to scientific inquiry in regard to the phenomena of the material world. The teacher, therefore, who has retained his own enthusiasm for the marvelous, and with whom common objects have not diminished into mere points in a system, will be the most likely to win attention; and when, as in Mr. Buckland's case, this freshness of mind is supplemented by a retentive relish for a good story and by a style of the touch-and-go variety, it would be impossible to desire a pleasanter or more amusing guide.

The present volume is made up of half a hundred short papers contributed originally to *Land and Water* and other periodicals. Most of them, we are told, were written in railway trains, the author's official duties as inspector of salmon fisheries requiring long and frequent journeys, which have been thus agreeably utilized for the relief of his own tedium and the advantage of his readers. The subjects are as varied as the general scope would permit, extending, indeed, beyond the limit indicated by the title of the book. In each case the topic has been suggested by facts and incidents that have newly come under the writer's personal observation or been communicated to him by his correspondents. Narrative accordingly forms the staple of every article, though seldom unaccompanied by explanatory remarks or suggestive hints. With the public and private collections of England Mr. Buckland has of course an intimate familiarity. On a cold winter's day he steps into the Zoological Gardens to compare the prints in the snow that show the formation of feet, hoofs and claws in a hundred different species, to note the enjoyment of the seals and sea-bears, or to learn

the particulars of the accident to the rhinoceros while disporting himself on ice too frail to form an underpinning for such a bulk. At Blenheim, where a goodly portion of the vast and magnificent grounds has been successfully devoted to the object of acclimatizing the animals most difficult to rear in England, he inspects the emu and kangaroo paddocks, and holds an amusing dialogue with the keeper, obtaining all the necessary particulars in regard to the methods pursued, and a good deal of personal anecdote into the bargain. He visits the Royal Academy "without a catalogue," and criticises the pictures in which animals and plants are introduced from a different stand-point from that of the connoisseur who understands the technique of the art, but has not bestowed equal attention on that of Nature. At a cattle-show he makes the round of the outside exhibitions, fire-eating Caffres, living skeletons, mermaids and other monstrosities, genuine or spurious; and with the same motive of testing all things he attends as a guest at a dinner of horseflesh and a dinner of American game at the Langham Hotel. His verdict on the equine roast and entremets is decidedly unfavorable, but we are sorry to find that he has nothing better to say of American oysters than that "they were by no means unpalatable, having somewhat the taste of a very good periwinkle" (!)

One of the longest and most interesting papers is devoted to an account of the Bore on the Severn, which Mr. Buckland had the opportunity of witnessing more than once, and of which he gives a description the accuracy of which will be recognized by all who have ever seen a like exhibition of tidal power. A curved white line, stretching right across the channel, advanced up the river with a fearful velocity, curling over with foam at its summit, and forming a distinct wall, while the roar was literally "the voice of many waters." "Behind the first wave-wall came a second, then a third, and then the full body of the tide boiling like a cauldron." The bore, or "eagre" as it is also called, occurs in several other English estuaries, as well as on some of the coasts of the European continent and in India; but it is nowhere seen in such magnificence as in the Bay of Fundy, where, as a correspondent of our author rightly informs him, it comes in "nine to twelve feet high, and all vessels not anchored with their heads to it are smashed to atoms."

We have no space to remark on the nu-

merous other papers in this entertaining volume, which, with its striking facts, instructive comments, amusing anecdotes and excellent illustrations, must commend itself to readers of every class and age. It ought especially to have a place on the book-shelf of every intelligent boy, and if it be necessary to throw away an "Oliver Optic" to find room for it, the gain, we are inclined to think, will be doubled.

Books Received.

The Skull and Brain: Their Indications of Character and Anatomical Relations. By Nicholas Morgan. Illustrated. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

Statement of Reasons for Embracing the Doctrines of Emanuel Swedenborg. By the Rev. Geo. Bush. New York: E. H. Hazzard.

The Old Stadt Huys of New Amsterdam. Read before the New York Historical Society. New York: F. B. Patterson.

The Primer of Political Economy. By Alfred B. Mason and John J. Lalor. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.

Two Thousand Years After. By John Darby. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

European Light-House Systems. By Major George H. Elliot. New York: D. Van Nostrand.

Schiller's Die Piccolomini. Edited by James Morgan Hart. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Childhood: The Text-Book of the Age. By Rev. W. F. Crofts. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Views and Interviews on Journalism. By C. F. Wyngate. New York: F. B. Patterson.

Ensenore, and Other Poems. By P. Hamilton Myers. New York: Dodd & Mead.

Bible Animals. By J. C. Wood. Illustrated. Philadelphia: Bradley, Garretson & Co.

The Modifier, and Other Poems. By Isaac M. Inman. New York: Wm. Allison.

Norse Mythology. By R. B. Anderson, A. M. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

Fated to be Free: A Novel. By Jean Ingelow. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Within an Ace. By Mrs. C. Jenkin. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Familiar Quotations. By John Bartlett. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Whiteladies. By Mrs. Oliphant. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Oldbury. By Annie Keary. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

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